CHAPTER ....

~~MY~~ EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN FRIENDS. Man Mon

In my official career, I came in close contact with many Europeans and Americans. The memory of their kindness and warm friendship is a dear possession and it will be a constant source of joy and inspiration to me ~~all my life~~ for the rest of my life.

Foremost among these is my old Guru, Sir Stuart Fraser, K.C.S.I., at whose feet I sat for nearly six years as a class-mate of the late Maharaja of Mysore. I have already referred to Sir Stuart as a most distinguished political officer, as he was a most successful tutor and guardian of the Ruling Princes. I must have visited England at least nine times so far and during each visit I made it a point to go and pay my respects to him in his home, Brook House, at Christchurch.

Colonel Sir Hugh Daly, I came to know when he was Resident in Mysore for 5 years from ..... to ..... I was then Huzur Secretary to the Maharaja, who was also very fond of him. Sir Hugh had great influence with the Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, and there was no recommendation of his, concerning Mysore, which the Viceroy did not approve. He was not very popular in his own Department, which called him the Durbar's Vakil, just because he invariably backed up Mysore and was greatly trusted and respected by both the Ruler and the public. The Mythic Society Hall in Bangalore is named after him as well as a beautifully shaded pergola in the City of Mysore, constructed by His late Highness at his own cost and situated within Palace grounds. A really lovable man, as able as he was kind. He took a keen interest in the State and kept in touch with us even after retirement. He passed away in October 1939. "The loss of my beloved father", his daughter, Mrs Paget-Tomlinson wrote to me, "so soon after my mother's death is a crushing blow to me. Your letter expressing so much affection for him and so much sympathy, means so much to me. I know he often heard from you. He loved your letters, and was so fond of you and so often talked about you, and that last week also. I think he died of a broken heart. He could not endure life without my mother even though he lived so gallantly, and I think, too, the tension of those days worried him greatly. He listened to Lord Halifax the night he died."

~~Mrs Paget-Tomlinson herself is no more. She died suddenly of heart failure a year ago.~~

Sir William Barton and I have been friends ever since he was Resident in Mysore from ..... - That friendship has only grown warmer with the lapse of time. We still correspond with one another regularly. Sir William went to Hyderabad from here and during his Residentship he brought about drastic reforms in the administration and saved it from utter collapse. I visited him several times while he was in Hyderabad and invariably stayed with him. He was naturally not popular with the Nizam but that did not prevent His Exalted Highness from being kind to me.

Colonel and Mrs. T.J. McGann were two of my most revered friends as they were of the late Maharaja and his mother. Mrs McGann was a life-long friend of Her Highness, the mother of the Maharaja, and they were most devoted friends

indeed. Colonel McGann belonged to the Indian Medical Service and started his official career in Mysore. He rose to be the Chief Medical Officer of the State and earned fame as a physician and a successful head of the Medical Department. On retirement they went away to England and to settle down.

I remember His Highness writing to them in 1908 or so, asking them to come back and spend a few months in Mysore as his mother's and his guests. These months spread themselves out into years, and neither they nor Their Highnesses had the heart to part from one another. Only death did that. Colonel McGann died in .... at the age of 95, and Mrs. McGann ~~passed away~~ on January 27, 1941, at the age of ..., surviving both His Highness and his mother. I was unfortunately away in New Delhi at the time and could not see her before her death. When I heard, on my return, that she had expressed a great desire to see me as she wanted to tell me something, which she would not tell any one else, my regret can easily be imagined. She was like a mother to me and as her daughter who, I am glad to say, is still with us in Mysore, often saying to me she looked upon me as her second son. Such affection and attachment is rare in this world, especially between persons of different races and creeds. I am thankful to have experienced it in such generous measure. As an English friend wrote to me soon after her passing - "Just as when His Highness died. we have been realising how much the loss of Mrs. McGanna has meant to you and feeling with you just as then. There is no one like her. No body quite so human."

As Sir Charles Todhunter wrote - "..... She lapsed into unconsciousness and in 20 minutes (during which Heileg was sent for) she ceased breathing. One is thankful that it ended without pain, and of late she has had little pleasure in life. But I know how you will feel the passing of another link with the old happy days when you and His late Highness were young men together and dreaming the dreams that you had since been so busy turning into realities."

Colonel McGann was the soul of honour if ever there was one. He would not do or say anything or give the slightest impression to any one of saying or doing anything which his high code of honour or his conscience did not approve. Let me give a concrete instance of this: He told me one day that he felt that it was his duty to speak to His Highness seriously about a matter which he knew was of a very delicate and purely personal nature and which would be extremely ~~unpalatable~~ distasteful to him. Nevertheless, Colonel McGann thought that he had a duty to discharge, and discharge it he did. His Highness received his advice very coldly and it was obvious that it was most unwelcome to him. His respect for Colonel McGann was, however so high, ~~but said nothing more~~ such that he would not argue with him but listen fully and in a cool manner. Colonel McGann gave ~~me the gist~~ of his ~~conversation~~ talk. ~~if conversation it could be called since there was little talk from the other side.~~ Although he knew his advice would have no effect ~~fell on deaf ears~~, he ~~felt~~ was satisfied: he felt that he had relieved his conscience of a heavy burden which it had been carrying for ~~for~~ too long ~~a time~~.

When a new hospital was built at Shimoga, the headquarters of a district in the State, the Colonel McGann, began his approach Carver, it was approved & named after him & the Maharaja, thus commemorating the name of a great friend of his family as his State. Colonel McGann was happily spared alive this

Sir Harcourt Butler was one of those to whom I was much attached. A strong friendship developed between us from the time we first met and that was when he visited Mysore as Chairman of the Indian States' Committee.

Sir Harcourt was one of the most distinguished men that came out to India as a member of the famous Civil Service of India. His was a remarkably

successful career, he was Political Secretary, then a Member of the Governor-General's Executive Council, and successively Governor of the United Provinces and Burma. I kept myself in close touch with him.

Sir Harcourt was averse to the separation of Burma from India and he was very annoyed with the Secretary of State when he was consulted in the matter after, as Sir Harcourt said, the decision had been made. I carried on a vigorous campaign against the proposal and brought out a pamphlet explaining my reasons for opposing it. Sir Charles Innes, the Governor of Burma, who was on special duty in London in connection with the Round Table Conference, sent for me and had a talk with me on the subject, but he did not succeed in making me change my attitude. Unfortunately, I could get no support from Mahatma Gandhi or the Indian Delegation; only towards the end of the Session, Mr. C.Y. Chintamani, one of the delegates, spoke in protest, but that could hardly be expected to influence the Government's decision. My hope was that not only Burma but even Nepal and Ceylon might one day form part of ~~the~~ a great ~~Indian~~ Federation and the constitution of India should be such as to admit of the possible inclusion of these countries in ~~the federation~~. That would have been good for all concerned. Instead, this sub-continent was destined to meet with a different fate.

I was interested to hear from Sir Harcourt that if Lord Reading had not accepted the offer of the Viceroyalty of India, Mr. Lloyd-George would have given the post to him and what a difference that would have made to India. In my view, Sir Harcourt was superior to Lord Reading both in high statesmanship and in administrative capacity. His knowledge of India was unique and his sympathy towards Indian aspirations, as I knew from my intimate talks with him, was genuine and eminently practical. The following letter dated 23rd July, 1929, is a good example of his wisdom and vision and is not without interest even to-day. He wrote:

I read with great pleasure the extract from your speech which appeared in The Times of the 18th July. I am well satisfied with the reception of the report as a whole and I think that it has created an atmosphere very favourable to the Princes and that the developments of the report will be more important than the conclusions of the report itself. If all took as broad views as you do I should be more than pleased. I gather that paras 50-54 are distasteful to some of the Princes and I can understand their point of view. As one very old friend of mine in their ranks (if I may use such a term of Princes.) put it in a letter to me "Our loyalty is unconditional." Your support should be unconditional." But this is not quite practical politics. One or two prominent Labour members of Parliament have regretted that our terms of reference did not lead us to examine the relations between the Princes and their people. Well, I have nothing more to say. I did my best and the matter is now out of my hands and I can only hope that something substantial will come out of it all. I am always a little afraid of constitution making. I prefer that things should grow in a good atmosphere. I look back on nothing in our tour with greater pleasure than my talks with you.

How long the present Government will last, no one knows. Their extreme supporters are already displeased with them and they have many difficult problems to face. In the end everything comes back to finance. The American tariff has stirred up the world. What the end of it will be we don't know. The Empire merger scheme is attractive and full of difficulties. Many ~~free-traders~~ free-traders are ready to sacrifice pure principle to a large extent for the object of greater imperial union. But no one yet seems to be able to go far in that direction without a tax on corn and meat and the prevailing view at present is that these will not be accepted by the Electorate. Mr. Snowdon is

I have taken a long time in answering your letter but I have been fearfully busy since I got back to England. We had a very successful dinner last Wednesday in honour of His Highness's Birthday, and I venture to enclose some remarks I made on semi-political subjects after describing the very favourable impressions I had gained of progress in Mysore during my ~~xxxx~~ recent visit there under your kindly and most hospitable guidance.

These remarks are really the only answer I can make to your query. I am clear in my own mind that the only course is for the Princes to begin to yield to popular demands to be associated with government in proportion as those demands are substantial. If they do not yield they are bound to accumulate against them bitterness and agitation increasingly stimulated from outside which will eventually force them to give away much more, and their subjects will then be convinced that they have got some share in responsibility as a result of pressure from Congress rather than on the initiative of the Princes themselves. That has been the secret of the success of the British Crown and indeed of the British aristocracy. They have been thoroughly Conservative until they recognised that an irresistible demand for reform was growing up when they have effected the reform themselves in a moderate way rather than allow their opponents to carry it in an immoderate way. Moreover, I think experience shows that in the case of communities which have not had some practice in self-governing institutions, a moderate advance is the best security against revolutionary agitation, that it really strengthens the throne by the transfer to the decision of the Legislature the most controversial issues, and increases the number of people and interests who actively and loyally support moderate institutions and methods. Personally, I have always believed that the principle which underlay the House of Lords in the old days was a sound one, namely, that the Upper House should represent the big economic forces while the Lower House should represent the majority of the electorate in each constituency. The weakness of latter-day democracy is that it does not ensure that enough people of real administrative experience in industry and business find their way into the Legislature. The Legislature may be a very good reflex of contemporary political opinion, but unless it is supplemented by people who really know what economic responsibility is, it is liable to go off the rails. The corporative state represents this idea though it swings far, too far to the other side by eliminating the elected Assembly. In the old days the House of Lords consisted of great landlords who were responsible for the agricultural industry, to whom were later added the great industrial and financial magnates. Its weakness to-day is that it does not contain enough representatives of the Trades Unions and the employees. While its debates, therefore, are very good because they are contributed to by people who really know about the subjects they discuss, the House as a whole lacks influence because it is recognised to be one-sided.

I should have thought that if you could contrive a Lower House which ensured that all important elements of public opinion could find free expression within it, including that of the cultivator, though there was a clear moderate majority, and a Second Chamber which contained within it people who could speak with real authority about the interests of agriculture, mining, industrial ~~xxxx~~ development, municipal government and so on, and contained also representativ s of organised agricultural and industrial labour, you would get a Legislature which would both reflect the currents of public opinion, understand real needs of the community and yet retain the immense influence which the throne and the Maharajah's Councillors can bring to bear at every stage, both of legislation and administration, for sanity and so enable the throne to continue to be the focus for state loyalty and to possess the kind of influence which an increasingly non-political British Crown itself wields in this country.

I felt great sympathy with you at the time of the unfortunate riot, but it seems to me that you got out of the difficulty very well. I suppose there is no chance of your being in England in the near future ? I have fulfilled my promise and sent you a photograph of myself a week or two ago. I hope it has arrived safely. Would you be very kind and let me have one of yourself in return ?

Yours sincerely,
Lothian

LORD LOTHIAN'S NOTE.

At the moment, the central preoccupation of the States is their future relations with British India. No one can travel in India to-day without becoming aware of the inevitable effect of education, the press, the radio, political propaganda, economic development and of constitutional changes in British India itself on the inhabitants of the States, and of the growing

interest which public opinion in British India was taking in the future of the States. I have long been a firm, indeed an enthusiastic, supporter of the principle of Federation. When I look at what the division of Europe into twenty-five sovereignties has cost its people in war and frustration and poverty, when I consider that self-governing institutions will strengthen rather than weaken separatist tendencies in India, as they had done everywhere else in the world, unless there is also organic union at the top, I cannot escape the conclusion that the inauguration of Federation at the same time as the principle of responsible government is established in British India and at the Centre, is absolutely vital to the peace and progressive development of all parts of India like. Opinions may differ as to the precise form the Federation should take. I have criticisms to make of the Act myself. But that India ought to move forward to a new age as an organic whole is not, I think, open to dispute. I hope therefore, that the Princes will decide for dederation in the near future by an overwhelming majority. Nothing else but acceptance of the principle that British India and the States are going to move forward in some organic relationship to one another, based on mutual confidence, can prevent the most dangerous and revolutionary conflicts arising between them in the future.

But that is only half the problem. Nothing was more striking to-day than the way in which the question of constitutional reform within the States and therefore the question of the manner in which the Ruler will appoint the representatives of the State in the Federal Legislature, questions which were hardly discussed when I was in India six years before, have recently come to the front. I do not propose to discuss this matter to-night because I am far less familiar with conditions inside the States than I am with conditions in British India and because conditions vary widely between one State and another. But I would invite the attention of those who wield power in the States to the illuminating experience of the British Crown in very similar circumstances in the past. I think it contains real lessons.

You will remember that the two great cultural and religious movements known as the Renaissance and the Reformation coupled with the discovery of the New World challenged in the fifteenth century the mediaeval structure of society and the absolute authority both of priest and king. Something very like these movements have been at work in India in the last fifty years. The Tudors were the last dynasty in England to wield absolute power, though Queen Elizabeth was extraordinarily careful to test a dawning public opinion before she began to act. But the Stuart Kings, and especially Charles I, fell back upon the doctrine of the divine right of Kings and resisted the claim of their subjects, expressed through Parliament, to have an effective voice in the conduct of public affairs. So fierce did the struggle become that it ended in civil war. And then, because the issue was settled by violence, the pendulum swung too far the other way. The King was beheaded and his dynasty dethroned. But Parliament was not yet ready to govern and Cromwell, a man of genius, established a personal dictatorship in the interest of unity and order. But when Cromwell died the pendulum swung back again to monarchial autocracy until, twenty-eight years later, the Stuart dynasty was finally over-thrown and the basis of Parliamentary system was well and truly laid in the Bill of Rights, which secured civil liberty and rights to the individual and the constitutional convention which ensured that the King in choosing his Ministers had to choose men who had the confidence of Parliament also.

This, of course, was the first experiment in the Parliamentary system. It took long to work out and there were ups and downs until it reached its full fruition in the days of Queen Victoria. But the essential principles upon which it rests are, I believe, unassailable, and are entirely applicable as the solution of the conflicts and difficulties which are now increasingly liable to arise in the Indian States. They ensure that the whole body of executive and governmental experience is increasingly tempered by constant association with those who represent and understand the needs of the people, and that responsiblity for government is shared as experience and the sense of responsibility grows in the Legislature. No other system has been so successful in enlarging the liberties of the subject, in preventing violent political collisions, in bringing about constitutional evolution, yet in maintaining the influence and popularity of the throne. Never has the British Crown been more respected and popular than it is to-day. Yet never has democracy been more fully realised. I do not think that those who are responsible for directing the affairs of the States in the next few difficult years can do better than to study and to grasp the evolution of the powers and states of the British Crown and apply its lessons to the problems of their States.

I express this hope because I believe that the Indian States have a part

I ~~Can~~ recall a conversation with his father
on acceptance of the Federation plan by the
Round Table Conference. The view was that the
Federation would probably prolong the life of the
Ruling Princes by thirty-years, at "of the Nat."
I asked. This answer was that he did not think
things would survive much longer. He
did not agree with him, as I should not
agree with him even now. Other the Ruling Princes
have all, of course, to act as they feel — as I
still do — that there was really no good reason why they —
that the Major Stubs at any rate — should not
go on independently with the Rulers as Constitutional
heads. This would have been a bulwark for Indian Princes
Mein Lord [illegible] Emphasis —

to play in the development of India. One of the difficulties in British India in finding the way of transferring power and responsibility from British to Indian hands has lain in the fact that the Briton comes from a foreign land and that power resides in Downing Street. This fact has inevitably inflamed national feeling and made for misunderstanding and friction between the two sides. But this alien factor does not arise in the Indian States, at any rate to anything like the same extent. Ruler and ruled belong to the same nation and live permanently in the same country. As the process of constitutional development takes place I think that the gradual transition will prove more friendly and easy than has sometimes been the case in British India.

This brings me to the last thing I have to say. There have recently been some political disturbances in what is, perhaps, the best governed state in India. These things occur in the best regulated families. But if the right lessons are drawn from them they end in good rather than evil. The official order of the Mysore State Government issued on the 17th of May seems to me to reflect exactly the right spirit. It is based on no abstract theory. It deals with the facts and deals with them in a practical and conciliatory way. It is in the true constitutional tradition and I have no doubt that when the report of the now enlarged Mysore Committee on constitutional reforms comes to be published, its recommendations will be handled in that practical, constructive, progressive and tolerant spirit we are accustomed to expect from His Highness the Maharajah and his remarkable Diwan, Sir Mirza Ismail. If so Mysore may show the road in the constitutional sphere as it has already so amply done in the administrative and social sphere.

We wrote to each other regularly till he passed on. His letters from Washington where he was British Ambassador - and a great Ambassador he proved to be - were most interesting:

How am I to thank you enough, he wrote on January 11, 1938, for your extraordinary hospitality and kindness or to congratulate you enough on what you are doing as Dewan of Mysore. My visit was not only a constant source of pleasure but gave me an entirely new insight into the possibilities of Indian States in the Federation. I am deeply grateful, and now only look forward to the possibility of paying another visit to Mysore before your term of office expires. Long may it continue.

.....

Remember, I look to you to save the Federation.

I recall a conversation in which he said he was accepting the Federal Scheme. He said it.

He ~~said to me when~~ the Federal Scheme ~~had been accepted~~ that ~~this~~ would probably prolong the existence of the Ruling Princes by thirty years. After that, I asked. His answer was that ~~they would probably~~ he did not think they would last longer disappear. I did not agree with ~~them~~ him. I felt there was really no reason why they - I mean the major States - should not go on indefinitely as constitutional ~~rulers~~ rulers. Even this would be better than the Indian Man Will Capital Magazine which has been

Cecil has completely disappointed his friends.

~~Christian Missions~~ have been working in South India for very many years. In Travancore and Cochin, specially, their efforts at conversion have met with considerable success. The Christian population of those two States (now classed as one) exceeds one-third of the total population, but in Mysore, the Christian population is barely one per cent. The Wesleyan Mission has been the pioneer in the sphere of education, and provision of medical aid.

I must say a word about Christian Mission ~~schools~~

Speaking on the sixth anniversary of the foundation of the Methodist Mission Industrial School at Tumkur (1938), I said:-

I was recently invited, when I was in Madras, to broadcast on the subject of Mysore, and I freely confess that, when I received the invitation, I set myself to collect all the information I could about the resources and achievements of our beloved State and the nice things that had been said about it at various times by various people. On an occasion like the present, I cannot help feeling an earnest wish that someone would perform a like service for the Methodist Mission. I have on my table now a little book entitled "Karunashalai: The Home of Compassion", a record of the work done by some of

to play in the development of India. One of the difficulties in British India in finding the way of transferring power and responsibility from British to Indian hands has lain in the fact that the Briton comes from a foreign land and that power resides in Downing Street. This fact has inevitably inflamed national feeling and made for misunderstanding and friction between the two sides. But this alien factor does not arise in the Indian States, at any rate to anything like the same extent. Ruler and ruled belong to the same nation and live permanently in the same country. As the process of constitutional development takes place I think that the gradual transition will prove more friendly and easy than has sometimes been the case in British India.

This brings me to the last thing I have to say. There have recently been some political disturbances in what is, perhaps, the best governed state in India. These things occur in the best regulated families. But if the right lessons are drawn from them they end in good rather than evil. The official order of the Mysore State Government issued on the 17th of May seems to me to reflect exactly the right spirit. It is based on no abstract theory. It deals with the facts and deals with them in a practical and conciliatory way. It is in the true constitutional tradition and I have no doubt that when the report of the now enlarged Mysore Committee on constitutional reforms comes to be published, its recommendations will be handled in that practical, constructive, progressive and tolerant spirit we are accustomed to expect from His Highness the Maharajah and his remarkable Diwan, Sir Mirza Ismail. If so Mysore may show the road in the constitutional sphere as it has already so amply done in the administrative and social sphere.

We wrote to each other regularly till he passed on. His letters from Washington where he was British Ambassador - and a great Ambassador he proved to be - were most interesting:

How am I to thank you enough, he wrote on January 11, 1938, for your extraordinary hospitality and kindness or to congratulate you enough on what you are doing as Dewan of Mysore. My visit was not only a constant source of pleasure but gave me an entirely new insight into the possibilities of Indian States in the Federation. I am deeply grateful, and now only look forward to the possibility of paying another visit to Mysore before your term of office expires. Long may it continue.

.....

Remember, I look to you to save the Federation.

I recall a conversation with him at the acceptance of the Federal Scheme. He said.

He ~~said to me~~ when ~~had been accepted~~ that ~~this~~ would probably prolong the existence of the Ruling Princes by thirty years. After that, I asked. He did not think my fated last longer. His answer was that ~~they would probably~~ disappear. I did not agree with him. I felt there was really no reason why they - I mean the major States - should not go on indefinitely as constitutional ~~rulers~~ rulers. Can this be held to be India's Mission? Complete disappointment to end such a career.

~~Christian Missions~~ Christian Missions which have been working in South India for very many years. In Travancore and Cochin, specially, their efforts at conversion have met with considerable success. The Christian population of those two States (now classed as one) exceeds one-third of the total population, but in Mysore, the Christian population is barely one per cent. The Wesleyan Mission has been the pioneer in the sphere of education, and provision of medical aid.

I must say a word about Christian Mission activities.

Speaking on the sixth anniversary of the foundation of the Methodist Mission Industrial School at Tumkur (1938), I said:-

I was recently invited, when I was in Madras, to broadcast on the subject of Mysore, and I freely confess that, when I received the invitation, I set myself to collect all the information I could about the resources and achievements of our beloved State and the nice things that had been said about it at various times by various people. On an occasion like the present, I cannot help feeling an earnest wish that someone would perform a like service for the Methodist Mission. I have on my table now a little book entitled "Karunashalay: The Home of Compassion", a record of the work done by some of

the ladies of the Mission (the Mission Hospital for Women and Children, Mysore City) and I cannot help feeling as I read it what an inspiration there is for us in such a record of cheerful acceptance of difficulties, of wholehearted enjoyment of work for others, of incessant seeking where and how that work can be expanded. I confess that that little book has given me a great deal of information but which had not actually done so.

Here we are to-day celebrating another wonderful achievement, of which the world knows far too little, the diamond jubilee of an attempt, beginning sixty years ago with an orphanage of boys rendered destitute by famine, to do what so many of the governments are trying to do now, to teach people to earn their living by means of various crafts. Throughout these sixty years the work has gone on steadily, expanding its quantity and improving its quality till Tumkur Mission furniture is known all over the State and over a great part of the Presidency of Madras, and has been selected for the mansion in Mysore City in which we entertain the highest in the land.

And the origin and development of the workshop are associated with the name of one whom we all love and revere, the Rev. G.W. Sawday, who was doing yeoman work as a young man in Tumkur in 1878, and who is doing yeoman work in Mysore as one of our older statesmen in 1938. Such being the case, I can give those responsible for the Industrial School no better message on this occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of the laying of the foundation-stone than to say that that stone was indeed in every sense of the word most well and truly laid, and to express a hope that the edifice built up on these foundations may increase and prosper in the future as it has done in the past, to the great benefit not only of the Methodist Mission, but of the State in which the Mission works.

Rev. George William Sawday was perhaps the foremost among the Christian Missionaries who have lived and served in Mysore. Born in 1954, he came out in the late seventies and witnessed, as he took pleasure in saying, the marriage procession of Maharaja Chamaraj Wadiyar in 1878. He spent most of his life in Mysore City and was one of its most highly respected citizens. He identified himself closely with all public activities in the City and took a prominent part in municipal affairs and he was a member of the City Improvement Trust Board as well and took a keen interest in its work. At my special request, he continued to be a member of the Municipal Council until the very last, as I felt that the mere presence of a venerable old gentleman like him, so well-known and so highly-respected, at the meetings of the Council, was of great value to it. He was one of my best friends, a friend on whose advice I could always rely. I used to consult him often on public matters.

His large capacity for friendship, his unfailing sympathy with those who could be helped to large opportunities, his faithful ministry and devoted service, joined to a much more than ordinary capacity for administration, made him a missionary whose achievements were of surpassing value. His wise counsel influenced the lives of the people in every part of the District as well as those of many living far away from Mysore. The Holdsworth Memorial Hospital at Mysore City, and many chapels and schools in towns and villages are abiding tenstimonies to his loyal service. As a helper of every sound and reasonable scheme, as a benefactor of every student who could approach him with a just and right appeal, he filled the years of his retirement with such service as it has been given to few to render.

(7)

I had to go to Tumkur, he wrote in 1937 in one of his numerous letters to me, to open an extension of the Orphanage which I began sixty years ago .....

Here let me tell you again that I think of you every day. You will

I saw the paper. The recommendation of the gentleman is couched in the following terms:-

"An officer of much promise and greatly confided in by His Highness. He really deserves recognition at the hands of the Government. I would suggest a khanbahadurship or an order of the British Empire to begin with. I do not recommend a higher honor at present as he is sure to rise in the Mysore State service and higher honors will be due to him in coming years".

His recommendation is not at all in an adverse spirit. A second recommendation from His Highness is sure to be more successful.

As for the remission of tribute the Secretary of State had a long correspondence on the subject with the Viceroy. The correspondence covers some 30 foolscap pages. The Secretary of State was very much in favour of the remission but the Viceroy did not agree to it on two grounds:-

(1). That it would create a very bad precedent and open the door to dozens of other claimants who may possibly have better grounds for their claim.

(2). The present financial stringency of the Government of India.

As a compromise he suggested the 15 p.c. data. If you care to see the whole correspondence kindly pay a visit to or depute some one to go to "S". I shall arrange that he sees the whole correspondence on hearing from you. The name of the person deputed and the date of his arrival, may kindly be communicated to me.

Bangalore,

25th January 1930.

Thank you ever so much for your kind letter of January 21, which I was very glad to receive.

I shall not attempt to express my thanks for the kind things you say about me, for it is hardly possible for me to do so. All I can say is that you have always - ever since we met - been most kind to me, and I too have felt feeply attached to you.

With regard to the University re-organisation, your scheme is receiving attention and will be put through the Representative Assembly and Legislative Council as soon as possible. You may rest assured that we are all in earnest about it, and appreciate fully its many excellent features.

The Technological scheme, too, is receiving attention. I hope it will come into force before long.

MEMBERS OF THE REPRESENTATIVE AND THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL,

You have assembled here today at the request of my Government for the formal inauguration of the new Constitution promulgated in my Proclamation of last October, and it gives me great pleasure on this solemn occasion when we enter on a new era in the history of Mysore, to meet you, the chosen representatives of my people and members of the two Constitutional Assemblies of the State.

I rejoice to think that the changes marked by the ceremony of today take their place in a continuous and well-ordered development. The past history of our State, under the aegis of the British Crown, has been fortunate and of good omen for the future. We have known neither stagnation nor rash and sudden change. We have advanced gradually and securely, adapting our constitution to new times, needs and aspirations. All constitutional progress relates to the enlightenment of the people, and the quickening and utilising of their energies in the business of the State. Progress of this kind has been the constant aim of my Government, and my confidence for the future is firmly based upon experience of the power and willingness of electors and elected to render such patriotic service.

MEMBERS OF THE REPRESENTATIVE ASSEMBLY,

You have a great tradition behind you. Your predecessors have rendered inestimable service to the country. From being a group of leading citizens making representations to

to Government, you have gradually, almost imperceptibly, become a corporate popular body whose views and sentiments, the Government cannot ignore. Today your Assembly has found a definite place in the Constitution as a popular body, whose opinion the Govt. is bound to consult before proceeding with any measure of taxation or legislation. It is yours to voice truly the wants, the wishes and the grievances of the people so as to make the legislature and the executive to frame their policies with due attention to enlightened public opinion. You will find yourselves exercising a considerable, frequently a decisive, influence upon the policy of my Govt.

MEMBERS OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL,

Yours is the task of detailed legislation. The initiation of legislative measures not merely for the purpose of carrying on the administration, but for the amelioration of the material, economic and social condition of the people will, I trust, receive increasing attention at your hands. To you, has been assigned, with necessary reservations and restrictions, the important constitutional function of sanctioning the proposals of the executive for the appropriation of the public revenues. Your opportunities of influencing public administration by resolutions and interpellations have been enlarged. Not your resolutions only but all that you urge in debate will be of supreme importance to the Government. On the manner in which you exercise your extended functions, depends to a great extent the constitutional

progress of the State.

MEMBERS OF BOTH HOUSES,

I welcome you to a new opportunity, and to responsibilities heavier than those so worthily borne by your predecessors. Your paramount duty in Council and Assembly is rightly to represent my people. This I am confident is your firm resolve, and I pray that wisdom, courage and clearness of aim may ever be yours. I would have you apprehend with mind and heart one vital fact, that the interests of the Government and the people are identical. The happiness of the people is both the happiness and the vindication of Government. Any difference of opinion between the executive and yourselves -and such differences naturally occur, in all lands and all along the road of progress-, can refer only to the means, never to the end. You can count upon the fullest measure of responsiveness and goodwill in us, as we certainly shall count upon them in you. In the whole sphere of administration you will find that Government are in a vital sense responsible to you.

The present changes are not to be regarded as concessions, limited by reluctance. They represent such development as in the judgment of myself and my advisers is possible and wise at the moment. The problems of administration are complex beyond all others. The wellbeing of millions is concerned, and we must tread ground known to be secure. Impetuous haste means misadjustment and delay; it is likely even to mean subsequent retrogression. We have

sought at once to maintain continuity of progress and to relate to the peculiar characteristics of our history and the genius of our people, the political experience, the painfully acquired wisdom, of other States.

I would suggest to you three means, three disciplines, as one might call them, by which you may best serve the interests of the State.

The first, is that of studious care and moderation in every proposal or criticism may, in every word, that shall find place in the records of the Assembly and the Council. Upon those records you will be judged by that impartial Arbiter, the living consciousness of the State. Exaggeration, violence of speech, the spurious exploits of rhetoric, commend neither man nor cause to the final judgment of a people, and they are infinitely hostile to progress. In none of you, I ~~feel confident~~ trust, will such weakness be found. It will be yours by clear and definite thought, and by a wise restraint in speech, to create public confidence.

Next, I would urge you to acquire the fullest possible acquaintance with the history and the practice of administration, that you may be the fitter for your work in Assembly and in Council, and that in criticism you may be guided not merely by high ideals but also by comprehensive and detailed knowledge of the concrete problems of Government.

Third, and here is your most tremendous task, you must enlighten the people. Each one of you is, in an important sense, a leader among them. Consider the limits even of our

greatly enlarged electorate. Consider how many people, and how many kinds of people, remain unrepresented here in spite of our utmost efforts to devise means of representation. We want to hear the authentic voice of the people, that the long silence of the humble and illiterate may at length be broken I commend to you the glorious opportunity of enlightening the darkness of the poor. That in material conditions they may become happier is the task of all of us. But it is for you to go among them to bring them knowledge, and to awaken in them a sense of responsibility in matters pertaining to the State of which they are the very life.

Finally, gentlemen, I trust that it is not as representatives only of particular areas, interests or groups, but as those responsible for the well-being of the whole body politic, that you will seek to serve your country. I would earnestly ask you not to thwart progress, not to thwart yourselves, by allowing narrow, parochial or sectarian views to dominate your work. It is true thatamong you, and among those who have sent you here, there is an inevitable conflict of interests of desires, of ideas. Your debates are not likely to be less vigorous than those in others of the world's assemblies; such conflict, indeed, is health to the State, and from it will emerge, an ever clearer view of truth and right. There is not one among you -being mortals- who thinks without error or who can claim an utterly unbiassed vision. Each sees with clearness the narrowness of

every other. The Millennium will come when each realises the corresponding truth of his own limitations. The Millennium is not yet, but men and parties may cultivate a rational diffidence. I implore you to hate the cast-iron opinion and to welcome -even to seek- truth in the mouth of an adversary. Councils and Assemblies are designed that interest against interest, will against will, thought against thought may encounter so honestly, so amicably and with such mutual respect, that the conflict may end in reasonable, calm and truly representative decision. I urge, not mutual tolerance only, but mutual respect and mutual understanding. Men learn to respect and understand each other and to trust and love each other when they are working hard together for a common and noble cause, and what nobler cause can there be than the greater happiness of the people and the greater glory of our motherland!

Gentlemen, I now wish you God speed in your labours.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

I thought of bringing out a second and enlarged edition of the book encouraged by the favourable reception accorded to the first edition.

I felt also that much of what I wanted to put into the book had to be left out in order to keep both the size and the price down. The cost of the present edition, printed as it will be in India, will be considerably less.

I can only hope that the additions I have made may add to the interest of the book. I have also tried to bear in mind and profit by the suggestions and criticisms made by reviewers of the first edition. One of these suggestions made to me by a highly esteemed friend was that I should quote letters from friends more extensively. and this I have done in the hope that they will make the book more varied and interesting. Such interludes are sometimes welcome in a narrative such as this.

I am again deeply indebted to my friend, Mr J. C. Rollo. He has spared no pains to revise the book and his suggestions have been most valuable.

Page 174

Persia faces many difficulties today. There are cloud on the horizon. There are problems, both internal and extern clamouring for the solution. Externally she has as her nea neighbour, a powerful and a none too friendly country which has been a perpetual menace to her national existence. Russia has not ceased to cast her shadow over Iran. But for ~~British~~ Britain and the United States, she would have been swallowed up long ago.

Revolutionary changes have taken place recently in two of her neighbouring countries with which she is allied in the Baghdad Pact, not to speak of other countries further away. This must give the Government cause for stock-taking.

The Shah is taking an active interest in public affairs and is endeavouring to improve the administration and make it more popular. Therein lies his own safety and the stability of the country. He has still to win over the people to his side, make them feel that he is their true friend and well-wisher, and that he will spare no effort to improve their lot. There are too many vested interests at present. That has been the bane of Iran for centuries past. Unless they are liquidated ruthlessly, neither the Shah nor the nation is really safe. The Shah has given a practical lead to reform, where it is most needed, by the distribution of his own lands among the peasants. He must insist on his example being followed by the rich landholders. Iran cannot afford to stand still or continue making mistakes. The penalty will be heavy, even devastating.

What Confucius, one of the world's greatest men, said 2,500 years ago still holds good. Oriental countries would do well to follow the principles laid down by him for the guidance of governments.

Confucius considered it more important that people believe in the integrity of their Government's principles than that they have faith in the soundness of its treasury. He said that the three essentials of good government were economic, sufficiency, military sufficiency, and the confidence of the people. But of all these, he said, popular trust is by far the most important, since, if the people have no confidence in their government, it cannot stand.

It cannot be said that the Government of Iran enjoys in the required degree the trust of the people. It should endeavour to earn it and there is not much time to lose.

Confuciuss's formula for producing confidence was government by men of capacity, sincerely devoted to the common good and possessed of the kind of character which compels respect. He told the ruler of his native state - " To govern means to be correct. If you, in the position of leadership, are correct, who will dare to be otherwise ?" This is very similar to Thomas Jefferson's statement that "the whole art of government consists in the art of being honest." That is the root of the trouble in our Eastern countries, curruption, nepotism, dishonesty and inefficiency at all levels of the administration. Unless these are rooted out, it is futile to expect progress. Honest ~~these~~ and efficient administration is their greatest need. A special responsibility rests on the shoulders of the Monarch. If he is to discharge it with any hope of success, he must surround himself with men of character and capacity, loyal to him and devoted to the interests of the nation, and with their help overhaul the administrative machinery and introduce a sound system of administration on modern principles.

Note

Pakistan has not been able to settle its new constitution yet, but a declaration has been made that Pakistan is to be an Islamic Republic. That is clearly, in my view and in that of many others, both unwise and unnecessary, and I venture to add, unjustiable when we consider the large Hindu minority that forms part of its population. Such a declaration cannot but cause irritation, if not concern, to the Hindus, both in Pakistan and in India. Care will no doubt be taken to provide safeguards for the benefit of this minority, but the feeling must persist that they are only second-class citizens as compared with the Muslim majority.

I regret, too, that Pakistan should have decided to declare herself a republic ~~at all~~. A status that is good enough for Canada and Australia should have been good enough for her, at least until the country's future was firmly secured.

I had an old Hindu servant, Kalappa by name He served me for many years and died in my service. The late Maharaja, who was himself extraordinarily kind to his old servants, complimented me for not sending him away when he was past work, as characteristic of his largeness of heart.

Kalappa came to me one day and said that he wanted to become a Muslim. I said no; I advised him to stick to his own religion. He had been a Hindu all his life, and why need he change it now when he was nearing the close of his life. He accepted my advice, remained a Hindu and was quite happy. In religious matters, I am not, and have never been, a bigot. I dislike all bigots and particularly loathe the so-called religious ones. "If God had wished", says the Koran, "He might have made one sole commandment for all the world from the beginning, rather hath He bestowed His grace on those to whom He hath deigned to grant it."

We have in Mysore a unique place of pilgrimage, unique in the sense that it is equally sacred to both Hindus and Muslims, known as the Dattatreya Peetha, and is situated on the Baba Budan Range of Hills, named after the Muslim saint who took up his residence there. Let me quote a relevant extract from Rice's Gazetteer:-

> He (Baba Budan) is stated to have reared coffee from seeds he obtained at Moche and thus to have introduced this important staple into India. A cave containing what the Muhammadans assert to be the tomb of Baba Budan, but the Hindus to be the throne of Dattatreya, is a venerated place of pilgrimage of adherents of both creeds. A Mussalman Kalandar is the custodian of the cave ..... By the Hindus, the reappearance of Dattatreya at the mouth of the cave into which in ancient times he vanished, is looked for as a sign prophetic of the final avatar of Krishna and the introduction of the millennium."

A Hindu devotee from the north had settled at the peetha and was spending the rest of his life looking after the shrine. He was a sort of assistant to the Muslim Sajjada or Kalandar, as Rice calls him, who was the hereditary custodian of the shrine. The late Maharaja never failed to talk to the devotee whenever he visited the place and one day in my presence he asked him, out of pure curiosity, if the Sajjada ever tried to persuade him to become a Muslim." "No", came the prompt reply. No such attempt had ever been made, although he and the Sajjada had lived and worked together for years. The Maharaja was very pleased to hear this and remarked to me that he appreciated such broadmindedness.

It is worth mentioning that the Baba Budan Hills produce the finest coffee in South India. No coffee is cultivated in the north. The plateau is, on an average, 6000 feet above sea-level and is noted for its scenic beauty and its fine climate, except during the rains when the rainfall is very heavy.

I made it a point to enjoin on Government officials to give reasons for their refusal to grant a request. It is not sufficient merely to issue an endorsement to the petitioner, as is so customary. that his request cannot be granted. They should also state briefly the reason why it cannot be granted. Every official decision must have a good reason behind it and not dependent upon the whom or fancy of the official, concerned, and that reason must not be withheld from the petitioner.

I had an old Hindu servant, Kalappa by name. He served me for many years and died in my service. The late Maharaja, who was himself so extraordinarily kind to his old servants, complimented me for not sending him away when he was past work.

Kalappa came to me one day and said that he wanted to become a Muslim. I said no; he ~~had been a Hindu all his life and~~ I advised him to stick to his own religion. He had been a Hindu all his life, and why need he change his religion now when he was nearing the end of it? He accepted my advice and remained a Hindu. In religious matters, I am not, and have never been, a bigot. I dislike all bigots and particularly loathe the so-called religious ones. "If God had wished", says the Koran, "He might have made one sole commandment for all the world from the beginning; rather hath He bestowed His grace on those to whom He hath deigned to grant it."

(Does not 'the grace' mean here the grace of becoming Muslim? If so, would not the word 'thanks' seem in that case it would not be — a proper word here)

We have in Mysore a unique place of pilgrimage, unique in the sense that it is equally sacred to both Hindus and Muslims, ~~and it is~~ known as the Dattatreya Peetha. ~~and~~ It is situated on the Baba Budan Range of Hills, named after the Muslim saint who took up his residence there. Let me quote a ~~sentence or two~~ relevant extract from Rice's Gazetteer~~:~~:

"He (Baba Budan) is stated to have reared coffee from seeds he obtained at Mocha and thus to have introduced this important staple into India. A cave containing what the Muhammadans assert to be the tomb of Baba Budan, but the Hindus to be the throne of Dattatreya, is a venerated place of pilgrimage of adherents of both creeds. A Mussalman Kalandar is the custodian of the cave ..... By the Hindus, the reappearance of Dattatreya at the mouth of the cave into which in ancient times he vanished, is looked for as a sign prophetic of the final avatar of Krishna and the introduction of the millennium."

A Hindu devotee from the north had settled at the peetha and ~~spent~~ was spending the rest of his life there. He was a sort of assistant to the Muslim Sajjada or Kalandar, as Rice calls him, who was the hereditary custodian of the shrine. The late Maharaja never failed to talk to the devotee whenever he visited the place, and one day, in my presence, he asked him, out of pure curiosity, if the Sajjada ever tried to persuade him to become a Muslim. "No," came the prompt reply. No such attempt had ever been made, although he and the Sajjada had lived and worked together for years. The Maharaja was very pleased, and remarked to me that he appreciated such broad-mindedness.

It is worth mentioning that the Baba Budan Hills produce the finest coffee in South India. No coffee is cultivated in the north. The plateau is, on an average, 6000 feet above sea-level, and is noted for its scenic beauty — and its fine climate except during the rains, when the rainfall is very heavy.

I was careful not

As a Government official, I ~~never tried~~ to defend or support a proposal which was proved wrong. In the course of my long and varied career I was many ~~Presiding over a Representative Assembly or a Legislative Council~~ for very ~~many~~ years, whether ~~in Myscre or elsewhere,~~ whenever I found that the non-official view was the correct one, I did not hesitate to ~~express my agreement with that view~~ uphold it as against that of the official claimant. It is bad enough to have made a mistake; it is worse to try to justify it. I invariably found that the psychological effect of frank admission of a mistake was remarkably gratifying. It did not weaken the administration or lower the official in the estimation of the public. On the contrary, they esteemed him the more.

to preside periodically over the deliberations of the Assembly and the Legislative Council

in Mysore or Lahore or the Legislature in Madras or other Provinces

New Chapter
Star Man

It has been my experience that administrations in general and those in this sub-continent in particular, are very fond of going on ~~adding to~~ increasing their establishments and adding wheel after wheel to the administrative coach. This is a common failing of democracy, whether in the East or West: whether here or there. The aim should be, on the contrary, to keep the administrative machinery as simple as possible, so that it may function smoothly and efficiently and not get clogged or slowed down. The tendency to increase the functions of the State has to be kept under control. The United Nations is no exception. It is expanding itself beyond all reasonable proportions. It will burst one day and may ultimately lead to its collapse.

be said in support of the establishment of the welfare state in Britain, it has enormously increased bureaucracy & has so to the extent costly.

THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL.

New Chapter

Now or now Sir Frank Brown (happily still with us)

When I first went to London in 1931, one of the things that struck me as rather odd was the memorial erected to the memory of the great Queen Victoria. I did not particularly admire the memorial itself, its complicated designs or the symbolic figures, which made it a conglomeration of art, but what I could not understand was why such an unsuitable site was chosen for it, right in front of the Palace, obstructing its view from the mall and detracting from the avenue's beauty. When I said this to an English friend of mine, he suggested that I might write a letter to The Times expressing my views on this matter. I liked the suggestion but could not summon sufficient courage to act on it. - A letter to The Times has become a traditional method of bringing a matter to public notice in England. - A not very pleasing feature, to my mind, of some of the public buildings, memorials and fountains erected in Europe is the prominence given to figures of human beings, angels and animals. Their excessive use in architecture disfigures rather than embellishes. The Palace at Versailles, for instance, has too many statues in mortar dotted all along the top parapet wall. Simple graceful lines are more artistic than uneven figures which disturb the harmony of the skyline.

The Palace Times had its complaints letters to The Times with nearly a quarter of a century after the passage here made & the great publicity expressing in the great popular & my own opinion on the location of the memorial.

The setting of the memorial was a great handicap to the vast number of the subjects of the Queen Empress on the occasion of the coronation and provided so many of them watching the appearance with the Duke of Edinburgh and their children on the balcony of the

Page 74

I could see

During the First Round Table Conference in 1931, I wrote to the Secretary of State making the following suggestion which, however, was not acted upon on the advice of the India Office, although the Secretary of State himself, Mr. Wedgwood Benn, was, I could see, inclined to accept it, as indeed he has been always ~~as he invariably was~~ responsive to any suggestion calculated to improve the relations between the two countries.

You will recall that in a recent conversation I suggested that magnanimity might be shown by the release of certain prominent non-cooperation leaders, viz., V.J. Patel, Pandit Malaviya (since released) and Dr. Ansari. I now wish to add the name of Mrs Sarojini Naidu. I recall the suggestion because the current Spectator has an article from Mr. H.G. Alexander (a gentleman I have not the pleasure of knowing) in which he quotes some observations of Mr. Gandhi to him last September on the release of Pandit Motilal Nehru. You will see from the article herewith enclosed that the psychological effect upon Mr. Gandhi was considerable. Having regard to the significant instruction of Mr. Vallabhai Patel to the Bombay Congress organization to cease demonstrations because they lead to violence, I am confident that a good effect would be produced by the release of a few leaders - not on grounds of health but as an act of grace made without explanation of any kind. The favourable turn in the progress of the Round Table Conference must have its effect on Mr. Gandhi and many of his leading associates; so the time is propitious for such a gesture. What India needs is firmness in maintaining order, combined with magnanimity towards individuals, and indeed wherever it can be shown.

Else Opening

My main purpose, however, in writing these lines is to suggest a personal act of courtesy and consideration towards Mr. Gandhi on your part. It is that he should be supplied with the detailed Proceedings of the Conference. Could you not write him a personal letter stating that it has occurred to you that he might like to peruse the records of a Conference fraught with so much moment to his Motherland! and that accordingly you are sending him a batch by air mail, and that later records will follow in due course. This suggestion is entirely my own and I shall mention it to no one else.

There is need for promptitude so that Mr. Gandhi may have this facility while the Conference is in being, instead of it coming as a kind of afterthought. No doubt you would inform the Viceroy of this personal act for which you could take (apart from any reference you might think well to make to the Prime Minister) the whole responsibility. The Government of India need not be consulted beforehand since the courtesy would not infringe any Prison or other Code, and indeed would be in line with the general attitude adopted towards Mr. Gandhi by the authorities in India.

I do not suggest - indeed I would deprecate - any public announcement, at any rate for a time. No statesman in this country

close spacing

recognises more clearly than you do the immense importance of encouraging by every possible means a favourable atmosphere in India for the report of the Conference. The steps I propose could not possibly retard but ~~it~~ might well very considerably assist in the creation of such an atmosphere. Mr. Gandhi is a great man, singularly responsive to such acts of kindness from those with whom he is not in political agreement.

This is the text of the letter I wrote. I quote below a sentence of two from a talk entitled "Tradition and Experiment in India", and published in The Listener dated the 25th February 1954 by Mr. Cyril Philips, referring to the almost complete lack of history or chronicle in the rich literature of India.

men?

close spacing

While the monks of European cloisters busily recorded what they saw and heard, while the man of letters in China compiled official histories, the Brahmins of India evidently thought the history of their kings unworthy of record or comment, and yet they must have played a great part as ministers or advisers of the rulers. This lack of a historical sense crops up again and again in India, a recent and tragic example being Mahatma Gandhi's confession in 1942 to the Viceroy, Lord Linlithgow, that he had just read for the first time the Government of India Act of 1935, that he was impressed by it, that it could have given India all she desired, and that if only he had read it when it was first passed the course of modern Indian history might have been very different.

new chapter
the Romance

When I went to Berlin with the Maharaja in August 1937, I called Mr. Ribbentrop at the Foreign Office and had a long and interesting talk with him. I had already met him in London. His Secretary, Mr. Herbert Behlau, was present at the interview. We discussed the European situation which was heading towards a crisis. I remarked to Ribbentrop that I feared Europe was drifting towards war. The baloon was being inflated to such an extent that it would burst one day. The process could not go on much longer than, perhaps, a year. I was wrong here - it took more than one year for war to break out. I said to him that I could not imagine Germany thinking in terms of war unless she possessed some secret weapons which would make victory absolutely certain. I next said to him that in the event of war, Germany would have Italy as her ally in Europe and Japan in the Far East. As for France, I did not think she would last long; she might collapse within six months. Ribbentrop asked me why I thought so. I replied that conditions were difficult in France and that something had gone wrong with the French people.

Mr. Behlau came to see me later in my hotel. He said that the Ambassador, Mr. Ribbentrop, was curious to know where I got my information from, for I seemed to know such a lot. I assured him that I had no secret sources of information. I obtained my information from the press and the rest came from my own ~~imagination~~ conclusions on which I could draw freely.

I must say Ribbentrop made a good impression upon me and I was very pleased with the way he received me and talked to me so freely and frankly. I gathered from him that their chief aim was to get their Colonies back. He said that Bolshevism was the great enemy of mankind and he had no doubt that the future would show what a formidable menace it was.

It was a delight to me to meet Mr. and Mrs Behlau in Frankfurt in August 1953. I had not heard of him since the war, but a German visitor to Bangalore told me that he was alive and gave me his address. I got into touch with him at once. I can never forget their kindness in coming to see me in Frankfurt, having travelled a distance of 400 miles by car the previous night.

Mr. Behlau served in the Air Force and had a miraculous escape. Mrs. Behlau, a most charming Dutch lady, was in grave peril herself, having been condemned to death by a Nazi tribunal. Luckily, she was later reprieved, and released on the termination of the war.

I reminded Mr. Behlau of my conversation with his late chief. He remembered it well. Mr. and Mrs. Behlau are now living quietly on a farm of their own in West Germany.

High among her blessings, Britain can count the fact that she possesses a royal family that commands universal respect. From that great Sovereign, Queen Victoria, who reigned for over sixty years with a dignity and success that can never be forgotten, down to the present young Queen, the monarchy has indeed been a blessing to Britain and to the Commonwealth.

and Empire. ~~In affairs of the heart, the head has little or no~~ say.

In my audience with King George V, to which I have already referred, I ventured to tell His Majesty, in response to an observation he made, that God was especially kind to him in that he possessed the love and reverence of his people in an abundant measure, as was so strikingly manifested, I said, during his recent illness. So long as there were monarchs like him on the Throne of England, the Monarchy was quite safe: indeed it made itself indispensable to the Nation and Commonwealth. I got the impression that His Majesty was pleased with what I made bold to say to him.

The conquest of hearts is more difficult, but more glorious and enduring than the conquest of peoples and territories. This is what Queen Elizabeth has been doing from the time she came on the Throne and her recent memorable and majestic tour to Australia, New Zealand, Ceylon and other countries was an outstanding success from every point of view.

"The Queen", a short paragraph appeared in a Colombo paper, "is likely to visit the sacred shrine and temple in stockinged feet in deference to the custom of the land."

By this simple act of hers, and many similar ones, there and elsewhere, the Queen won the hearts of millions in Ceylon and outside. It is thus that the royal family becomes a power for good and an inspiration to all.

Sir Oliver Goonetilleke, Leader of the Senate (now Governor-General) elaborated on this point in the course of his address to the Senate on April 12 1952 when he said — "My task is a delightful one —

Thanks to the good offices of His Grace Mgr. Pietro Pisani, Archbishop of Constance, I was fortunate enough to have an audience of His late Holiness Pope Pius, predecessor of the present Pontiff. Although it was not a day when His Holiness usually granted private interviews, he was gracious enough to see me. I spent forty minutes with him.

I knew the Archbishop when he was Delegate Apostolic. His headquarters were at Bangalore (since moved to New Delhi) and we met often.

The Pope expressed appreciation of the benevolent attitude of the Maharaja and his Government towards the Catholic Community of Mysore. I said that it would be a good thing if more Indians were appointed as Bishops. It was only a passing remark. I did not think that it would be taken so seriously. His Holiness at once beckoned to the Archbishop, who was present at the interview, to make a note of my suggestion. When, some time later, Rev. Dr. M. Despatures, the Bishop of Bangalore, retired owing to failing health, an Indian was appointed in his place. Let me confess that, as a matter of fact, I have a special partiality for European priests, and it was a matter of regret to me that Bishop Despatures, who was such an old and dear friend, had to leave. He was, for many years, the Parish Priest in Mysore, and a most popular man he was. The Maharaja, himself a keen musician, liked Father Despatures who

was quite a good violinist. The Durbar Surgeon. Colonel H.H. Foulkes played the cello and the Maharaja the flute or the violin. The services of a pianist were borrowed from the Palace Band and all these used to practise together regularly and formed a little orchestra by themselves.

I had a passage of arms with no less a person than Sir Austin Chamberlain, who was a member of the British Delegation at the Round Table Conference. Irritated, no doubt, by my persistent pleadings for the remission of the annual tribute, amounting to Rs. 35 million a year, which Mysore was paying to the Government of India, and had been paying ever since the restoration of the State to the Hindu dynasty on the Fall of Tipu Sultan in 1799, he remarked that there was no gratitude in the world. This was in reference to the reduction of Rs. 10 lakhs made in Lord Irwin's time. I replied that there was no question of gratitude or ingratitude. All I was asking for was that Mysore should not be mulcted any more. The Rs. 10 lakhs that was remitted was after all its own money. It was no gift from the Government of India.

A similar incident took place at the Conference between the Maharaja of Bikaner and myself. In a moment of anger, he made some adverse remarks against me which I thought were quite unjustified. I could not remain quiet and gave an appropriate answer. I still remember Lord Reading's face, how startled he was. He was sitting opposite to me. The storm soon blew over. His Highness insisted on my writing to him a letter assuring him that I had forgotten the incident and bore him no ill-will. Although I explained that this was quite unnecessary and not desirable from his point of view either, he still insisted. I wrote to him, as desired. His Highness sent copies of the letter to various Princes, informing them that no ill-feeling existed between us. I had in this an [illegible]

I have got a copy of the letter which he got me [illegible] I [illegible] Capt. [illegible] Wilmonnel.

Go over

Looking back over the many years of a fairly busy and, if I may say so, eventful life, and recalling to mind the relatively few successes I achieved and the many failures and disappointments I experienced, I have only one person to complain against and that person happens to be myself. Before I found fault with others, I used to examine myself to see how far I was to blame, and very often, I had not to proceed much further.

hw chgk

I am a diligent listener to the radio. I particularly enjoy the B.B.C. broadcasts, next come those from America, and there are others, too, which are quite interesting, though not in the same class. The only objection that I had to the B.B.C. broadcasts was that they devoted too much time to cricket and other games, more especially to cricket. I could not understand why the British people were so keen on cricket. One day, however, when my two grand-daughters from Madras were staying with me in Bangalore, a cricket match was going on somewhere in England. These two girls got so excited, that I had to let them have the radio all to them-

It is no wonder that the victory of the Pakistan cricket team in the Test match played in Karachi in August 1954 caused such excitement & gave so much pleasure to the British people who might ~~they have~~ their have lost the match. His speech is eloquent proof of their genuine sportsmanship.

The Times of August 18, 1954, has this to say of the match under the heading "Pakistan jubilation":

"When Sir John Stephen bowled down upon the bowler yesterday, on a Christian crowd in which Pakistani men and women were conspicuous, he witnessed a scene as hilarious as any seen in his long memories of the Oval. The victory of Pakistan over England in a Test-

Match on their first visit to this Country is a land-mark. No other visitors ~~[illegible]~~ won a match at their first attempt. Australia did it at the second time of asking. South Africa had to wait for a year good quarter of a century as the West Indies for more than twice that span. New Zealand and India (which has won one match at home) are still waiting. So far Australia, South Africa and the West Indies are the only teams to have won a rubber in England.

Pakistan's particular hero, said the Times Cricket Correspondent, was Fazal who brought his tally of

3

Which is the Match to be, and
who throughout the street have
established themselves as a border
of medium pica fit to rank
near our own Bedds.

Your Comments make us much
more in Bath desirous of greater
pleasure from the reading of the
Visitor. May this only have free
Mission on

Such friends Comments are as
welcome dear May as astonishing to
us.

selves and they went on noting on a piece of paper the runs scored by each player, and followed the play with the keenest pleasure. I said to myself that cricket does seem to have a strange fascination for some people. When Indian girls, thousands of miles away, can succumb to it, what wonder if the British people do?

It must be remembered that in England Cricket has got the proud position of the most popular of games. In minor engagements from organised in list and County matches as those of university teams, but also in village greens and recreation grounds spread across the land.

(Mr Andrew Cory)

Writing to an American friend in the Embassy in New Delhi, I gave expression to my views on the international situation in the following words:

> I am not one of those who believe that Soviet Russia will deliberately provoke a war with the Western Powers, for the simple reason that it would not pay her. The cold war she has been carrying on for some time past has yielded her a rich enough harvest without involving her in any grave danger. She knows well enough that the Allies will go to the farthest possible limit in order to avoid an armed conflict. Why then need she involve herself in so hazardous a venture ?
>
> It is true that success in conquest leads to greater appetite for further conquest. But she is trying to satisfy that appetite not by fighting herself but by getting others to fight for her. The wars in Korea and

and Indo-China are as much her wars as they are China's or Viet-Minh's She is harassing and weakening her enemies through others, and, at the same time, indirectly gaining experience of great value to herself, without sacrificing the life of a single Russian soldier. So far as she is concerned, she may well be satisfied with the pin pricks that she is constantly administering to the Allies, and with the process of infiltration and fomenting of trouble that goes on incessantly everywhere under her encouragement.

That was in July 1952. I see no reason to modify those views in any particular. Even to-day, the position remains much the same. Nevertheless, there is always the danger that, as in 1914, some unexpected undesigned incident may apply the spark and provoke action, and reaction beyond withdrawal. Wars may be accidental in their immediate cause.

I imagine that Russia and China have come to an understanding in regard to their respective territorial ambitions. China, according to my theory, is to look after the whole of Asia right down to the Middle East, and Russia is to have for her sphere of action Western Europe and the Middle East down to the Persian Gulf and Pakistan frontier. Once Indo-China is brought within its orbit, it will only be a question of time before Communist China spreads its tentacles in other directions as well - towards Burma, Siam, Malaya and Indonesia. India, too, will not be forgotten but will come in for attention in due time. Already Red China has a large garrison in Tibet which has now become an integral part of China, and military roads right up to India's frontier; she has laid down air bases within easy range of New Delhi and the Gangetic plain. Tibet's neighbour, Nepal, has thus come under the sinister shadow of China and she can expect nothing but trouble from that quarter in the future. It is imperative, therefore, to stop Communist expansion before it gathers ~~some~~ strength.

To me there is no Orient or Occident. They are both the same in reality. The World is really one. The former will be a helpless, unenlightened, poverty-stricken ~~region~~ country without the latter's active help and guidance. Close association with the West is an indispensable necessity if the East is to make material and moral progress. America and Britain are the two countries best fitted to fill the role of ~~philosopher~~, guide and friend, and they are doing it to the extent ~~that is~~ made possible by local circumstances. I ~~feel that~~ with the easing of the economic strain which most countries in the world are experiencing at present, a new dawn will break and the outlook will be brighter for all.

CHAPTER I. One

MY FAMILY.

Of Persian descent, I was born in Bangalore in 1883. My father, Aga Jan, was the son of Ali Asker Shirazi, and my mother's father and mother also came from Shiraz. My maternal grandfather, Mashadi Kazim, was a prosperous merchant and had settled in Bombay. His brother, Mashadi Hussain, built the fine Shiah Mosque in Bombay, employing masons he specially imported from Persia. The mosque is a well-endowed institution with an income, at present, of about Rs. 4,000/- a month, which is utilized for the benefit of the Shiah community of Bombay.

Ali Asker, son of Haji Abdulla, came out to India in the year 1824. He was born in Shiraz in 1808 and spent the first sixteen years of his life in that city of Hafiz and Saadi. His grandfather, Haji Murad, was born in Tabriz, the capital of Persian Azerbaijan, and belonged to the Tabrizi Turk family.

The whole of Azerbaijan, with the city of Baku was under the sway of Iran, till Fateh Ali Shah Qajar lost the northern part of that territory with its rich oil-bearing region and the great oil port of Baku on the Caspian Sea, to Russia in 1828. The people inhabiting Azerbaijan speak Turkish and are Turkish in origin, but they are not to be confounded with the Ottoman Turks who swept over Asia Minor, Southern Europe, and North Africa in olden times. The southern part of Azerbaijan with the city of Tabriz is an important province of Iran, bordering as it does on Russian territory.

Haji Murad, Ali Asker's grandfather, migrated to Shiraz from Tabriz with his family and all his wealth, and there invested his capital in property, buying a large estate for himself. Haji Murad's father, Allaverdi, and his grandfather, Tarverdi, lived and died in Tabriz. After settling down in Shiraz, Haji Murad went on a pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina. In the latter city he was murdered by a fanatical Sunni-Muslim, with whom he seems to have got into an argument.

Haji Abdulla succeeded to the estate of Haji Murad and lived in Shiraz. His family was known as "Muradi" after his father, Haji Murad. From his first wife, Haji Abdulla had three sons: Haji Mohamed Hashim, Mashadi Kasim, and Ali Asker. After the death of his first wife, Haji Abdulla married again and became very lavish in his expenditure, which led to a dispute between the father and his three sons, ending in separation of the sons from the father. These three sons put together what wealth they had of their own and left Shiraz with it for Iraq, where they purchased a string of Arab horses and set sail for India.

The three brothers landed in Mangalore in 1824. Having

heard that there was a great demand for Arab horses in Bangalore, Ali Asker and his two brothers proceeded towards Bangalore. On their way through the Coorg territory, a rebellion against the Coorg Raja broke out and the three brothers were taken prisoner by the Raja's forces on suspicion of their being British agents. Shortly afterwards the East India Company's troops invaded Coorg and released the brothers, who then made their way through Mysore to Bangalore

Horse-dealing in those days was a lucrative business. Arab horses were greatly in demand by the East India Company. The British had a remount depot at Hosur, near Bangalore where a committee of officers assembled to inspect and select horses for the army. Ali Asker presented his horses there from time to time and found a ready sale for them. ~~Besides~~, the ~~Raja~~ of Mysore, Mummadi Krishna Raja II, was also a good customer of the Iranians.

Having disposed of their horses, Haji Mohamed Hashim and Mashadi Kazim returned to Shiraz in 1835, leaving their younger brother, Ali Asker, in Bangalore to establish contact with likely customers. A short time later, Haji Abdulla, their father, died in Shiraz and the two elder brothers had to abandon their idea of visiting India for the time being.

Left to his own resources, Ali Asker did well in business. He married an Indian Muslim girl in 1840. She died after a few years. He married again in a Shiah family from Shooshter (in Iran) who had migrated to Lucknow (the stronghold of the Shiahs in those days as it still continues to be, though to a lesser extent). They had come to Bombay on a visit when Ali Asker also happened to be there. The first Aga Khan was instrumental in bringing about the alliance.

The Shooshtries were a talented, literary family. The father of Mrs Ali Asker was a writer in Persian, a learned man. His son, Muhummed Ali Shooshtry, possessed literary gifts and composed verses with an ease and facility which was really remarkable. He spent the last years of his life in Bangalore and died in 1938. I ~~have yet to come across a~~ man who ~~was more~~ Deeply attached to his ~~faithxxx~~ faith. He led an exemplary life. I studied Persian under him for some time and held him in deep affection and reverence. ~~Mrs Ali Asker~~ herself ~~was not lacking in this gift~~. Muhummad Ali's son, Mirza Abbas, has excelled him as a writer. He was for some years ~~the~~ Professor of Persian and Arabic in the University of Mysore. He has since distinguished himself as the author of several books both in Persian and in English. On Islamic history and culture, he is perhaps in the top class of scholars ~~in that field to-day~~. His "Outlines of Islamic Culture" written in

Mohamed Asker and Abul Fazzil [illegible] in Persia

English is an outstanding work. His life of the Prophet which has just been published is another notable contribution to Islamic literature. His son, too, is not devoid of literary talent and is making a name for himself in the literary circles of Iran.

In Ali Asker's days a journey from Shiraz to the Coast was full of hazards. It was done in "Kajawa", twin saddles placed on the back of the ~~horse~~ donkey on either side. The route lay over a rugged mountainous tract through a bandit infested country and it took many days for the caravan to cover the distance of some 200 miles from Shiraz to Bushire. Many a traveller fell a victim to disease or to thieves. Then again from the Persian Gulf to India the crossing had to be done in crude sailing boats and it took many weeks. Since the whole journey was so perilous, travellers from Iran hardly ever brought their women with them unless dire necessity compelled them to do so as in the case of the Parsis who fled the country to seek refuge in India.

One of Ali Asker's best friends was Prince Karim Khan, son of Aga Ali Kermanshahi, who got involved in the rebellion against Nasir-ud-din Shah, and ~~had to flee~~ fled from Iran. He took refuge in India and made horse-dealing his business. He was a worthy contemporary of Ali Asker. He married in the family of Tipu Sultan. He died young at the age of 33 years in Madras, where he ~~went~~ had gone to sell his shipload of remount horses as usual. In accordance with his dying wish, his body was brought to Bangalore for burial. Ali Asker bought a piece of land on Oosoor Road and had his friend buried there. This is how the Persian Cemetery in Bangalore came into being. Till then the Shiahs were buried ~~along with the Sunnies~~ in the Sunni ~~Muslim~~ cemeteries.

After Karim Khan's death, Ali Asker arranged for the marriage of his friend's daughters to respectable Iranian merchants. The first girl was married to Haji Mohamed Bawker Nemazie, whose daughter, Saadut-Nisa, was married to Aga Abdulla, one of Ali Asker's sons. The second daughter was given to his younger brother, Haji Mirza Abdul Karim Nemazie. Both these brothers prospered greatly in business from the patrimoney inherited from Karim Khan. The second brother, Haji Mirza Abdul Karim Nemazie had a brilliant son ~~in~~ Mirza Mohamed Ali Nemazie, who made a name for himself in Singapore as a successful merchant. My second daughter, Gauhar Taj, is married to one of his sons, Mirza Ghulam Hussain Nemazie. They have made Singapore their home.

In 1843 (1258 Hejri) Mashadi Kazim landed with his horses in Mangalore to rejoin his brother, Ali Asker, whom he had not seen for several years. Ali Asker was now a father of two sons Sir Mark often visited his relis for a chat and a cup of tea,

Mohamed Bawker and Abdul Hussain by name. On his way to Bangalore, Mashadi Kazim camped at Seringapatam with his retinue to rest there for a day. On 14th May 1843 (13th Rabi II 1359) ~~while his breakfast was being prepared~~ he went for a bath in the River Cauvery all alone. Good swimmer though he was, he somehow got into difficulties in one of the treacherous spots in the river and was carried away by a strong current and was drowned. ~~and to their sorrow they found~~ His dead body was found some miles downstream. ~~Ali Asker was informed by a messenger and~~ The body was brought to Bangalore and buried in the new Persian cemetery Ali Asker had opened for his community. It is still in use by the Shia community of Bangalore.

Ali Asker was endowed with strong common sense and possessed qualities which enabled him to make a great success of his life. He died on August 15, 1891, at the age of 83. His life was, on the whole, a very happy one. He experienced far more rewards than buffets of fortune. His only great sorrow, in his long life, was the death of his eldest son in a steeplechase accident in Bangalore. He had no faith in banks, but only in bricks and mortar, and invested all his money in house property. This was a very wise practice, and his descendants have good reason to appreciate it, for we are enjoying its fruits. His properties have since his day risen greatly in value -- in some cases as much as twenty-fold. He was known as the "Jaghirdar" of High Ground, being the largest landowner both in the city and the Civil and Military station.

Although he had several grown-up sons, he would not allow any of them to enter Government service. His notions of respectability and dignity were curious. His British friends often advised him to put his sons in service and offered to give them all a good start, but this did not appeal to him. He preferred them to lead an independent life rather than serve anybody, even a government. Such was the prejudice he had brought from his native land against Government service. It was with some difficulty, therefore, that Dewan Rangacharlu prevailed upon him to allow my father to accept the honorary post of musahib or aide-de-camp to the young Maharaja, Sri Chamaraja Wadiyar. My father was devoted to the Maharaja, and the attraction was mutual. His Highness's untimely death in Calcutta in 1894, when he was only 31 years old, was a grievous blow to the State and was universally deplored. Both his elder brothers, strangely enough, had died at exactly the same age and he had a presentiment that he would not himself life beyond it.

The Chief Commissioner of Mysore in the days before rendition, Sir Mark Cubbon, was very kind to Ali Asker, who enjoyed his friendship and confidence in a marked degree. Sir Mark often visited his table for a chat and a cup of tea,

Curiously enough both arrived in India at the same age - 16 years.

and to see the horses. He was a great lover of horses and owned a large stable. Ali Asker enjoyed the friendship of successive British administrators and had free access to the Residency, which was regarded as a rare honour in those days. He was an enthusiastic racing man. His horses were often to be seen on the racecourses of Bombay and Hyderabad, besides Bangalore and Mysore. He was quite ignorant of English and could not speak Hindustani either, but he got on splendidly, nevertheless, with his Indian and European friends. He was a steward of the Bangalore Turf Club, a rare distinction then for a non-European.

His Highness the first Aga Khan (grandfather of the great racing magnate of our day) and Ali Asker were close friends. The Aga Khan was an annual visitor to Bangalore and invariably brought his racehorses with him. He was a generous patron of the local turf club. My maternal grandmother was a close friend of Lady Ali Shah, the present Aga Khan's mother. His Highness wrote to me on January 17, 1935: "Wherever I may be, I always remember you very dearly, for not only our personal friendship is so affectionate, but our families have been most beloved friends for well-nigh a century."

M. Shama Rao, a Mysore historian, has this to say of Ali Asker in his book, Modern Mysore:

> Ali Asker was a merchant by profession and enjoyed a high reputation among all classes of people in Mysore. He had easy access to Maharaja Krishnaraj Wadiyar, who treated him as a friend and used often to entrust him with important letters for posting. To preserve the confidential nature of letters, Ali Asker used to take them himself to Hosur, beyond the Mysore border, and post them there.

A notable feature of Krishnaraja Wadiyar's character was his unflinching loyalty to the British Crown whether in sunshine or in storm. In all his letters before attaching his signature, he invariably used the words."With my unaltered and unalterable and grateful attachment to the British Government."

Rama Verma, the Maharaja of Travancore, at the time, on hearing of Krishnaraja Wadiyar's death, remarked that he was quite a historical character and that a future Sir Walter Scott might find in his life material for a most interesting romance.*

---

* Shama Rao's Modern Mysore.

Chapter II

1

MYSORE FROM ITS EARLY DAYS.

The origin of the Mysore Ruling Family with which the history of the State begins is traced to two young brothers, Vijaya and Krishna, Kshatriyas, of Yadava descent who, according to tradition, had left their native place, Dwarka, in Gujarat, with a view to establishing themselves in the South (1399-1423). They were successful in achieving their object. They acquired territory, gradually extended their power and founded a dynasty. The State, such as it was, continued to be ruled by their descendents until about 1761 when Hyder Ali appeared on the scene and gradually assumed full control of the State in his own hands. Father and son - Hyder Ali and Tipu Sultan - between them ruled over Mysore for 38 years -- Hyder Ali from 1761 to 1782, and Tipu Sultan from 1782 to 1799.

"Hyder Ali left Mysore at the time of his death at its highest glory." (Shama Rao).

On the fall of Seringapatam and death of Tipu Sultan in 1799, the British Government restored the State to the Hindu dynasty. It is interesting to recall that Purnaiya, the Brahmin minister of Tipu Sultan, was in favour of continuing Tipu's family on the throne. The Court of Directors, however, on the recommendation of ~~Sir~~ Colonel Arthur Wellesley, decided otherwise, feeling that both justice and expediency suggested the restoration of the original Hindu Raj. Krishnaraj Wadiyar, a descendent of the Hindu Family, a boy of six years of age, who was living in obscurity with his mother at Seringapatam was placed on the 'masnad'. The ceremony was performed at Mysore on January 30, 1799, headed by General Harris and Mir Alam, the representative of the Nizam "under three volleys of musketry from the troops on the spot and a royal salute from the guns of Seringapatam." 1

(the future Duke of Wellington)

Dr. Buchanan, writing in May 1800, says of the young Prince --

> He has very much recovered his health, though he is only between six and seven years of age, speaks and behaves with great propriety and decorum. From Indian etiquette, he endeavours in public to preserve a dignified gravity of countenance, but the attentions of Colonel Close, the Resident, make him sometimes relax, and then his face is very lovely and interesting.

Purnaiya was appointed Dewan (Chief Minister) and Regent. Colonel (afterwards Sir Barry) Close was Resident and Colonel Arthur Wellesley (~~the future Duke of Wellington~~) commanded the Division. The State could not have been placed in more experienced and capable hands than in those of this triad. It is an interesting fact that two such illustrious names as those of Colonel Arthur Wellesley and John Malcolm were associated with Mysore in its very early years.

A very striking circumstance which marked British administra-

---

1. Rice's Mysore Gazetteer.

1 Shama Rao "Modern Mysore"

tion with India is the young age of some of the foremost men who came out to India and made history, beginning with Robert Clive who started life in this country at the age of 25 as a clerk in the service of the East India Company. When he returned to England at the age of thirty-five, he had laid the foundation of British rule in India.

John Malcolm was only 13 when he appeared before the Directors of the East India Company in 1781 for a cadetship.

Major Mark Wilks, administrator and historian of Mysore and later Governor of St. Helena was 23 when he arrived in India and Mark Cubbon was 16. He arrived in Mysore in 1801 to join his uncle Mark Wilks.

An amusing account of the procession in which the young Raja took part from Nanjangud town (13 miles from Mysore) to Kalale, a few miles off, is given by Colonel Welsh -

> "The young Rajah", he writes. "was now twelve years old, and as promising a boy as I ever beheld; indeed, Major Wilks, who was a man of sense and refinement, declared he had never known a finer youth, European or native. His manners were far above his age, but he was then under the tutelage of the celebrated Poorniah. During the procession, which took place on horseback, old Poorniah checked the ardour of the Rajah, and we moved at a snail's pace for the first three miles, when this fine boy, longing for a gallop, obtained his guardian's leave exchanged his State turban for a plain one, and disengaging himself from several valuable chains and jewels which decorated his person, gave his horse the whip, and commenced a lunge, which he managed with grace and dexterity, while we formed a ring outside and enjoyed the exhibition. After indulging himself for a few minutes, in which we much admired his manliness, he resumed his dress, and we proceeded in state to the end of the march."

The Maharaja was invested with full ruling powers when he was only 16 years of age and he was left to his own resources to carry on the administration. Even the Resident was prohibited from offering him advice as that would have, in the opinion of the Madras Government, amounted to interference in the internal management of the State. As Mr Shama Rao truly remarks --

> The Maharaja was considerably handicapped during the whole period of his direct rule by the absence of capable and honest ministers by his side. While Purnaiya, experienced as he was, was subject to the supervision of the Resident in all his administrative acts, the Maharaja when still a youth was left to himself. The Madras Government expressed strong objection to the Resident's interference in what they regarded as exclusively the Maharaja's concern.

Well-meant, undoubtedly, but hardly realistic. The result, - inevitable in the circumstances, - was that the Ruler and the

State got into difficulties. The former was relieved of his powers and the latter was placed under a British Commission to administer it in the name of the Maharaja. This was in 1831 — a decision which the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck regretted afterwards.

The British Government took over charge of the State on the deposition of the ruler in 1831, and carried on the administration in his name through a Chief Commissioner until 1881, when the adopted son of the late ruler, Sri Chamaraja Wadiyar, was invested with full ruling powers and proclaimed Maharaja. The Commission's administration was marked by progress in all directions and it was on the foundation thus securely laid by them that their Indian successors were able to rear an edifice which became known as the model State of India. The appellation acquired an added meaning with the passage of years. Mahatma Gandhi described it as almost Ramrajya, and Lord Sankey, the Chairman of the Indian Round Table Conference, spoke of Mysore as "a pattern for the world."

The Maharaja's main fault was he was far too generous. He gave away whatever he could to all and sundry. He did not know what it was to refuse a request. He was otherwise a man of exceptionally fine qualities as any one reading Mr. Shama Rao's account of his life, given in his book 'Modern Mysore' would agree. He carried on a heroic struggle extending over a period of 36 years for the restoration of his powers and to prevent the annexation of his State, with a courage, tenacity, and skill worthy of the cause. His chief adviser and devoted friend was Dr. Campbell and it was he who advised the Maharaja to take a boy in adoption. Dr. Campbell made more than one trip to England. A trip to England in those days meant a long and fatiguing journey extending over several months, but Dr. Campbell willingly undertook them in order to help his friend and patron. He was able to secure the active support of some of the most important and influential men in public life, men of the standing of John Morley, John Stuart Mills and many others, including some members of Parliament. The Press, too, was generally favourable and took a sympathetic view of the Maharaja's claim. It must be said to the credit of all of them that they not only fully appreciated the justice of the Maharaja's contention but took steps to urge it before the authorities concerned.

"The Maharaja who was closely watching the trend of public opinion in England now took heart once more to re-assert his claims. In July 1866 after remaining silent for more than a year, he addressed a fresh khareetha to Sir John Lawrence to dispel, as he said, certain misapprehensions which appeared in

the Viceroy's letter of 5th May 1865 addressed to him. The Maharaja concluded this khareetha by asserting that a due regard for the honour of his ancestors, for the rights of his adopted son and his family, and for the best interests of his people compelled him to maintain the real strength of his title, to vindicate his right to adopt a successor, and to claim from the protecting power his personal restoration as the best proof that could be given that the preservation of the Raj was still intended and not its speedy destruction. A few sentences in this khareetha are so noteworthy that they may be quoted here:-- "Notwithstanding the officially recorded changes in my views of the reformed system, notwithstanding General Sir Mark Cubbon's officially recorded acknowledgment in his letter of the 2nd June 1860 of the cordiality observed by me for a good many years towards the existing administration, no credit is given me for the wisdom that comes with age, with reflection, and with observation of passing events. And yet I must in justice to myself claim to have observed much and to have learned much in my long retirement. Among other lessons, I have learned that the possession of absolute power is a dangerous and undesirable possession for any man; and I have observed that although my unskilful use of absolute power in early life has been severely blamed, the British Government is careful to entrust no such prerogative to any of its functionaries from the highest to the lowest. Every officer, civil and military, every magistrate including even the monarch, is ruled and guided by Law. To this great method of established law and order in financial, judicial and administrative affairs I should wish my Government to conform and I am ready and willing to bind myself and my successors to rule in obedience to such regulations and ordinances as in the first instance and from time to time may be approved by the protecting power."

On receipt of this khareetha Sir John Lawrence sent a reply stating that the same would be forwarded to England for the perusal of the Secretary of State for India and expressed regret that the Maharaja had not acquiesced in the decision of Her Majesty's Government in conformity with the counsel given in his last khareetha.

A poor response to so moving an appeal. One wishes the British Government had been more sympathetic to the Maharaja's appeal and gratified an old man who was so steadfast in his loyalty to them all his life by restoring him to his throne. ~~It~~ Such a step would have been acclaimed as a wise and benevolent act and would have earned the applause of the entire population of the State and outside. Magnanimity ~~invariably pays a high dividend~~ in history and in politics is not seldom in British wisdom. History never fails to applaud it.

The decision of Her Majesty's Government "with respect to the disposal of the territory of Mysore after the death of the present Maharaja" was communicated to His Highness in a despatch from the Secretary of State in 1867, a year before to his death.

"It is Her Majesty's earnest wish", said the despatch, "that those portions of India which are not at present under Her immediate dominion may continue to flourish under native Indian Rulers co-operating with Her representatives in the promotion of the general prosperity of the country; and in the present case more especially, having regard to the antiquity of the Maharaja's family, its long connection with Mysore and the personal loyalty and attachment to the British Government which His Highness has so conspicuously

> manifested, Her Majesty desires to maintain that family on the throne in the person of His Highness' adopted son upon terms corresponding with those made in 1799 so far as the altered circumstances of the present time will allow."

Thus terminated the administration of the State by the Commissioner.

The Isle of Man gave Mysore not only Sir Mark Cubbon but his uncle Colonel Mark Wilks, who went from the State to St. Helena where he arrived in June 1813 taking with him his wife and only daughter. The latter was a beautiful girl, much admired by Napolean. Here, for two years and a half, as Governor, he did much for the good of the island. Napolean, who was a prisoner on the island, admired his literary performances and respect his character as a man and as a Governor. He did not remain long after the arrival of Napolean and returned to England in 1816. He was succeeded by Sir Hudson Low who became notorious for his ill-treatment of the great man.

Conservative by nature, Wilks desired in opposition to much of the opinion of the time, to preserve the ancient dynasty. He was one of the greatest friends and benefactors of Mysore.*

Sir Mark Cubbon was born in 1785 and was the seventh son of the Rev. Thomas Cubbon, Vicar of the Parish of Manghold. In 1801, when he was sixteen years of age, through the influence of his uncle, Colonel Mark Wilks, Mark obtained an Indian cadet's appointment. He was first commissioned to the 2nd Madras Battalion, and in 1804 to the 2nd Battalion of the 5th Native Infantry, in which he served with the force commanded by Colonel Chalmers in Travancore. Wilks was appointed Resident at Mysore and there Cubbon spent many of his early days, becoming intimately acquainted with the then infant Raja and the politics of the State. In 1810 he was appointed to the Commissariat Department in Mysore, and in the following year became Assistant Commissary-General. In 1827 he was promoted Commissary-General, and continued in this office for seven years. In 1834 Lord William Bentinck, then Governor-General of India, selected him for the office of Chief Commissioner of Mysore. It is not too much to say that for the next twenty-seven years he was the real ruler of Mysore. He continued to hold office till March, 1861, when he resigned as a protest against the treatment he received from Lord Moyra. His health too was failing. He sailed for England and died at Suez on April 23, 1861.

Like his uncle he, too, left no papers. In spite of the remonstrances of his friends, he destroyed all before he left India.

---

* Sir Murray Hammaick - Preface to History of Mysore by Wilks

I must not conclude this chapter without a word about Dr John Colins Campbell, the Durbar Physician, devoted friend and champion of Krishnaraj Wadiyar III, who described him "as my friend, an officer of rank and long-standing in Her Majesty's Indian Service, a true supporter both of my interests and of the British Government. To him I am indebted for much counsel over many years."

Dr Campbell had been at the Maharaja's court for 16 years, after 17 in the Army and Lord Canning, in 1860, wrote of him:-

> "The Maharaja's encomiums on Dr Campbell are not undeserved. Dr Campbell was in the confidence of Sir Mark Cubbon, while he has ever been a steady friend of His Highness, and it is no exaggeration to say that any influence he has possessed has been exercised beneficially."

Dr Campbell's wife was a Muslim lady from Kurnool. He was devoted to her.

In April 1861, he embarked for England with Sir Mark Cubbon who was in failing health and died at Suez. After encountering difficulties which, General Dobbs said, no other man could have overcome, the doctor had his friend's body embalmed and took it to Southampton, and then to its last resting-place in the Isle of Man.

He returned, having served Mysore as faithfully and strenuously in England as in India, to the capital, and in 1865, a widower, left finally for England taking with him his young daughter and his niece.

I am indebted to Miss Parsons for all that is written here about Dr Campbell.

On his retirement there was a geneal desire to commemorate fittingly the distinguished services which he had rendered to the State and its people, and to show the very high estimation in which all classes held his open-handed liberality and many other noble qualities. Subscriptions from all quarters were supplemented by a donation of Rs.10,000 from the Maharaja. It was decided that a statue of Cubbon should be erected in Bangalore. Several of the most eminent sculptors were consulted, and finally Sig.Marochetti was commissioned. The statue, which is of bronze, was cast in the sculptor's studio and was shipped from England in October, 1864. Owing to stress of weather in the Bay of Biscay and other mishaps, the vessel in which it was freighted was obliged to run into a Spanish port for repairs, and it was not until more than a year after the date of shipment that the statue was landed at Madras. It was erected on a prominent site in front of the imposing line of public offices overlooking the great park that bears Cubbon's name. These buildings had been constructed by him in 1860.

On his retirement there was a geneal desire to commemorate fittingly the distinguished services which he had rendered to the State and its people, and to show the very high estimation in which all classes held his open-handed liberality and many other noble qualities. Subscriptions from all quarters were supplemented by a donation of Rs.10,000 from the Maharaja. It was decided that a statue of Cubbon should be erected in Bangalore. Several of the most eminent sculptors were consulted, and finally Sig.Marochetti was commissioned. The statue, which is of bronze, was cast in the sculptor's studio and was shipped from England in October, 1864. Owing to stress of weather in the Bay of Biscay and other mishaps, the vessel in which it was freighted was obliged to run into a Spanish port for repairs. and it was not until more than a year after the date of shipment that the statue was landed at Madras. It was erected on a prominent site in front of the imposing line of public offices overlooking the great park that bears Cubbon's name. These buildings had been constructed by him in 1860.

CHAPTER. III - II

MYSORE OF HIS HIGHNESS MAHARAJA SRI KRISHNARAJENDRA WADIYAR'S DAYS

FEATURES OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

The position of Mysore among the Indian States is to be judged not mainly by her size, population, revenues, natural resources, staple industries architectural monuments, archaeological remains, romantic history and traditions or central geographical position on the tableland though in the ensemble of those features her claims to primacy can be fairly sanctioned- but cheifly bu distinctive feature of her policy and administration.

Among the distinctive features of the administration are:-

(i) First and foremost: the region of law:

Executive decrees, fiats, the orders of the Government, do not in practice have the force of law in Mysore; rulings or orders of the Government are ~~unstable~~ and contested before magistrates and judges as in British courts.

Not that there are not large spheres of adminstratibo law in Mysore, as in British India and elsewhere in the East and the West alike, but that does not militate against the rule of law.

Personal government as a substitute for law had disappeared more completely in Mysore than in any other Indian State.

But Mysore had intact the advantages of a personal administration the human sympathy, the intimate touch with the people, the living zest the untiring energy, the providence and forethought, that characterise (or tend to characterise) the governance of human affairs, where the administration is carried on in the spirit of personal rule, and not as a mere soulless machine.

Mysore, therefore, continued the advantages of a settled reign of laws(as against the regime of executive orders) with~~max~~ those of personal administration. The evils of an over centralised organisation as well as those of an absentee overlordship, could not flourish in such an atmosphere.

Take for example, the Hindu-Muslim problem. The Government of Mysore, it may be claimed, were more than usually successful in the dealing with the Hindu-Muslim communal friction. This was also true, in great measure, in the matter of industrial strikes. Not that those problems did not exist. With the British Indian 'Volcano' in full activity in the vicinity and ever communicating seimic shocks, and with the full swing of modern progress in the State, Mysore could not be free from movements of unrest, but the Mysore Administration acted as a sort of naturally buffer, a standing Conciliatory Board, and this success was due to the peculiar combination of the personal and impersonal aspect in the policy and adminstration of Mysore. And it must not be forgotten that this maxim is no, less applicable to the West than to the East. Indeed, an awakened 'Democ' is more amenable to the personal touch and influence(and the instinct of leadership in the group life) and is in greater need of such leadership, than less developed forms of Polity.

(2) Mysore has been a pioneer in the field of what may be called intensive adminstration, in other words, adminstration definitely directed to the intensive development of the region and its resources.

No doubt, the foundation of all administration is the preservation of law and order, but in accordance with modern sociological ideals and

CHAPTER.

MYSORE OF HIS HIGHNESS MAHARAJA SRI KRISHNARAJENDRA WADIYAR'S DAYS

FEATURE OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

The position of Mysore among Indian States is to be judged not by her size, population, revenues, natural resources, staple industries, architectural monuments, archaeological remains, romantic

and methods, emphasis,(though not the centre of gravity) is shifting more and more to the major half of administration that concerns itself with development.

And it is essential to the concept of a modern state and a progressive administration that this development be ~~xx~~ of an intensive character, in other words, it should map out the whole field, select particular problems for attack, lay down a plan of campaign in regard to each selected problem, divide this campaign into successive stages, and proceed by graduated steps towards the goal or objective which must be attained in a definte period of time.

This is intenstive administration, but a big state in often at a disadvantage in adopting this intensive method of development. The maintenance of law and order over vast outlying areas with conflicting and heteogenous elements of population, necessarily diverts much of the ~~xxxxxxxx~~administrative energy:- besides, scale of development is so largethat the plan tends to break down. A small state, on the other hand, is in a very favourable position to pursue a campaign of intensive development, provided it is constitued and adminstered as a progressive modern state, and has the 'sinews of war', the necessary financial ~~xxxx~~ resources.

A few Indian States kept this ideal definitely before them, perhaps half a dozen; but in most of those cases the plan of intensive development is confined to one, or perhaps, two spheres of administration. Mysore pursued if far more comprehensively and far more systematically than any other Indian State. Hand in hand with this intensivr admir-

administration, Mysore has developed a system of foreign ~~xx~~ scholarships and foreign deputations, which enabled her to train Officers in the most advance science and technique that might be necessary for carrying on works however stupendous or elaborate. Mysore was thus intensively developing both in the capacity of her people and the capabilites of region-

The hydroelectric installation at Shivasamudram, the first in India and the stupendous Krishnaraja Sagar are two examples ~~of~~ in the material sphere; the former at its inception was a pioneer enterprise in ~~the world~~; the latter still figures as the third or fourth largest ~~works of its kind~~ in India. In the noval sphere we had the University of Mysore, the pioneer University in any Indian State. Instances could be easily multiplied.

(3) A unique feature of Mysore was that, alone among the Indian States, Mysore built her own structure and organs, her own constitution and institutions in adaptation to her own environment. This is the mark of a living organism, this original building power.

Two or three instances would be here apposite.

It was noted above that the idea of intensive development was a ruling idea in the Mysore adminstration. But though this is distinctive feature, it is not a unique one. In Mysore it was far more pronounced than in any other Indian State or in a Province- ~~xxxxxxxx~~ But what was unique in this connection was Mysore's originality and initiative in building an organ, an institution, for facilitating intensive development. Mysore had an Economic conference, a central body for co.ordinating the work of the various developments Boards(agricultra;, industrial commercial, scientific, educational etc) These Boards and Conferences were bodies constitued for propaganda, survey, advice and experimental investigation- They helped to educate the people, and carry the campaigns of development into the interior of the districts- As a result of having such an ~~intervediary~~ body, Mysore was in advance of the rest of India as regards rapprochment between Government and the people, ~~xxx~~ in the pursuit of an all-round intensive plan of development for the State as a whole.

Take another instance of an organ Mysore had built up for her political self-expression- The Reprodattative ~~Assembly~~ Assembly- In the Mysore State polity, the Representative Assembly does not make law

(that is the business of the Legislative Council), but has for its characteristic function the representation of the wants and grievences of the masses, with powers of ~~inc~~ initiative and reference(in a general and formal sense), Mysore was the pioneer State in evolving such an organ, a sort of Panchayat of Panchayats, a characteristic expression of the genius of Indian history and of the spirit of Indian ~~xxxxxxx~~ culture, and polity. In the same way, the Mysore State Constitution under the Reforms ~~xxxx~~ built on the Indian tradition, but extended and developed it so as to build up ~~xxx~~ a progressive twentieth century institution. Similarly, the Mysore University was engaged inan original attempt to solve the most vital problem of Indian education to-day, that of effecting an adjustment between the cultural and the economic needs of society- The Mysore Agricultural Department was also making an independent contribution in linking up the work of the - Government farms with the work in the field. There are only a few instances of what was typical of Mysore.

It is true that in industrial and agrarian policy, and in the systems of taxation and of land revenue, the Mysore Government followed closely in the footsteps of the British Indian Government without any specific adaption to the environments, but an independent investigation of Mysore's actual conditions and problems in ~~this~~ these spheres had begun, and might have led to fruitful constructive work.

Of course, the evolution of criminal law, substantive as well as adjective, and of civil law(other than personal law) must follow the same lines as in the British India. They are comfortable to the general trend of legal evolution in human history, and indeed the British Indian codes have in many respects served as models in the countries of the Far East as well as in British Colonies in Africa.

It will be noted that both under (2) and (3) that is, in carrying out constructive schemes of development, as well as evolving indigenous organs and institutions, indigenous Indian talent had larger opportunities of rising to its full stature in Mysore than in many other parts of India. Such openings are a much- needed ~~xxxx~~.

(4) It must never be forgotten that Mysore had had the inestimable advantage of fifty years' British administration, which laid the foundation of order in every department. The ~~xxxxxx~~ statesmen of Mysore have built on those foundations. This unique State had a unique heritage.

Iran

Chapter ~~[illegible]~~

~~My Family~~ Bangalore

My grandfather's Charmed

Ali Asker was so ~~charged~~ with Bangalore and its climate that he decided to make it his permanent home, and never returned to Iran. No wonder the city attracted him so much. Situated at an altitude of a little over 3,000 feet, and with an equable climate all the year round, which could be described briefly as one requiring neither fan nor fire, Bangalore is one of the most salubrious cities in India. It was known as the pensioners' paradise. A large number of Europeans and Anglo-Indians, on retirement from business or Government service, came to settle down here from various parts of India. Two monsoons provide it with an annual rainfall of 35 inches, which keeps it green throughout the year, except in the months of March and April when the grass dries up. But then Nature compensates Bangalore in other ways. The flowering trees in their gorgeous colours -the blue and mauve jacaranda, the pink and red cassias, the yellow peltophorums, the pink largestrocmias, the plumirias, and the gold mohur, its whole top crowned with a mass of red flowers. These are the most beautiful among them -and there are other trees, like the honge and the rain tree, which put on their fresh, green leaves at the driest time of the year. All these trees make the summer ~~delightful~~, especially to the tree-lover.

Colonel Y of M. Y. [illegible]

" The climate of Bangalore", I quote from Sir Evans Masonoche's interesting book - "Life in the Indian Civil Service, " is very pleasant, and there is barely a day in the year on which real tropical discomfort is to be endured. With a large European Society, every kind of sport and an excellent Club, life there is very enjoyable. Aided by a kindly mistake, and a rich red soil, the flowers and shrubs of the tropical ~~and~~ ~~xxxx

India concerns - are located here. It has four textile mills, a porcelain factory and other factories belonging to the Mysore Government, besides important educational institutions like the Indian Institute of Science, a Theological College and the University colleges. There are several European schools for both boys and girls, and a Roman Catholic seminary for the education and training of Indian Catholic priests. This institution was previously in Pondicherry. When the Bishop of Mysore told me that they were thinking of moving it, I said that there could be no better place for it than Bangalore. He agreed and I was able to provide a prominent site near the porcelain, glass and lamp factories. I told the Bishop that I should like to see his "factory" also established there.

This is the Bangalore of to-day. But in Ali Asker's time it must have been a very quiet and attractive town. Traces are still left in the large compounds attached to many of the bungalows. But they are being rapidly broken up into smaller sites and built upon. A good many houses in the best part of Bangalore, called the High Ground, were built and owned by Ali Asker. The spacious house in which I live, in a compound of about five acres, was his property, and is situated on the road named after him. I moved into this house when I ceased to be Dewan. My last tenant thought it wonderful that I should be spending so much money on the house without any request from him. I was not so unselfish as all that, as I told him. I was simply looking ahead and getting the house and grounds ready for myself against the day when I should have to move out my official residence.

A rapidly growing city like Bangalore needs careful watching. Slums quickly come into existence. This should be prevented and old ones cleared - if the health of the city is to be safeguarded. Unfortunately the beauty of the city has been considerably marred by the construction of public buildings at unsuitable places, and the misuse of open areas for residential purposes. It is a sad fact that hardly any municipality in India, as far as I have observed, takes sufficient interest in the improvement of their cities. A little or no attempt is made to provide amenities for the public.

Chapter -

THE ATTRACTIONS OF MYSORE

~~CHAPTER - III.~~

I remember the late Maharaja Sri Krishnaraj Wadiyar telling me what a high British officer whom he had just met, thought of Mysore. If he was asked, he said, to select 30,000 square miles of the most attractive part of India, his choice would most certainly fall on the State of Mysore. I am sure this was no exaggerration. Those who have travelled the world over agree that this is one of the fairest lands in the world, full of Nature's loveliness, delectable in climate, rich in resources, tion, above all, in patient and kindly human character, a land fit for the devotion of true men-

In the course of a broadcast on the Madras Radio (August 5,1938) I said:

I am an ardent lover of Mysore. And lovers' rhapsodies are proverbially wariome to every one except the party concerned. Therefore, I propose to restrain my ardour and to tell you about Mysore in the words of other observers. It may be that as a result, my account will be patchwork, but will be a patchwork of sound opinion and of chosen language.

Before I begin, however, I would like to give one caution, namely, that no description can possibly do justice to the reality. Therefore,, let me commend to you what a speaker said at the recent Mysore Dinner in London- "The State is there, open as a book, that he who runs may read. And he who walks may read better than he who runs, and he who rests awhile by the wayside will find that it profits him both in body and soul" A French historian wrote as long ago as the year 1800; "The plains of Mysore afford the most beautiful habitation that nature has to offer to mankind upon the earth".

For those who to their misfortune cannot visit Mysore let me quote the description of an old friend of the State- Sir William Barton:- "The country itself is full of charm, a land that lotus- eaters would delight to make their own. The main feature is a series of uplands with an average elevation of 2,000 feet above the sea. The climate has a languerous warmth in summer; in winter endless sunshine with a tinge of chilliness that is almost bracing. Westward, the plateau is flanked by the Ghauts and their outlying buttresses, like the Baba Budan Hills, where the coffee estates of British Planters have invaded the forest. To the south is the

is the great mountain mass of the Nilgiris. The scenery is diversified by great excrescences of Deccan trap, steep ridges of rock and huge isolated hills, known locally as droogs, many of them crowned with ancient forts. In the south-west and west are magnificient forestes the haunt of bison, the elephant and the tiger. The great river Cauvery, rising in the Ghauts, flows through the State. At the point where it flingsitself off the highlands into the plains of Madras, itse force is impressed into the service of man to produce electric current to light the great towns, and to mine gold from quartz, a mile or more below the surface of the earth, at Kolar, a hundred miles away.

"Temple architecture bears witness to the culture of the ancient Kingdoms. There are noble buildings of different styles and periods almost everywhere. The best known are the Hindu sancturies at Halebid and Belur. The colossal image, fifty seven feet high, of the Jain apostle, Gomata, carved from the solid rock of a high ridge, towers over the countryside at Sravanabelagola. It dates from the tenth century. The palaces, gardens and broken battlements of Tipu Sultan's capital at Seringapatam recall memories of a decisive event in Indian history.

A recent visitor has said of the Belur temple: "It is doubtful if there is to be found, anywhere in the world, a building of similar surface area whose carvings can approch, for sheer elaboration, delicacy and expenditure of human labour, the 700- year old temple at Belur".

I propose now to show what varied attractions we have for varied tastes. Let us first take what Mysore offers of things of the spirit. I will quote to you a short passage from the address delivered by His Highness the Maharaja to the assembly of members of the World Student Christian Federation, who came to us from all quarters of the globe:- "You have met together in one common faith and you have met in what may not unfitly be described as the holy land of another. Here in Mysore, before the beginning of your era, the king Chandragupta, having turned Jain and left his kingdom on pilgrimage , found peace in death. Here again, each of the three great teachers of Hindusim spent a part of his life., Sankaracharya, the apostle of the absolute unity of God and all li and the soul, founded here the school in which his memory is enshrined and his work continued. Ramanujacharya, fleeing from persecution by the Chola kings, found in Mysore, even at that early date, that toleration

and freedom of speech which, following the example of my predecessors, I have always tried to make one of the watchwords of my Government. Later followed Madhva with his doctrine of the equality of the sould and God, and what may perhaps be most attractive to you as Christians, his teaching of the necessity for bhakti, the love and devotion of thr sould for God. Thus, you are surrounded here by places in which some of India's best and noblest have breathed out their liv s in intense aspiration, in profound ~~mmiiiiiiiii~~, meditation, in the eager desire ~~xxxxxxxx~~ for absorption in God, and I trust you will be able to learn something of their spirit and practice, something of their methods."

Let us now turn to the materials of trade and enterprise. In respect of raw materials Mysore is one of the most favoured of countries. Of minerals she can offer gold, silver, copper, iron, graphite, chromite magnesite, monasite, ferruginous bauxite, soap-stone, mica and ~~mag~~ manganese galena and coryndum; prophyry and felspar and a ~~b~~est of others.

Of timber she can give you varities of teak, rosewood, blackwood and ironwood:ebony, silk cottob and Indian satinwood; Indian kino, Indian mahogany, Indian beech and Indian laburnum; and Ceylon oak and Chittangong wood.

Her crops ~~includexx~~ include wheat, rice, ragi and cholam; coffee, sugarcane, cotton, tobacco, gingely, groundnut, cocoanut, castor, pepper, ginger, turmeric and aracanut.

Of fruits and vegetables there is hardly anything to which you cannot aspire. Mysore produce peaches, apples and oranges, grapes, mangoes, papays and plantains, figs, limes, star gooseberries, strawberries and rasberries; beans, brinjals and amaranth in every known ~~b~~ariety; potatoes and onions by the ton, and a large ~~xxxxxx~~ proportion of the vegetables of all kinds that furnish the dinner tables of Madras.

Added to this we have every facility fdr manufacture. The rivers give an abundant water supply, and they and the great chain of tanks give a humidity of atmosphere that is daid by experts to be exactly what is required for textile processes. We have a railway system comprising 700 odd miles of line, 4,200 miles of metalled road large parts of which are now treated with tar ~~xxx~~ or with molasses and 2700 miles of other road. Electricity is laid on in the remotest corner of the State, and power industries supplied at the ~~xxxxxx~~ rate of 9 pies per unit. The telephone system is already widespread and is expanding

Last of all, we have in Mysore City at the Dasara season, a pageant which a recent writer describes as embodying "scenes of almost indescrinan;e magnficence, scenes which might be taken from the pages of an Arabian Night's Tale"

Let me quote little further from the description. "The Palace on exquisite example of architecture, is entirely outlined with myriads of tiny electric lights, one red lamp glowing on the golden dome to signify the presence of His Highness in the Palace. The huge Durbar Hall, blazing with a light and thousand colours, is open on one side to the courtyard below, where vast crowds of Mysoreans wait to see their ruler take his seat on this historical Lion Throne- The tenth is the day of days, when the famous State procession to the Banni Mantap parade ground takes place. About four o'clock in the afternoon, the royal salute of 21 guns thunders from the Palace, followed by a blare of trumpets and the impressive strains of the Mysore National anthem. The great march has begun. All Mysore is there. Townsman and peasant, all dressed in their colourful best, stand in a dense throng along the route, eager to do homage to their Maharaja. His Highness leaves the Palace for the frist time during Dasara. He is preceded by the famous Mysore Cavalry and Household Troops, drum and fife bands infantry, state coaches, camel carts, officials riding in huge elephant carriages, and many elephants. Altogether there is nearly a mile of impressive pagent. After the procession has reached the Banni Mantap and the specal religios ceremonies have taken place. His Highness appears at nightfall on a splendid white charger, ready to review his troops. Hundres of lamps overhead cast their dazzling light on the scene, as the Maharaja rides past his regiments and then takes the salute as they march past the salutang base with bands playing. His Highness then returns to his Palace with his troops in the glittering torchlight procession, illuminated by electric lights, flaring oil troches ad thousand of fireworks. "

And, in order that her visitors may enjoy her beauty and pageantry to the full, Mysore does her best to make them comfortable There are excellent hotels, both at Bangalore and Mysore. For those who seek a retreat far from the madding crowd, there are delightfull bungalows at the top of Nandidroog, fully furnished and fitted with electric lights. There are others, as at Krishnarajasagar, Hassan, Jog Falls and Sivasamudram, which are fully equiped and staffed so that the visiter need take no more than his bedding with him, and thanks to the staging arrangements of our ancestors, there are other bungalows every few miles along the main roads, at which accomodation is provided for those who carry a full supply of bedding and are content with a picnic meal.

For the sportsman I quote from an article by that distinguished shikari, Major Phythian Adams- Mysore is the fortunate possessor of a fauna so diverse and varied that fe other parts of India can equal it. The extensive open plains of the north are the home of numerous herds of black buck, which extend more or less over all cultivated areas of

with great rapidity. There is an industrious and intelligent pesantry, wh o have proved ~~xxxx~~ capable of adapting themselves to industrial processes.

Nor have the people and the Government of Mysore been behind in utilising the great gifts of nature. We have mines of gold, iron , manganese and chrome. There are several textile factories making piecegoods hoiseryy suitings, silk, gold-thread and woollen goods. Other factories manufacture soaps, sugar, cement and paper. Sandal oil is another big industry in which the State specialises. Another group of factories produces chemicals and fertilizers, drugs and medicines; another, bakelite articles stone-ware, lacquer-ware and toys. There is a promising industry in Virginia tobacco. For the benefit largely of our own electrical works we have factories for making porcelain insulators, transformers, batteries ~~xxxx~~ switches and other electrical goods.

We are very proud of the products of these factories, and at the risk of being called provincial, try to set before all true Mysoreans the ideal that they should wash themselves with Mysore soap, dryxx themselves with Mysore towels, clothe themselves in Mysore silk, ride Mysore horses, eat the abundant Mysore food, drink Mysore coffee with Mysore sugar, equip their houses with Mysore furniture, light them with Mysore lamps and write their letters on Mysore paper. The State industries are all displayed as in a shop front, on the occassion of the Exhibition that is held inMysore City every Dasara, and we welcome all friends from Madras who will come and take stalls in that Exhibition to display their own goods, and still more do we welcome those who visit the City for the Dasara and spend their money on the Mysore goods that theyx find exhibted.

Let me put another slide and see what Mysore has to offer for the tpurist and the visitor. Besides the holy places and places of pi;gtimage already there are many others whose names are well known, such as ~~Sin~~ Srimgeri. Melkote, Talkad, which is now making its preparations for a giant pilgrimage, Nanjangud, Dattatreyapeetha, the famous shrine where Hindus and Mohamedans both worship, Tirthahalli, Dornahalli , and Viduraswatha, with its famous peepful trees of Vidura. There are ancient capitals, famous battlefields, edicts of Asoka andmonuments of the Hoysalas, and there is hardly one of the many hill tops in the State that does not carry a fort or temple.

We have at Gersoppa of the highest water falls in the world, with a drop of 930.feet. It is certainly also one of the most picturesque of waterfalls just as Sivasamudram ~~xxxxxxxx~~ waterfall is one of the most useful, since it furnishes electrci power for a great part of the State-

the State; the more broken country holds chinkara and wolves, while nilgai, though ~~xxxxxx~~, uncommon, are still reported to exist in certain parts. The forests contains herds of elephant and bison, and a good herd of sambhur and spotted deer, while lesser fry. barking deer, wild pig etc., are common in suitable localities. The State contains some famous tiger grounds, and panthers are ubiquitous, though hunting leopards are probably now extinct- Bears are fairly common in certain parts and wild dogs even more so. The list of indigenous small game includes the great Indian bustard florican, peafowl, jungle and spurfowl, patridge, sandgrouse(two or more varities) several species of quail, green bluerock and imperial pigeons, and the Indian hare, to which must be add in the ~~xk~~ cold weather countless numbers of snipe, duck and teal and some bae-headed goose, which find rich substance in the paddy fields and on the irrigation tanks with which the State is so well provided. Apart from birds Mysore is particularly rich in bird life, both resident and migrant.

In addition to the comfortable bungalow at Bandipur, which adjoins the Madras game sanctury at Mudumalai, Mysore has long had a game sanctury of her own in charming surroundings in the Chamarajanagar Taluk.

As for other forms of sport, there are two important race meetings every year, at Mysore and Bangalore., at which latter place there was until 1928 an excellent pack of hounds. There are tournament open to any club in India in cricket, football, hockey and tennis, during the Birthday and Dasara festivities in Mysore and at other times of the year in Bangalore. There is mahseer fishing in the rivers, and for devotees of sailing, of whom there are so many in Madras, there are excellent clubs at Bettamangala and Hessarghatta and vast waters waiting ~~xxxx~~ navigation at Krishnaraj Sagar and in Vani Vilas Sagar.

For those whose taste lies in horticulture there are attractions equalled in bery few places in India. The combination of an equable climate all the year round with a good soil and a plentiful water supply makes it possible to grow plants of the tropical and temperate zones side by side and in almost any season of the year. Forty years ago it was written that there had been established 258 varities f roses, 160 kinds of ferns 122 crotons, to say nothing of an endless number if flowring shrubs, brilliant foliage plants, gay annuals and gorgeous- blossomed creepers and orchids- Since then these numbers have been largely increased, and there has been much work done in hybridisinf and cross-breeding, with the result that the name of Mysore or those of persons connected with Mysore are to be found attached, for instance, to varities of bougainvillea that are now all over the world.

And now, faithful to my scheme of describing the places that I ~~xxxx~~ love in the words of other writers, let me give you a modern

-- ~~xxxxxxx~~

journaalistks view of the great new garden at Brindavan (11 Miles from Mysore City) which attract 200,000 visitors or more every years-

"Brindavan, seen by day, is ~~fxxxxx~~ a fascinating garden. It is approached by an exdellent motor road leading to a pavilion. There the visitor sees the terrain fall away in a series of terraces to the river-bed and rise again similarly on the other side. Each terrace is divided across by a wide strip of water in which fountains continously play. Vertically, from topmost pavilion to river-bed, yet another strip of water begins with a minature water-fall, and there is a 'race' from one terrace to the next. Flower-beds and trim box edges border lush lawns. The whole terrain on each flank is fringed by a sweep of tall trees.

"From dawn to dusk every ~~xxxxxxx~~ nuance of nature's light and shade is caught up and reflected in the unfolding waters which stretch below. When darkness comes, as by some touch of a magic wand, they begin to spray newels of liquid light, each fountain being given an individuality all its own.

"So the enchanged eye is led onward, downward, to the river's edge, softly aglow with half-concealed and half-revealed light. And there in the river's centre, rising a sheet 150 feet. is a tower of water which the wien claims for its own ~~xxxix~~ sport, whirling its drift strongly attaractive designs. On the far ban glowing fountains lead up to a flood-lit arch which has the effective outer darkness for foil".

For the educationist it may suffice to say that we educated, not only the first lady to take a degree in any Indian University, but also C.Rajagopalachari, who was the first Indian to be Governor General of India.

I conclude with an abstract from "Life" distinguished international magazine under the heading "Mysore A Shinning Hope for India". ~~It wrote:- as follows in its issue of the~~ 12th May ~~1941~~ 1941:-

> " India is so vast and varied that it cannot be seen at one look. Calcutta and Bombay are great manufacturing cities. India is the world's 13th biggest producer of steel, Coal, manganese, gold, bauxite, silver iron and copper are mined. About, 2,000,000 Indians are factory workers.
>
> "Life" has chosen to show the one splendid

bright spot in the total picture of India. That is the State of Mysoreon the cool plateau of South India. Here at last, after a century of British coaching, native Indian have built a brisk and prosperous modern State. The State of 6,500,000 has 7,000 schools including a University, 43 high schools and 357 middle school. Tution is free for the "untouchables" the lowest cast.

Perhaps the secret of Mysore's magic touch is that this not fighting anybody. Untoucahblem children are not taught to hate caste Hindus and vice versa. The Maharaja is a Hindu, his Dewan or Prime Minister is a Persian Moslem. The Dewan has a Roman Catholic Secretary and a Brahmin Assistant. The late Maharaja 's doctor was an Austrian Jew and his Secretary an Englishman.

"The result of all this this is spectacular. Mysore is full of competent, clean, wide-awake young peoples. It is full of hospitals and social welfare work. It spends $'2,000,000 a year on the education of its masses. Nearly 200 communities have electricity. The City of Mysore is cleaner and more attractive than even most U.S.Cities. A tank system irrigates the back country. Three hydro electric plants built by an American, are super-modern.

Mysore produces most of the world's sandal oil. Its gold mine at Kolar, second deepest in the world, has yielded $.400,000,000- Mysore has an iron mountain and a steel mill from Mysore's forests. A cement factory turns 25,000 tons a year. Other factories make paper, glass, porcelain, dynamos, bakelitesproducts, soap and silk. The Indian Institute of Science, founded by the late great steelman, Sir Dorabji Tata, is in Mysore.

Mysore's achievement is an India feat, though the British get it started. It may be due to the fine temperate weather in Mysore or to a long line of able Prime Ministers or to the character of the Mysoreans. But it is shinning hope for India. And without question the British Raj (rule) in India is proud and gald for what Mysore has done for itself. "

I made it a rule to invite all-India leaders and other distinguished persons to visit Mysore and see for themselves what the administration was trying to do for the good of th e people. One of those whom I invited was the highly influential Mahratta leader, Mr.N.C.Kelkar, editor of the Poona nationalist papers. "The Mahratta" and "Kesarf". He came in November, 1937, and after touring various parts of the State for three weeks, he wrote:

The days I spent in the Mysore State will live in my memoray to the last days of my life. Very few States in India have, I think, so much as Mysore to their credit in point of the gifts of nature, and what is more, the thoughtfull use made of them for the benefit of the ryot.

Your invitation to me to visit Mysore has enabled me to see one of the most well-planned garden cities in India, some of the most beautiful scenery of nature, a pattern of well-organised methodical and beneficent example of the popularity and reverence in which a State ruler can be unanimously cherished by his subjects-

I met Mr.Motilal Nehru for the first and last time when he came to Mysore in August, 1927. It was during the birthday

celebration. He was thrilled with the illuminations and the general appearance of the city, that he told me that he would not be happy until he brought his family and showed them Mysore. This alas, he did not life to do. He wrote to me:-

Dear Mr.Mirza,

Allow me to thank you for the very cordial hospitality you extended to me during my brief visit to Mysore. Among the many happy reminiscences I am carrying away with me the happiest ~~km~~ will be of the few hours I spent with you. My only regret is that I could not get an opportunity to see His Highness, the Presiding deity of his ~~fairly fairly~~ fairyland. I hope, however, to have that honour and pleasure in the near future.

I am returning to Bombay this evening.

With kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,
Motilal Nehru.

Chapter ~~to~~ Seven

Communal Harmony in Mysore

I was priviliged to lay the foundation-stone of a Protestant Church in Bangalore. The old Church was little more than a low shed -which I felt was quite ~~unworthy of the community~~ unsuitable as a place of worship. I suggested to them to allow me to take over this building for demolition and that I would given them another site and help them, as much as possible, to put up a new building for the Church. They agreed. a week later the new building was erected.

In the course of my address on the occasion, I said that I attached special value to the opportunity of associating myself with them in a function of such importance to the Christian community of Bangalore city.

In this invitation to me, I said, whose relations with you have been purely secular, I find a profound and moving significance. We all deplore the fact that religion whose essence is the learning of the law and love of God, is -- constantly used to sanction violence and fortify them therein. With whatever strength of conviction we rightly cling to our own religious faith and practice, we must needs realise not merely the sincerity but the truth of other religions, wherein from age to age, so many thousands have sought for God and found Him. " We all flock home to Him by diverse ways." What could be more important for our motherland than that her children, so diverse in thought and worship, should meet, as in this gathering, they do meet, in an amity far transcending mere tolerance. In our continual struggle against all evils so firmly rooted in human selfishness or indifference, we require all, and more than all, the spiritual force generated by religion, and when this is diverted, as so often it is, to the most unspiritual use, there is found a people's tragedy. It is characteristic of your religion that on an occasion like this you welcome the non-Christian, not considering him alien to you.

In an address presented to the Viceroy, Lord Willingdon, in front of the Church in 1933, the members of St-Luke's Church said

> "We are specially grateful to His Highness the Maharaja for his deep interest and abiding sympathy in all the great religious faiths of the world and for the peace and happiness which we enjoy under His Highness's benevolent reign.
>
> We are thankful to the Lord Bishop of Madras for permitting us to build this new Church and helping us constantly in our enterprise, and to our Dewan, for the great interest he is taking in our new Church. He not only gave us the splendid site amidst historical surroundings laid the foundation stone and gave us a grant from His Highness Government but also visited the building from time to time

taking keen personal interest even in details. This sanctuary will be a standing monument to Sir Mirza's good-will and generous love to all Faiths-"

Talking to the Bishop, who was an old friend after the ceremony, I remarked " Bhishop, I know I am not going to heaven, but let me at least help others to get there." He nodded & smiled.

I am glad a Church was built, of which the Indian Christian community living in that locality can be really proud.

I enjoyed a similar privilege by invitation of my Hindu countrymen when in March 1933, I laid the foundation stone of a Hindu temple at Chikmagalur in the interior of the State. I said on that occasion that this act of theirs in associating me with a religious function represented a just and noble view of religion. I went on to say that our fortunes in life for the most part were determined for us. We had no choice in the religion or the conditions in which we were born or in the special qualities or character with which we started on our course. For good or evil, they were imposed upon us. Does it not, therefore, follow that we, of different religions, should entertain a brotherly feeling towards one another ? Is it right even to like a man less because his religion is not ours; That human beings should sit in judgment on each other is even less defensible in religion than in ethics.

In a message to the Bengal Muslim students Conference in August 1935, I expressed the hope that the Conference would seek to create an atmosphere of good-will towards other communities in the country and to encourage constructive work. Such conferences would indeed be of hopeful augury. The aim should rather be not to have sectional conferences but conferences in which the youth of every community in the Province should take part. " I sincerely trust", I said " that the Muslim students will ever keep this goad in view and strenuously work for it."

I had occasion to address a Brahman Pandits' Conference in Bangalore on the 5th April 1935. In the course of my remarks I said to them :-

I am sure that none of us believe that the Pandit class is going to disappear; nor does any one desire that it should. I am convinced that the Pandit within his well-known limits, spacious and leisurely learning, has a definite place in a cultural economy where learning, like our holdings in

agriculture, is suffering from the evils of fragmentation, while the hurry of modern life is too often allowing a veneer of culture to do duty for the real substance. It is not only in matters of learning that the Pandit is necessary for us, but also also in the larger life of the community, where he stands for the secular forces of conservatism and stability. Stability and change are perpetually contending for mastery, and progress is the result of the pressure of the forces of change on the solid front of tradition. It is needless to say that social progress has need for of both of stability and tradition just as much as of unrest and change.

Islam possesses a unique institution called the Haj, where Muslims from various parts of the world gather at Mecca every year to worship the Almightly on an appointed day under conditions of complete equality. Men and women, rich and poor, master and servant, king and subject, all alike appear under the sky, clad in white unstitched garments, so as to emphasise the equality of all in the presence of their Creater. It is a unique and awe-inspiring spectacle. And what a wonderful opportunity it affords for bringing the Muslims together in a spirit of brotherhood and for holding meetings to discuss matters of common interest to them. And yet the opportunity is being lost year after year with no attempt made to advance their common interests. The initiative should come from the King of Saudi Arabia who is held in suchdeep respect for his piety. He would thereby render a great service both to his Faith and to his Country and establish for himself a position of world influence.

The Koran refers to the Haj in the following words:-

" Fulfil ye the duty of poligrimage and visit Mecca in obedience to the Command of God."

" The poligrimage is to be made during the months ordained for it. Let him who maketh the piligrimage during this time remain chaste and unsullied, Let him avoid all transgression and have no quarrels with any. Verily all the good deeds you shall do will be known to God. Take provision for your journey. Yet forsooth the best provision of all is piety. Hearken then to Me, O men of understanding."

I had an old Hindu servant, Kalappa, by name. He served me for many years and died in my service. The late Maharaja, who was himself extraordinarily kind to his old servants, complimented me for not sending him away even though he was past work.

Kalappa came to see me one day and said that he wished to become a Muslim. I said no emphatically. I advised him to stick to his own religion. He had been a Hindu all his life, and

why need he change it now when he was nearing his end. He accepted my advice, remained a Hindu and was quite happy. In religious matters, I am not, and have never been a biget. I disliked all bigots and particularly loathe the so-called religious ones.

We have in Mysore a unique place of pilgrimage, unique in the sense that it is equally sacred to both Hindus and Muslims, known as the Dattatreya Peetha. It is situated on the Baba Budan Range of Hills, 6000 feet above seal-level. They bear the name of the Muslim saint who took up his residence there. I quote below a relevent extract from Rice's Gazetter ----

> " He (Baba Budan) is stated to have reared coffee from seeds he obtained at Moche and thus to have introduced this important staple into India. A cave containing what the Muhammadans assert to be the tomb of Baba Budan, but the Hindus to be the throne of Dattatreya, is a venerated place of piligrimage of adherests of both creeds. A Musselman Khanlandar is the custodian of the cave.....By the Hindus, the reappearance of Dattatreya at the mouth of the cave into which in ancient times, he vanished, is looked for as a sign prophetic of the final avater of Krishna and the introduction of the millennium."

A Hindu devotee from the north had settled at the peetha. He was a sort of assistant to the Muslim Sajjada or Khalandar, as Rice calls him, who was the hereditary custodian of the shrine. The late Maharaja never failed to talk to the devotee whenever he visited the place, and one day in my presencehe asked him, out of pure curiosity, if the Sajjada ever tried to persuade him to become a Muslim. "No" came the prompt reply. No such attempt, not even the slightest, had ever been made, although he and the Sajjada had lived and worked together for years. The Maharaja was very pleased to hear this and remarked to me that he appreciated such broadmindedness.

The Baba Budan Hills produce the finest coffee in India as good as any in the world. Coffee is not cultivated in the north. The plateau is, on an average, 6000 feet above sea-level and is noted for its scenic beauty and its fine climate, except during the rains when the rainfall is extremely heavy.

The following letter from Guru Seva Pravina N. Srikanta Sastry an extremely orthodox Brahmin gentleman, now no more, will serve to emphasising the fact that religion need not be a bar to friendship. He was the agent of the famous Sringeri Mutt for many years. In referring to a speech I had made at the Sanskrit College in Bangalore, he wrote.

" From my observation on various occasions, I have had very good grounds to believe that my view of your previous birth is right and the speech you have now delivered on the merits of Sanskrit fortifies me in my view. I do not remember if any of the previous Dewans, though most of them were Brahmins, ever spoke about the Sanskrit language in the strain in which you have done. These tendencies, inherited from your previous birth, and now manifested in your actions, prove the correctness of my view. His Holiness, also, very much appreciates your interest in Sanskrit, and agrees with me regarding your previous birth.

CHAPATER.

A MORAL REVOLUTION.

Political revolutions have recently taken place, and are still taking place, in many a country, big and small, in Asia and Africa. They have indeed become a familar feature of our times. They seem to be endemic in South America. The great need in all these countires is not so much a political as a moral revolution. In any case, a political revolution without, at the same time, a moral revolution is not likely achieve its object, namely, the well-being and prosperity of the country.

In India we have had, in Independence, our political revolution. A social and economic revolution is in progress. We have not begun, or thought of, a moral revolution without which all else is vain. I think, particularly, of the moral purgation required in the official and political life of the country. New powers and opportunities have brought degeneracy instead of heightening the sense of responsibility and honour; and both government and parties are brought with contempt by the widespread lack of personal integrity. And when I speak of integrity, I have two things particularly in mind; first sheer honesty, scorn of corruption; second sheer fidelity, the practice of doing one's work as efficiently and as promptly as one can.

It is not an exageration to say that good men are in despair at the state of public morality in India. I am not disparaging my country in saying this, but lamenting its falsity to its

own innate and traditional ideals. If we are complacent or inactive about this, we are ourselves failing in intergity.

I find together on my table letters from two friends who refer quite incidentally, but with trenchant contempt, to this paramount disloyality. They are of different races and careers, but they are both completely informed and completely unbiassed. One write: " Graft shirking responsibility, inability to answer letters, delay, corruption are rampant. The other: Civil war is in progress inside the local Congress party- a cold war, however, It is a clash of personalities and not at all one of principles or ideals. All our politics is a continous manoeuvring for positions".

"There we have, in party and often in government, a clash of personalities, of personal greed, ambitions, hositilities with complete cynicism as to duty and country. To the public this is as clear as daylight and this is the ethical example set before them. It is even clearer to the officials working under these moral apostates, and too often makes the shape of their own conscience.

If I speak at the same time od degeneracy in manners, I am not turning aside from this theme. You cannot separate morals aned manners; good conduct and good speech and behavbour spring alike from a due subordination of self; the self- centred life is ruin of both. So profoundly are we debtors to our fellowymen and to our country that it behoves of this eternal strife for taking- for some sort of pitiful eminence at the cost of others.

The state of our political life is pretty well known to the outside world, and is brought into contract with our highminded exhortations to other nations. And it crates the false impression that lack of integrity is native to us as a people. We are this undervalued at the time of our greates international opportunity.

What is to be done? One has no patience with those, who propose, who expect a return to the past, who expect a revival of Sanskritic studies to remould the practical conduct of today. Nor is it helpful to preach moral maxims or tell moral stories to school children, expecting this to make them good men and citzens. It is indeed of no use to preach at all to anyone.

How absurd to imagine, for instance, that we can make young public servants scrupulous in work and honesty by emphasising the theory of etical obligation. This need of ours, this paramount reform, is of all things the least philosophic, the most actuely and severely practical. We need a revolution with the urgency and the violence suggested by that word. We need in this affair the potent virtue of untolerance- and its allies, straight speech and pitiless action for the general good.

Straight speech very prevelent amoung us is a kind of courtesy which is not good manners but insincerity, and which proceeds from inertia, cowradice, and the sickly desire to be all things to all men. We profess respect and esteem for men who are totally unworthy-

often because we hope to get something out of them, but usually because this is the comfortable way.

We need to create moral discomfort in India. This applies to private a much as to public life, and of course, these two are inseparable. If we are afraid to speak out, we can at least have so much self- respect as to be silent- And in political affairs surely we can reserve our support for those whom we know to be honest and devoted to the public good.

Party politics is the way to offical politics, to Government and the ministries. As is the dominant party, so will the Government be. How wearily one has seen office assigned not for fitness or even merit, but party service. And how often that "service" has been pure personal self-seeking. So that the same spirit invades the Government whose public purposes are frustrated often by men solely concerned with personal graft and nepotism, and satsifaction of innumberable claims upon their "gratitude".

Needless to say, they are many monisters to whom all this is quite inapplicable. We all know them. There is no fear of misunderstandin- and I am speaking of a state of affairs throughly well-known to the public as well as to the Governments. Yet tolerated by both. This tolerance must end.

The force of good example is strong, but only upon those who have the moral sensitiveness to receive it. There is plenty of good example, but it leaves untouched the many who prefer their own ends and know no uneasiness except in the failures of rivalry, ambition, graft and greed. It is necessary therefore, to take stern, implacable and immediate action against those whether in ministerial office or in official appointments who clearly subordinate their duty to their interests.

I do not think there is any other way of cleaning the body politic. Outburst of indignation and contempt are of little effect. Nor can we await either the slow, uncertain processes of ethical education or the gradual awakening of the people to their power to assert their rights against the constant injuries they suffer from public corruption and from delay, negligence, and inefficiency in the services.

We want the rigours of vigilance and constant application of moral law to our public life- The men who are ruining it cannot be rectified by anything but fear and degradation; and if these fail they must be dismissed. No sort of contract should be proof against deliberate failure in duty.

We are fortunate in having at the very top men whose integrity is known throughout the country and indeed the world. Nor are they alone; they are many like them, though less eminent, at the Centre and in the States. It is time that, through the influence of such men the Governments should assume and exert a moral authority. And nothing could so decisively react on the ethics of private

life as the deliberate purification- and purging- of public life in every grade and sphere.

This chapter is largely based ~~mmmx~~ on an article contributed by me to The Times of India, dated 14th May 1955.

Chapter
Miscellaneous

An elderly English lady, Madam de Balan, visited Bangalore and we became great friends. She was a wonderful correspondent and wrote to me regularly. Her letters were most interesting, full of shrewd observations and accounts of happenings in Europe and elsewhere. I met her again in London in 1931 when I went there for the first Round Table Conference. Unfortunately, I could see very little of her owing to my numerous engagements. A visit to my old friends, Sir Hugh and Lady Daly, had to be made. They lived at Ryde, Isle of Wight. I was going by car, and I thought that I might as well take the old lady with me. She readily agreed, and we did the trip together. She stayed in a hotel ~~at Ryde~~ and I with the Dalys. I wanted her to meet Lady Daly. When I told the latter that I had brought a lady with me from London and that she was staying in a hotel, and asked if she would allow me to introduce my friend to her, I could see that Lady Daly was horrified at the idea, but did not know what to say to me. I went to her rescue at once and said in a casual way that I was quite sure she would like the old lady, and that it was wonderful how active she was considering her age. She had been to Mysore and knew so many people there. Lady Daly appeared relieved, and agreed to see my friend, and she was even more pleased when ~~she actually saw~~ the met her. Madam de Balan was a keen and a really good bridge player, and Lady Daly, too, was fond of the game, and they got on very well together. In a letter dated Jan 1922, she wrote -

> So, the interesting Maharaja of Travancore is dead. I shall not forget him, he was really unique and an impressive figure. He was always anxious to know whether his State was not greater and better developed than Mysore-

An elderly English lady, Madam de Balan, visited Bangalore and we became great friends. She was a wonderful correspondent and wrote to me regularly. Her letters were most interesting, full of shrewd observations and accounts of happenings in Europe and elsewhere. I met her again in London in 1931 when I went there for the first Round Table Conference. Unfortunately, I could see very little of her owing to my numerous engagements. A visit to my old friends, Sir Hugh and Lady Daly, had to be made. They lived at Ryde, Isle of Wight. I was going by car, and I thought that I might as well take the old lady with me. She readily agreed, and we did the trip together. She stayed in a hotel at Ryde and I with the Dalys. I wanted her to meet Lady Daly. When I told the latter that I had brought a lady with me from London and that she was staying in a hotel, and asked if she would allow me to introduce my friend to her, I could see that Lady Daly was horrified at the idea, but did not know what to say to me. I went to her rescue at once and said in a casual way that I was quite sure she would like the old lady, and that it was wonderful how active she was considering her age. She had been to Mysore and knew so many people there. Lady Daly appeared relieved, and agreed to see my friend, and she was even more pleased when ~~she actually saw~~ she met her. Madam de Balan was a keen and a really good bridge player, and Lady Daly, too, was fond of the game, and they got on very well together. In a letter dated Jan 1922, she wrote -

> So, the interesting Maharaja of Travancore is dead. I shall not forget him, he was really unique and an impressive figure. He was always anxious to know whether his State was not greater and better developed than Mysore-

Mrs Anthony

an old Irish English Lady

to go into this question and select a suitable site for a new reservoir. The committee selected a site 22 miles from Bangalore and this site was the one which had been thought of by the British engineers in the Commission days some 60 years ago, but given up as they found it impossible to pump water against a head of 1000 feet in those days. No time was lost in building the reservoir as recommended by the committee. It supplies 9 million gallons daily to the City in addition to the 3 million supplied by the Hessarghatta lake which has also been reserved for this purpose. The new Reservoir, called Chamaraj Reservoir, can be depended upon to supply 9 million gallons daily even if the monsoon should fail for three years in succession. Thus Bangalore City has been placed in a reasonably safe position so far as this vital necessity is concerned. Nevertheless, the Mysore administration would be well advised to look ahead and prepare a scheme to ensure at least double the present supply, so that the development of the City may not be retarded for want of this precious commodity.

~~I met~~ An elderly English lady, Madam de Balan, ~~when she came in~~ a visit to Bangalore and we became great friends. She was a wonderful correspondent and wrote to me regularly. Her letters were most interesting, full of shrewd observations and happenings in Europe and elsewhere. I met her again in London in 1931 when I went there for the first Round Table Conference. Unfortunately, I could see very little of her owing to my numerous engagements. A visit to my old friends, Sir Hugh and Lady Daly, had to be made. They lived at Ryde, Isle of Wight. I was going by car, and I thought that I might as well take the old lady with me. She readily agreed, and we did the trip together. She stayed in a hotel at Ryde and I with the Dalys. I wanted her to meet Lady Daly. When I told the ~~xxxxx~~ latter that I had brought a lady with me from London and that she was staying in a hotel and asked if she would allow me to introduce my friend to her, I could see that Lady Daly was horrified at the idea, but did not know what to say to me. She clearly did not wish to meet her, nor did she like to say no to me. I went to her rescue at once and said in a casual way that I was quite sure she would like the old lady, and that it was wonderful how active she was considering her age. She had been to Mysore and knew so many people there. Lady Daly appeared relieved, and agreed to see my friend, and she was even more pleased when she actually saw her. Madam de Balan was a keen and a really good bridge player, and Lady Daly, too, was fond of the game, and they got on very well together. In a letter dated 1st January 1922, she wrote -

So, the interesting Maharaja of Travancore is dead. I shall not forget him, he was really unique and an impressive figure. He was always anxious to know whether his State was not greater and better developed than Mysore.

I enjoyed the drive very much. The English landscape, the countryside and the neat and clean villages, always fascinate me. The woods are so attractive. One need not be afraid of encountering any wild animals or poisonous snakes in them.

A prominent politician from Bombay visited Bangalore and Mysore

I spent four pleasant and interesting years in 1942-46 as Prime Minister of Jaipur under an enlightened ruler who, true to his promise, gave me his full support. What I liked most in Jaipur was freedom from intrigue. His Highness would not allow intrigue of any kind to raise its ugly head, where he was concerned. He formed his own judgment, uninfluenced by busybodies, and acted upon it.

A striking instance of his independence of judgment was shown when, towards the close of my term of office, three of my four colleagues on the Executive Council, tiring of me and my ways, went to His Highness and complained that I was acting in a dictatorial manner. The Maharaja asked if they had any objection to his mentioning this to me, as he thought it was only fair that he should know what I had to say. When he spoke to me, I could conscientiously deny the accusation and he seemed to be quite satisfied. I obtained his permission to speak to my colleagues, which I did at a Council meeting when were were all together. They must have been surprised to see me more amused than annoyed at their action. I said that they were really unkind and unfair to me, for no Prime Minister could possible have treated his colleagues with greater deference or taken them more fully into his confidence. It all ended happily.

They were all able and experienced men and I liked them all very much. One of them Mr.(Lala Raja) Amarnathlal, Amarnath Lal the Finance Minister (son-in-law of Sir Tej Bahadur Saptru), was and old friend of mine, but for whose persuasion, or shall I say, insistence (he came to Bangalore with a personal letter from the Maharaja) I might not have gone to Jaipur but to Kashmir instead. Sir Tej was disappointed I did not accept the Kashmir offer.

Sir Samuel was the obvious choice for the Viceroyalty when it fell vacant but Mr Baldwin gave the post to Lord Linlithgow and Mr Churchill extended his term rather than appoint Sir Samuel although the latter had made a deep study of the whole problem and had established close contact with Indian leaders. It was most unfortunate that circumstances conspired to deprive India of the services of such an able and valued friend who would have rendered abiding service to both India and Britain at a most crucial period in their relations.

I urged him in my letters not to refuse the Viceroyalty if it was offered to him and come out and complete his work. Left to himself he would have done so for he was anxious to put through the scheme in a way satisfactory to all concerned.

My letter to Lord Templewood:--

7, Ali Asker Road.
Bangalore.
1st May 1954.

Dear Lord Templewood,

I was very happy to receive your kind letter.

The book seems to be selling well in India and it is quite likely that I may bring out a second and enlarged edition of it.

I fear a mistake has crept into my reference to you on page 67. As far as I can recollect now, I think Mr Baldwin did offer the Viceroyalty to you but you refused, preferring to become Foreign Secretary. Perhaps, you will remember my writing to you and begging you to come out to India if an offer should come to you, as it actually did. I think, and give the final touches to your work by putting the Federal Scheme through. If I remember rightly, I also added that you would do well to be away from England for five years.

Later, it was Mr Churchill who did not give you the appointment, but instead, gave an extension to Lord Linlithgow, and when he retired, appointed Lord Wavell. I shall be grateful if you can help me to put the facts correctly.

Your book should be most interesting and I am already looking forward to reading it. I am sure it will be widely read in India.

With kindest regards to you both,

Yours sincerely,

MIRZA ISMAIL.

Lord Templewood's reply --

12 a, Eaton Mansion
Sloane Square,
LONDON, S.W.
5th May, 1954

Dear Sir Mirza,

I am glad to hear from you that your excellent book is selling well. It has been most favourably reviewed in the British Press.

As to your question, the following is what happened. The Viceroyalty and the Foreign Secretaryship fell vacant at the same time, and Baldwin told me that he wished me to have one or the other. He then asked me which was my preference. I told him the Viceroyalty, as my chief ambition in public life was to start the full working of the Government of India Act. I saw him again the following day, and he then told me that he particularly wished me to take the Foreign Office, but that if I refused it, he would offer me India. He pressed the Foreign Office so strongly upon me that I felt bound to accept it. I may add that I have always regretted the decision.

As to the subsequent history, your third paragraph is correct. A good many people at the time expected that the offer would be made to me, but this did not happen, and I therefore remained as Ambassador in Madrid.

With all good wishes,

Yours sincerely.
TEMPLEWOOD.

But who can blame him for acting as he did ? Who in similar circumstances would have decided otherwise ? He had no option but to comply with the pressing request of the Prime Minister. If he had come out to India, what a blessing it would have been to this country. His grasp of the Indian problem was astonishing. He was master of every detail. He had to answer 10,000 questions and he answered them all splendidly. Such a statesman was passed over when a new Viceroy had to be appointed.

It was strange, indeed, that a great statesman like Mr Winston Churchill should have been so utterly lacking in imagination in his approach to the Indian question. He was ~~the chief~~ a stumbling block in the way of a satisfactory settlement. He opposed any avana in the direction of self government for India with a vehemence and persistence the was painful to us Indians.

I was most anxious to establish an oriental research institute in Hyderabad, which offered special facilities for work of this nature, the State being the home of several languages and cultures - Telugu, Mahratti, Kannada, Urdu and Persian. I started the ball rolling with a note to my colleagues in the Cabinet, but had no time to proceed further. I ~~A copy of the note is printed as an appendix to this~~ volume ~~in the~~ hope that the scheme may yet be taken up by the authorities concerned and carried out for the lasting benefit of the country at large. It will be something not only practical but of far reaching importance and will strike the imagination of the public and ~~will~~ appeal to them.

A nation ~~can~~ may just exist if its roots are cut off from its past. It can truly live only if it derives its sustenance from its past, and if, as in the case of India, that past is ~~such~~ a rich one, so much the more fortunate, ~~is that country.~~ are its people

CHAPTER IX.

HYDERABAD: The Penultimate Phase

From Jaipur I went to Hyderabad as Prime Minister ~~in August, 1946~~ on August 1946. I was first offered this post ~~in 1928~~ eighteen years earlier by the Resident, Sir William Barton, but I could not make up my mind to leave my Maharaja. The same offer came to me again in Lord Irwin's time when the Political Secretary ~~said to me~~ mentioned that the Viceroy would be pleased if I took up this responsible post, and I was promised the fullest support, and he added that Hyderabad would then cease to be a headache to ~~him~~ the Viceroy. With Lord Irwin as the Viceroy and a Resident like Sir William Barton, an old and much esteemed friend of mine from our Mysore days, I should have had a very interesting time, with every chance of making a success of the ~~job~~ work. But again I could not make up my mind to leave Mysore, and ~~the Maharaja~~.

When the first offer came, I wrote immediately to the Resident, declining it. When I informed His Highness of it some days later, he was rather surprised, and said, after a short pause - "You may go, if you like". I knew what he meant by this and ~~informed~~ told him that I had already declined the offer, and ~~was mentioning it to him merely for his information~~. I did not want him to feel that I had put him under any obligation by declining the offer.

In the British days, Hyderabad was regarded as by far the most important of the Indian States, as they were called. It was referred to as the Nizam's Dominion. It has a population of some 20 million, and its total revenue amounted to over Rs. 22 crores. I use the past tense because its present revenue is much less, the Government of India having taken away, ~~as in the case of other States~~, in pursuance of their settled policy, all its income from the railways and from certain other sources as well. Hyderabad is now very largely dependent on financial aid from the Indian Union as a result of "federal financial integration", ~~but~~ the Union's grants are inadequate. This is the unhappy position revealed in the State's budget for 1952-53. Hyderabad surrendered revenues amounting to Rs. 957 lakhs; it is saved expenditure, under these heads, of Rs. 371 lakhs; ~~so has~~ a net loss of Rs. 586 lakhs.

The Nizam was the ultimate authority in the State in all administrative and political matters, but only theoretically, for in reality the control of administration vested in his Executive Council, which consisted of a Prime Minister appointed by the Nizam, in consultation with the approval of the Viceroy, and six to eight Members. The Nizam could not overrule his Council. I once said to ~~the Nizam~~ him - "When I tell people that Your Exalted Highness is the most constitutional ruler in India, they do not believe me". He laughed heartily. It was so as a matter of fact. If the Nizam over-ruled the Executive Council, the Resident could intervene.

Apart from the natural desire for democratisation, it cannot be denied that the great majority of the people of Hyderabad, who are Hindus, were happy. The administration was reasonably efficient, and not unpopular.

Taxation was comparatively light, and the administration interfered little with the lives of the people. If reports are to be believed the present "popular" administration is much less popular than the old regime.

I was always keen on going to Hyderabad as Prime Minister. After I left Mysore, I happened to visit Hyderabad at the invitation of ~~His Exalted Highness~~ the Nizam who was, as usual, most kind to me. He told me that if he had known of my resignation in time, he would have offered me the premiership.

It was ~~only~~ in July 1946 that I received a definite offer. Having come to know that there was a possibility of the Nizam appointing me as his Prime Minister, Mr. Jinnah started writing and telegraphing to the Nizam, exhorting him not to appoint me and threatening him with dire consequences if he disregarded his advice. And when he came to know, a month or so later, that I was really ~~going~~ to get the post, he rushed to Hyderabad to see the Nizam and made a determined effort to stop him from proceeding further. It was common knowledge that Mr. Jinnah behaved rudely to the Nizam, and the latter did not conceal his resentment ~~from him~~. I do not think they ever met again.

I ~~give below~~ A more detailed account of the interview ~~as~~ was given ~~to~~ me by Nawab Hosh Yar Jung, who was present on the occasion. The Nawab was one of the three or four officers who waited on the Nizam daily. ~~As the~~ The Nawab ~~said~~ told me, it was an interview the like of which the Quaid-i-Azam had never experienced before.

Mr. Jinnah entered the room smoking a cigar and seated himself in the chair in front of the Nizam with his legs outstretched. Immediately, there was an explosion. His Exalted Highness ~~shouted at~~ exclaimed to him: "Do you know who I am ? Is this the way you behave towards the Nizam of Hyderabad ?" The attack was so sudden and unexpected that the visitor was completely flabbergasted; he withdrew his legs, threw away the offending cigar and apologised. But the storm having burst, ~~the Nizam's~~ apology did not ease the situation. ~~His Exalted Highness~~ The Nizam swamped him with angry questions - "What do you want ? What do you want to tell me ? and so on and so forth. Mr. Jinnah ~~wanted~~ sought to say something ~~about~~ against the appointment, but before he could utter a few words, ~~His Exalted Highness~~ the Nizam ~~shouted~~ cried - "I do not want any

A word more about the Nawab. He is a surprisingly outspoken man - a courtier and yet a critic. This sounds a contradiction in terms, but it is quite true - to the credit of ruler and courtier alike.

The Nizam has some admirable qualities. He leads a life of extreme simplicity, bordering on austerity. He abhors pageantry of any sort. He wears the finest and cheapest possible clothes, and eats the simplest food and that sparingly. He used a ramshackle car, with a touring body, until it completely broke down and was past repair It was with difficulty that he could be persuaded to use a new limousine, and it took him some time to accustom himself to the luxury. The Nizam has faults in common with all the sons of men, but they are mostly of the kind that causes more amusement than annoyance. He has distributed almost all his accumulated wealth among his sons, daughters and others, creating separate trusts for them. He has given Rs 3 crores (30 m) to the Osmania University.

A very pleasing trait in the Nizam's character is his forbearance. He may have discarded persons whom he once liked, but no vindictiveness ever followed his displeasure. His patience and self-control under the gravest provocation are remarkable. [~~The but he would have survived the harrowing experiences of the recent past~~ ?] Providence has dealt with him harshly, too harshly. What has he not lost ?

To resume my main narrative.

outside interference in my affairs. I can take care of the interests of my own people. I do not wish to discuss this matter with you".

I was told that "the whole palace resounded with his angry voice, so much so that the oldest servants of the palace said that they had never seen him in such temper before". In between the explosions, Mr. Jinnah somehow managed to play his last card by uttering the warning that the Muslim League would never extend any support to Hyderabad, either in its internal affairs or in the Constituent Assembly, if his advice was disregarded. That only made matters worse. "What do I care? You were never helpful. I am not going to ask for your help".

Mr. Jinnah then said something about constitutional reforms. His Exalted Highness cut him short - "I am a busy person, Mr. Jinnah. I cannot go into details with you. If you wish to discuss the reforms, please go and see the Minister in charge. Anything more ? No ? Then good-bye".

"The interview lasted just 23 minutes. But this new side of the Nizam's character came as a surprise to all of us. We never thought that he could be so firm and so furious. The Quaid-i-Azam has had the lesson of his life. But we know that this does not end here. He is a very vindictive man, and immediately after the interview, he started long conferences with local leaders".[1]

The only reason, as far as I know, why Mr. Jinnah objected to me was that I would not join the Muslim League. I ~~did not~~ join the Congress ~~either~~. He felt that every prominent Muslim in India should be a Leaguer, otherwise he ~~is~~ no Muslim. He thought I was ~~too~~ closely associated with Congress, but this was not a fact. I was on friendly terms with many of the top Congressmen, but it was quite impossible for me to join ~~the~~ a party; ~~nor, was it possible for me to join~~ nor was it possible for me to join the Muslim League ~~either~~. He was keen that I should work with him. But, as I tried to explain to him, I could not ~~very well~~ do that without foreswearing my past. ~~Since~~, apart from the views I held on the fundamental issue of partition, I had been so closely associated with a Hindu Maharaja and a Hindu State and had so many of my dearest friends among Hindus, that it was quite impossible for me to think of joining an organization which was so anti-Hindu in its policy and aims.

Even afterwards when we were no longer on friendly terms; he expressed his keen disappointment to several of my friends that I would not join him and help him to build up a great Pakistan. ~~Whatever his attitude may have been, once~~ He gained his point, he could act magnanimously towards his opponent.

~~I was told by~~ A very distinguished person told me how Mr. Jinnah offered to entrust him with the entire responsibility of guiding the foreign policy of Pakistan, as his own knowledge of foreign affairs, he said, was so meagre, although they had ~~actually~~ fallen out in pre-partition days. My friend ~~said~~ that this one instance was sufficient to show how magnanimous he could be.

As an English friend wrote to me (July 23, 1946), Mr. Jinnah's

visit to Hyderabad was most unfortunately timed and its repercussions had not died down when my appointment was announced. The Reforms Scheme, too, which had just been published, caused agitation, as the Muslims disliked giving up any part of the past monopoly of power, while the Congress-minded Hindus objected that the Reforms did not go nearly far enough to meet their wishes. It was a very good thing, however, that this had been done before my advent, so that the Muslims would not be able to attribute the responsibility for them to me. ~~(As a matter of fact, this was done in accordance with the advice I gave to His Exalted Highness).~~ My friend prophetically added that "one thing is clear, that, if trouble is to be avoided, the State Government will have to show itself much firmer than it has done in the recent past as regards the maintenance of order and control over the Press. A strong hand is therefore badly needed at the helm and I trust it will not be long now before you are here to take control. Your task will be a difficult one, but as compensation you will have a wonderful opportunity of making a name for yourself as pilot of the largest Indian State at, perhaps, the most critical time in his history".

I went to Hyderabad full of hopes and ambitions. Soon after my taking over charge, I broadcast, as ~~is now~~ the custom, a message to the people of Hyderabad, which appears as an appendix to this volume. But, no amount of persuasion or appeal to reason and commonsense, could have any effect upon the Muslim politicians of Hyderabad. They had already made up their minds to pursue their own suicidal course.

Mrs Asaf Ali, the socialist leader, came to Hyderabad on a short visit, and, as usual, made some fiery speeches. We had to consider the question whether to permit her to come and make public speeches or to prohibit her entry into the State altogether. Taking all circumstances into consideration, including the fact that her husband had just gone to the U.S.A. as India's Ambassador, the Council came to the conclusion that we might let the lady come. Strong objection was taken to the speeches she made, and I was ~~found fault with~~ criticised for allowing her to come into the State at all, although the decision was that of the ~~entire~~ Executive Council. At a party in my house, some newspaper editors ~~and others spoke to me~~ expressing regret that she should have been allowed to speak in this manner, not sparing even the Ruler. I ~~said to~~ asked them ~~that~~ if I was guilty, how were they less guilty ? Why did they give so much publicity in their columns to her "poisonous" utterances ~~and listened to her so quietly, instead of throwing an egg or two at her.~~

A month or two later, at a luncheon party at Maulana Abul Kalam Azad's house in Delhi, I met Mrs Aruna Asaf Ali. "Who is this charming lady on my right ?" I asked Maulana. "Don't you know who is Aruna ?" "I see, this is the fire-brand that gave me so much trouble in Hyderabad !" I said. I asked her why she was so unkind and did not come to see me. ~~I should have been so pleased to meet her, I said.~~

Soon after I arrived in Hyderabad, I ~~received a letter from~~ wrote to Mahatma Gandhi ~~with reference to~~ expressing disappointment with the political reforms that had just been announced.

He ~~was not satisfied with them. He wrote:~~

Representatives from Hyderabad have seen me. They are Shri Kashinath Vaidya and Swami Ramanand Tirath. They have discussed with me the so-called reforms contemplated in the State. I have studied them somewhat as they appeared in the Press. The reforms seem to be only so-called. To me they appear to be a step backward rather than forward. I do not know that you can do much to alter them but I wonder why you cannot scrap them altogether. The least that any State can do at this time is to recognise the status and influence of the States Peoples' Conference of which Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru is President, and secure its endorsement before proceeding with any popular measure. This ensures smooth passage for any such thing.

Rajkumari has already drawn your attention to Shrimati Padmaja Naidu's pamphlet on police atrocities in some of the Hyderabad villages. I would like you to enlighten me on these two points.

I am sorry to have to worry you when you have just begun your new career.

To which I replied:

I write to thank you very much for your letter.

As you know, I have just taken charge, and am busy studying the many problems with which the State is confronted, one of them being the reforms. These, I realise, are unsatisfactory in several respects, but I feel that it is quite possible to remove these defects and bring the reforms into line in all essential respects with those in Mysore, Baroda, Jaipur or elsewhere. Hyderabad has ~~got~~ its peculiar problems, and these have to be solved in its own way. If there is one thing more than another which has pleased me it is the liberal attitude of His Exalted Highness towards constitutional changes. I was particularly pleased to notice how fair he wants to be in dealing with the communal question. Such being his attitude, I have every reason to hope that the progress of Hyderabad in the constitutional as in other fields - education, industries, public health, etc. - will be as gratifying as it will be rapid in the near future. I hope, therefore, the world will give us a little time to make a start and then see how far we have been successful.

It is my intention to send for the various groups and discuss the reforms with them. Then, if they agree, summon a joint meeting and decide on the changes to be made. I personally would prefer this course, rather than scrap the reforms altogether and start afresh. The latter course would involve considerable delay. It would take a Committee at least two years, if not more, to collect evidence and submit its report, as I know from my experience both in Mysore and Jaipur. I cannot afford to wait so long, nor is it desirable from the public point of view, and so I am anxious to get a move on with as little delay as possible. No constitution and no arrangement is either perfect or permanent. Changes can always be made as we go along. To make a beginning is really the important thing.

You may be sure that I shall try always to practise democracy in this singularly undemocratic age, and will do all I can to further the interests of the people and establish constitutional government in the State. I can only hope that you will be satisfied with this assurance from me and rely upon me to do all that is possible or advisable in present circumstances to achieve our common aim.

Mahatma Gandhi was not satisfied and wrote to me again:

Much as I should like to, I may not write to you in Urdu.

I have now talked to Swami Ramanand Tirath and Shri Kashinath Vaidya. As I have already told you the contemplated reforms are no reforms. The more I think of them the more I feel that they are not worthy of you. You may not seek to impose them on the inhabitants of Hyderabad. If you are sure that the States Peoples' Conference does not represent them, then of course I am out of court.

Maulana Sahib wants to help you; Sarojini Devi likewise. I count

myself among them. But you know my limitations. I am a born Satyagrahi and hope to die as such, and that is my limitation as it is my strength. Strength has got to be proved. The limitation stares all my friends in the face.

If you cannot scrap the reforms and if you will not impose them, you should postpone them and see whether they admit of amendment so as to make them acceptable. If you cannot do this I must not guide the friends who have come here. Of course, their real guide is the States Peoples' Conference. But they have not yet learnt to forget me as I would like them to do. And since you and I know and like each other I must write this for what it is worth.

A demonstration was staged by the students of Hyderabad. I forget the exact date or what the immediate provocation for it was. The procession consisted of some five thousand youths students from the different colleges and schools in the City, according to the police report, ~~and was marching towards the City~~. The Commissioner of Police had orders from the Police Member of Government not to allow the procession to pass beyond a certain point. I was not aware that such an order had been given. When I rang up the Police Commissioner to ask what was happening, he told me that the procession was moving towards the City and that he was going to stop it at a certain point, as ordered by my Colleague. I told him at once that he should do nothing of the kind but let the demonstrators take as long a walk as they pleased. He was not to interfere with them unless they became too rowdy. I added that I thought that if they were left alone they would get tired soon. In the blazing mid-day sun, they would - I indulged in a paradox to his amusement - soon cool down; and it happened as I had hoped and expected. The procession soon petered out.

No one was more pleased than the Police Commissioner himself. He could not thank me enough, remarking that if the order not to stop the procession had not been given in the nick of time, an ugly situation would have arisen, resulting possibly in bloodshed. As it was, everything passed off peacefully and the whole incident was soon forgotten.

The Commissioner of Police was none other than Nawab Deen Yar Jung, who figured so prominently in the crisis which overtook Hyderabad a year or so later. He was a clever man and enjoyed the confidence of the Nizam, and was, towards the end, the most powerful man in the place. Unfortunately, however, he failed in the hour moment of danger ~~and proved himself an arch-grave-digger of his master~~.

The Hyderabad State presented a most pleasing spectacle of Hindu-Muslim unity in its truest sense. Its social and official life was an amalgam of Hindu-Muslim culture. The Nizam had no more loyal and devoted nobleman in his dominion than the late Maharaj Sir Kishen Pershad, scion of an ancient Hindu family, a hereditary Peshwa or leader who took precedence of even the Prime Minister. Sir Kishen Pershad was Prime Minister for some years. He exemplified in himself the best type of Hindu-Muslim culture. It was often difficult for me to make out whether a person was a Muslim or a Hindu. They dressed so much alike, and Urdu was their common

tongue. I did not like to ask my visitor if he was a Hindu or a Muslim, but I tried to find this out by asking his name.

I had set apart two mornings in the week to grant interviews to all and sundry when I was at headquarters. This was my practice also in Mysore and Jaipur, ~~too~~. It was a very taxing ~~thing~~ task, as can be easily imagined, seeing dozens of people each having a request to make or a grievance to ventilate. But it was worth while. It satisfied the public, as nothing else could to the same extent, and it was a great preventive ~~and check against~~ of corruption. I knew of no better method than this of checking corruption among officials. In Mysore, while I was the head of the administration, I think I am not exaggerating when I say that corruption was practically non-existent. In Jaipur, too, it had come under control, ~~though, perhaps, not to the same extent.~~ In Hyderabad as well, people began to feel that a new freedom had dawned upon them, and that officials were much more courteous and considerate to the public than before. All this was a direct result of the head of the administration being so easily accessible to the public and giving them every opportunity to lay their grievances before him individually and privately. I saw from two to three hundred people each of the two mornings. A report reached the Nizam's ears that his Prime Minister was busy holding "durbars" twice a week in his office. I assured the Nizam that I was not holding durbars for my self aggrandisement but was ~~slaving~~ toiling for him and the people

My weekly inspection visits to the City were another feature of my administration, and they produced excellent results. In Bangalore, I did these inspections on horseback on Wednesday mornings ~~regularly~~ regulars, accompanied by the President of the Municipality, the Commissioner, the Executive Engineer and the Health Officer - visiting every nook and corner of the City.

In Jaipur, I used a big car, so also in Hyderabad, to carry me and four or five officers. The results were most gratifying and the public were quite pleased - and astonished when they saw how quickly things began to move. I ~~myself~~ derived much pleasure in ~~doing~~ this sort of work - visiting the poor people in their homes and ascertaining their wants and trying to meet them then and there.

Apropos of this, I may quote a few sentences from an article that appeared in the Bombay Chronicle of December 30, 1946:

Just four months ago Sir Mirza I mail took over the reins of office in Hyderabad from the Nawab of Chattari. Yes, it is only four months. Yet within this very short period he has brought about a silent revolution in the administration. It has come almost unknown. There is a change everywhere. People have begun to take a live interest in their Government. Their President is seen working day in and day out animated with the single thought of ameliorating their economic condition. Hindus and Muslims find that he is their true friend. There is nothing of the communalist in him.

Things have changed. Formerly it was difficult, almost impossible, for the common man to see the Prime Minister, who lived in a secluded palace. Gone are those days. Now a democrat is enthroned in the seat of power. On every Saturday men and women go to see their President. It is a vast mass of humanity surging forward to see "Mirza Saheb". These men and women

meet him. Every one has a story to tell. It is about some executive order, or a complaint against some officer. Some relate their family troubles. But to everyone the Prime Minister listens, and each man returns home satisfied and happy. No single act of the Prime Minister has done so much to endear him to the people as this.

Again, see what has happened to the capital city. Hundreds of people are now working in the capital, pulling down this building, erecting that structure, levelling this road and closing that. It is not the work of a great artist, who is eager to make the city beautiful and grand. Nothing is too small for his attention. Often he goes on horseback inspecting the city. The day will come soon when the slogan will be "See Hyderabad and die".

What an enormous amount of work there was to be done in Hyderabad, and what a wonderful country it could have been transformed into, ~~if only~~ I had had a chance ~~to do what I wanted to do and had been given a little~~ more time. ~~It was~~ Neither this hope ~~and~~ nor this ambition that took me to Hyderabad. ~~But neither~~ was destined to be fulfilled.

Although I did not remain long - I was ~~not~~ there for ~~more~~ than ten months - I am not sorry I went, nor am I sorry I came away so soon. With the withdrawal of British control, I found, as I had fully anticipated, that it was ~~quite~~ impossible to stay much longer. The Nizam was bent upon independence. Even more so were that wretched band of foolish Muslims called the Ittihad-ul-Muslamens. I quote a few sentences from an intercepted press telegram sent to the Ittehad paper in Hyderabad, ~~just~~ to show what a poisonous lot of people I had to deal with ~~in Hyderabad~~. No lies were too gross for them. They were bent upon moving heaven and earth to see me out of Hyderabad:

While Muslims of India, (the telegram state) are boycotting the so-called Constituent Assembly which has lost all its importance as constitution-making body and has been reduced to the position of all-India Congress committee, Sir Mirza Ismail, Prime Minister, himself a Muslim and Chief of Muslim Dominion of Hyderabad, is hobnobbing with Congress leaders in lobbies of Constituent Assembly almost every day. Sir Mirza is seen in corridors flirting with Congress members and greeting them with folded hands like Hindus, sometimes he was heard saying "Namesthe" or "Namaskaram".

He is also believed to have said that the Hindus being in a great majority, would rule in the long run despite all difficulties.

I read out the telegram to ~~His Exalted Highness~~ the Nizam and to the Executive Council also, as a typical example of the false and malicious propaganda that was being carried on against me by the Ittehad.

Sir Arthur Lothian, the Resident, was perfectly right when he warned me against the activities of this ~~poisonous~~ subversive organization, and said that unless it was suppressed effectively, it would bring about the downfall of the State - which it did as soon as it got the opportunity.

I knew Sir Arthur for the Nizam says when he was Resident, again when in Rajputana when he was Agent to the Governor. Years as a Prime Minister of Jaipur. He was most popular & highly respected head of the Political ~~Dep~~ Department.

Here is another choice specimen of ~~false~~ propaganda.

It has been revealed to the Press Exchange that Sir Mirza Ismail, ex-Prime Minister of Hyderabad, had constructed a small room in "Shah Manzil", where he had kept some "images" for the convenience of his Hindu ~~guests and~~ visitors.

Pending the arrival of silver images which had been ordered, clay images were kept in the room and a "pujari" was appointed for this purpose.

I found that even senior officers of the State - many of them - had also lost their heads. I should have been a thorn in the flesh of all these people. So, when I came to Bangalore for the summer recess, I reviewed the position and came to the conclusion that I should not go back to Hyderabad. I had also a suspicion that the Nizam had other ideas and would not be sorry to see the last of me. I sent in my resignation.

It is with the deepest regret, I wrote to the Nizam on 15th May, 1947, that I have to ask Your Exalted Highness to relieve me of the high office with which you have been pleased to entrust me.

At a time which is, perhaps, the most critical the Dominion will ever know, I came to Hyderabad at Your Exalted Highness's invitation, full of enthusiasm and with deep attachment to Your Exalted Highness's person and dynasty. I was determined to devote my life-long experience and the capabilities which God has given me to the right solution of the many problems with which the future of the Dominion is beset. In pursuit of this earnest desire, I had planned many things which, in the fullness of time, would have assuredly contributed to the greatness and glory of Hyderabad and to the happiness and prosperity of your people. I could only succeed in such a task if I were assured of Your Exalted Highness's full support and sympathy.

I have had the misfortune to find myself opposed at every turn, by a certain section of the local Mussalmans who, in my opinion, are set on a course that is suicidal to the State. I have not taken a single step that has been detrimental to their real interests. On the other hand, I have done all that is humanly possible to serve them, but in vain. At the instigation of arch-conspirators who have other ends to serve, they have carried on a vigorous and calculated campaign of vilification against me.

It has been my further misfortune to find that I have lost the confidence of Your Exalted Highness. The intrigues and agitations to which I refer are, I firmly believe, directed as much against the interests of Your Exalted Highness as against myself. But, while a word from you would have stopped the campaign at once, you have maintained silence, and the agitators have given the impression that they enjoy Your Exalted Highness's goodwill and patronage.

Only recentl , I wrote to Your Exalted Highness from Berar saying that unless Your Exalted Highness could give me your fullest confidence and support it would not be possible for me to carry on.

As that support has not been forthcoming, there is no alternative for me but to ask to be relieved. Inspite of the sad memories of my stay in Hyderabad, I shall always pray that God, in His mercy. may protect the Asafjah Crown from the dangers that I see looming ahead.

Sir Sultan Ahmed, a veteran statesman of India and for some time an adviser to the Nizam, wrote in an article contributed to The Indian Nation:

Early in 1946, the Nawab of Chhatari had to leave and, after a good deal of negotiations, Sir Mirza Ismail was chosen by the Nizam as his successor. The Hindus of Hyderabad welcomed his selection, but the extreme Muslim element was immensely dissatisfied. Mr. Jinnah tried to intervene and went to Hyderabad to persuade the Nizam to withdraw his offer of appointment to Sir Mirza. The Nizam was firm and Mr. Jinnah had to return angry with the summary manner in which his advice was turned down by the Nizam. Sir Mirza Ismail went to Hyderabad full of hopes and ambitions and started remarkably well. With his broad outlook Catholic liberalism, inherent culture, and vast State administrative experience, he was a most appropriate choice and was the one man who could have stabilised the administration, and brought about an understanding between the two communities. He did not take long to show his anxiety to be fair and just to all communities and to purge the administration of reputed corruption. He also got full support of His Exalted Highness the Nizam in the beginning, but unfortunately the extreme Muslim opposition represented by the Ittehad hardened, and the leading part in this opposition was played by Moin Nawaz Jung and Syed Taqiuddin, a Bihari Secretary in the Government of Hyderabad who had been dismissed by Sir Mirza. It was suspected that the opposition

was also receiving great financial support from Mir Laiq Ali, the brother-in-law of Moin Nawaz Jung.

One Qasim Razvi, a pleader by profession, by this time had made tremendous headway to securing for himself the leaadership of the Ittehad. Short in stature, a man of mediocre ability, a good speaker, of low mentality, with no political training or vision, with none to curb his extremism, he soon emerged, supported by Mir Laik Ali, Moin Nawaz Jung and Taqiuddin, as the paramount leader of his party. He also exploited to the full the interference by Sir Mirza with vested interests and carried to the Royal Palace, through his adherents, fancy stories about the dissatisfaction of the Muslims with Sir Mirza's administration. Sir Mirza could stand no nonsense, and finding that he was not getting the support which he expected and deserved from the Nizam, he left for Bangalore and never returned afterwards. Sir Mirza's exit put the seal on the doom of Hyderabad. Nawab of Chhatari was again summoned by the Nizam. and returned to Hyderabad.

****

	Per printed page.	Total No. of pages in the book.
Morgan's book ..	275 words	215
Lothian's ..	350 "	228
Visvesvaraya's ..	340 "	162

<u>Sir Mirza's</u>:

Each typed page .. 640 words (average)

Total No. of pages of typed matter .. 115 or 73,600 words

Of the types used in Morgan's book, the book will approximately have 260 pages

" Lothian's .. 210 "

" Visvesvaraya's .. 216 "

DEDICATED

TO

THE HONOURED AND BELOVED MEMORY

OF

A NOBLE PRINCE,

A GREAT MAN AND

A GENEROUS MASTER,

HIS HIGHNESS MAHARAJA SRI KRISHNARAJA WADIYAR

OF MYSORE.

Or Shall I merely say - To Maharaja Sri Krishna of Mysore -

oooooo:O:oooooo

Titles suggested for M. book

1. Reminiscences (or Recollections) and Reflections.

   The memoirs of .....

2. My Life -

   Events and Comments.

3. Looking Back.

4. Voyage through Life.

5. Service and Faith.

6. Kings and Commoners -

   An intimate and frank account of men, women and events in transitional India.

7. Events and Comments -

   The memoirs of .....

****

Looking Back and Forward

Memories and Impressions

Sir Mirza Ismail

TRUMAN EMPHASIZES IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION TO FREE NATIONS

Washington, Sept. 28 -- The free nations' " greatest source of strength in the face of anti-religious Soviet imperialism " lies in the God we acknowledge as the ruler of all," according to President Truman.

The President spoke tonight at a meeting of more than 300 prominent U.S. religious leaders. He reaffirmed his convictions that: (1) everything possible must be done to prevent the outbreak of another world war. -- a war which would be " more terrible than anything we have ever experienced." (2) The churches of the world can play a major in the crusade for peace.

The President said: " For some time, I have been trying to bring a number of the great religious leaders of the world together in a common affirmation of faith and a common supplication to the one God that all profess. I have asked them to join in one common act which affirm those religious and moral principles on which all agree. Such an affirmation would testify to the strength of our common faith and our confidence in its ultimate victory over the forces that oppose it. Today, the whole human enterprise is in danger. On the one hand, we have to resist the expansion of a power that is hostile to all we believe in. It is a power that denies the rule of law, the value of the individual, and believe in God. It is a power which has become militant and aggressive, using the weapons of deceit and subversion as well as military might. On the other hand, we must do all we can to prevent the outbreak of another world war. Such a war, using modern instruments of destruction, would be more terrible than anything we have ever experienced. It would make a battleground of the crowded and complex cities of the modern world. It might well shatter our whole economic and social system, and plunge mankind back into barbarism.

" This is the great problem we must meet. We cannot yield to Soviet communism, without betraying the ideals we live for. We cannot have a new world war without jeopardizing our civilization. In this perilous strait, our greatest source of strength, our greatest hope of victory, lies in the god we acknowledge as the Ruler of all. We turn to faith in him to give us the strength and the wisdom to carry out His will. We ask Him to load us out of the dangers of this present time into the paths of peace. In this crisis of human affairs, all men who profess a belief in God should unite in asking His help and His guidance. We should lay aside our differences and come together now, for never have our differences seemed so petty and insignificant as they do in the face of the peril we confront today.

Common Bond of Brotherhood.

" It is not just this church or that church which is in danger. It is not just this creed or that creed which is threatened. All churches, all creeds, are menaced. The very future of the world of God -- the teaching that he comes down to us from the days of the prophets and the life of Jesus -- is at stake. Despite the barriers that divide the different churches, there is a common bond of brotherhood that underlies them all.

We must

We must continue our effort to find those common ties, and to bring the churches together in a greater unity im a crusade for peace. In this way , we shall come closer to the one God who is the father of us all. In this way, we shall find the greater power to meet the troubles of our time."

President Truman spoke at a meeting of the first Washington pilgrimage of American churchmen. The pilgrrimage is composed of laymen and clergymen, in addition to leaders in women's church organizations. The purpose of the Washington pilgrimage is " to demonstrate to the world that belief in God and religious principles has served as the fundamental basis of American government. and the democratic way of life. "

===000===

Looking back over the many years of a fairly busy and, if I may say so, eventful life, and recalling to mind the relatively few successes I achieved and the many failures and disappointments I experienced, I have only one person to complain against and that person happens to be myself. Before I found fault with others, I ~~started examining~~ used to examine myself to see how far I was to blame, and very often I had not ~~to~~ proceed further. There was generally something or other which I did, but ~~which I~~ should not have done, ~~or did not do what I should have done.~~ or left undone when I should have done it

omit?

77 A, Priory Street,
Corsham, Wilts,
January 12th, 1955.

Dear (Sir) Mirza,

I have just received from the publishers, through Mr. Brockbank, your gift of "My Public Life."

I haven't words in which to say how greatly I appreciate your kindness in sending me a copy of the book which, I have to confess, I got directly I saw in "The Listener" what I can only describe as a feeble and contemptible review. But what can one expect from the author of "The Passage to India".

Alas : I fear I am as incompetent as he to express the intense interest and admiration I feel for every line of a most wonderful book, which I have already read through three times, and of gratitude for a gift I am so proud and honoured to receive.

My first impulse, when the book came out, was to write. But I knew that you must be getting hundreds of appreciations from all over the world; from royalties, notabilities, statesmen and writers of every kind, and I felt, -- well, just incompetent to say what I so strongly felt.

But may I just say that, apart from the enthralling matter, the sheer beauty of the writing carries one on, and that the chapter on the Maharaja brings His Highness back to life again.

If only your policy on Federation and Partition had been that of India when she became independent what millions of lives might have been spared, what misery and frustration, and grounds for constant conflict averted. If only you were, then and now, where Mr. Nehru is:

I must apoligize for feeble writing and feeble letter, but I have been, all the year, and still am, ill.

With warmest remembrances to Lady Mirza, and most grateful thanks for the book and all the hours of pleasure it has given and will give me.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

Sd/-
Constance E. Parsons.

COPY

Dear Mr. Rollo,

you might be interested to see Mrs Leah from Dear Miss Parsons.

Looking back over the many years of a fairly busy and, if I may say so, eventful life, and recalling to mind the relatively few successes I achieved and the many failures and disappointments I experienced, I have only one person to complain against and that person happens to be myself. Before I found fault with others, I ~~started examining~~ had to examine myself to see how far I was to blame, and very often, I had not to proceed much further. ~~There was generally something~~ or other ~~which I did, but which I should not have~~ done ~~or did not do what I should have done~~.

Some misconception apparently exists in the minds of even people who should know better as to the genesis of the Aircraft Factory in Bangalore.

In fairness to myself let me state here categorically that but for me this great enterprise would not have come into existence at all, certainly not in Bangalore or for that matter anywhere else in India. It was I who sponsored the proposal from the moment it was made to me and put it through. The idea really originated with Mr Pawley of America. It was taken up by that enterprising Bombay industrialist, the late Mr Walchand Hirachand. He tried to start a factory in his home State of Bombay but having failed for lack of support from that Government (although it was a Congress government) he came to me on the advice of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel. The Sardar said later in a public speech in Bangalore that I was ~~largely~~ mainly responsible for the establishment of the factory in Bangalore. No one else in Mysore had anything to do with it. Of course, there was the late Maharaja, a tower of strength to me in this as in everything else that mattered. He gave me his full support. I should also mention here. in fairness to the British authorities, that the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Claude Auchinleck took a keen interest in the scheme from the beginning. He fully appreciated the utility of the factory for military purposes. If it had not been for his active support, I doubt very much if we would have succeeded.

Later, when I wanted to start a motor car factory in cooperation with Mr Walchand and in association with a leading firm of automobile manufacture of America, the attempts failed. Thus a great injury was inflicted upon the State. Todhunter was chiefly to blame, and there were others, too, who joined him in wrecking the project. The perverseness of their attitude may be judged from the fact that even though, as I assured them, the State need not put into the scheme a rupee of its own, and all the capital required would be obtained from outside, they would not be convinced. If the late Maharaja had been alive, these men would have remained in their proper places and the project would have become an accomplished fact, and an incalculable blessing it would have been to Mysore and, indeed, to India as well. There was some wire-pulling from New Delhi also. We missed a good psychological moment for starting such an important industry.

Iraq

Shia - Sunni Problem.

My reference in the previous edition of this book to the position of the Shias in Iraq has been misunderstood in some quarters as an indication of religious bias on my part. I'am not inclined that way. Of all bigotries, I dislike religious bigotry the most. I was born a Shiah Muslim and remain one but my Shiaism is not of an extreme type. I accept, for instance, Abubakr as the rightful successor of the Prophet, that is, as the first Khalif, since the Prophet, although not concealing his great affection for Ali, his son-in-law and ~~the~~ his earliest follower, did not explicitly nominate him as his successor, or even indicate his preference for him. On his death, Abubakr, being the most senior member of the group, was duly elected Khalif. Abubakr nominated Omar to succeed him and Omar, in his turn, nominated Osman as his successor. Assasination having suddenly terminated Osman's career, he was prevented from nominating his successor. Ali was thereupon unanimously elected Khalif. He was undoubtedly the most learned of the Khalifs. He, too, fell a victim to the assasin's knife while at prayer in the mosque.

All the four Khalifs were great men, each in his own way, and rendered abiding service to Islam in its early days. Abubakr, although a devout follower of the Prophet did not, surprisingly enough, treat his only daughter, Fatima, dignified by ~~him~~ the Prophet as one of the four perfect women, with the respect and consideration due to her. His behaviour towards her was so unkind that she was obliged to go personally to the mosque and appeal to the congregation for protection against the harassment she and her family were being subjected to. But did not cease and cut short a singularly noble life. She was only 21 when she died.

During all this time Ali's behaviour was exemplary. He raised no voice of protest, exercised the utmost patience. lived a life of seclusion absorbed in his studies. Any intervention on his part would, he felt, result in unpleasant consequences and might even ~~result~~ cause in the disruption of Islam. It is difficult to account for Abubakr's strange behaviour towards the Prophet's adored daughter. The Shias cannot forget this episode or forgive Abubakr for it.

Ali's maxims can be compared to those of Marcus Aurelius for their knowledge of human nature, their outlook on life. I quote ~~portions of them~~ last one as an example --

> The decline of a country shows itself in loss of principle, in attachment to trifles, in bad men getting the upper hand, in the meritorious being kept down.

I spent four pleasant and interesting years in 1942-46 as Prime Minister of Jaipur under an enlightened ruler who, true to his promise, gave me his full support. What I liked most in Jaipur was freedom from intrigue. His Highness would not allow intrigue of any kind to raise its ugly head, where he was concerned. He formed his own judgment, uninfluenced by busybodies, and acted upon it.

A striking instance of his independence of judgment was shown when, towards the close of my term, of office, three of my four colleagues on the Executive Council, tiring of me and my ways, went to His Highness and complained that I was acting in a dictatorial manner. The Maharaja asked if they had any objection to his mentioning this to me, as he thought it was only fair that he should know what I had to say. When he spoke to me, I could conscientiously deny the accusation and he seemed to be quite satisfied. I obtained his permission to speak to my colleagues, which I did at a Council meeting when were were all together. They must have been surprised to see me more amused than annoyed at their action. I said that they were really unkind and unfair to me, for no Prime Minister could possible have treated his colleagues with greater deference or taken them more fully into his confidence. It all ended happily.

They were all able and experienced men and I liked them all very much. One of them Mr.(Lala Raja) Amarnath Atal, the Finance Minister (son-in-law of Sir Tej Bahadur Saptru), was an old friend of mine, but for whose persuasion, or shall I say, insistence (he came to Bangalore with a personal letter from the Maharaja) I might not have gone to Jaipur but to Kashmir instead. Sir Tej was disappointed I did not accept the Kashmir offer.

Pg. 174

Persia faces many difficulties today. There are clouds on the horizon. There are problems, both internal and external, clamouring for the solution. Externally she has as her near neighbour, a powerful and a none too friendly country which has been a perpetual menace to her national existence. Russia has not ceased to cast her shadow over Iran. But for Britain and the United States, she would have been swallowed up long ago.

Revolutionary changes have taken place recently in two of her neighbouring countries with which she is allied in the Baghdad Pact, not to speak of other countries further away. This must give the Governert cause for stock-taking.

The Shah is taking an active interest in public affairs and is endeavouring to improve the administration and make it more popular. Therein lies his own safety and the stability of the country. He has still to win over the people to his side, make them feel that he is their true friend and well-wisher, and that he will spare no effort to improve their lot. There are too many vested interests at present. That has been the bane of Iran for centuries past. Unless they are liquidated ruthlessly, neither the Shah nor the nation is really safe. The Shah has given a practical lead to reform, where it is most needed, by the distribution of his own lands among the peasants. He must insist on his example being followed by the rich landholders. Iran cannot afford to stand still or continue making mistakes. The penalty will be heavy, even devastating.

What Confucius, one of the world's greatest men, said 2,500 years ago still holds good. Oriental countries would do well to follow the principles laid down by him for the guidance of governments.

Confucius considered it more important that people believe in the integrity of their Government's principles than that they have faith in the soundness of its treasury. He said that the three essentials of good government were economic, sufficiency, military sufficiency, and the confidence of the people. But of all these, he said, popular trust is by far the most important, since, if the people have no confidence in their government, it cannot stand.

It cannot be said that the Government of Iran enjoys in the required degree the trust of the people. It should endeavour to earn it and there is not much time to lose.

Confuciuss's formula for producing confidence was government by men of capacity, sincerely devoted to the common good and possessed of the kind of character which compels respect. He told the ruler of his native state - " To govern means to be correct. If you, in the position of leadership, are correct, who will dare to be otherwise ?" This is very similar to Thomas Jafferson's statement that "the whole art of government consists in the art of being honest." That is the root of the trouble in our Eastern countries curruption, nepotism, dishonesty and inefficiency at all levels of the administration. Unless these are rooted out, it is futile to expect progress. Honest ~~ikmm~~ and efficient administration is their greatest need. A special responsibility rests on the shoulders of the Monarch. If he is to discharge it with any hope of success, he must surround himself with men of character and capacity, loyal to him and devoted to the interests of the nation, and with their help overhaul the administrative machinery and introduce a sound system of administration on modern principles.

Sir Samuel was the obvious choice for the Viceroyalty when it fell vacant but Mr Baldwin gave the post to Lord Linlithgow and Mr Churchill extended his term rather than appoint Sir Samuel although the latter had made a deep study of the whole problem and had established close contact with Indian leaders. It was most unfortunate that circumstances conspired to deprive India of the services of such an able and valued friend who would have rendered abiding service to both India and Britain at a most crucial period in their relations.

I urged him in my letters not to refuse the Viceroyalty if it was offered to him and come out and complete his work. Left to himself he would have done so for he was anxious to put through the scheme in a way satisfactory to all concerned.

My letter to Lord Templewood:--

2, Ali Asker Road,
Bangalore.
1st May 1954.

Dear Lord Templewood,

I was very happy to receive your kind letter.

The book seems to be selling well in India and it is quite likely that I may bring out a second and enlarged edition of it.

I fear a mistake has crept into my reference to you on page 67. As far as I can recollect now, I think Mr Baldwin did offer the Viceroyalty to you but you refused, preferring to become Foreign Secretary. Perhaps, you will remember my writing to you and begging you to come out to India if an offer should come to you, as it actually did. I think, and give the final touches to your work by putting the Federal Scheme through. If I remember rightly, I also added that you would do well to be away from England for five years.

Later, it was Mr Churchill who did not give you the appointment, but instead, gave an extension to Lord Linlithgow, and when he retired, appointed Lord Wavell. I shall be grateful if you can help me to put the facts correctly.

Your book should be most interesting and I am already looking forward to reading it. I am sure it will be widely read in India.

With kindest regards to you both,

Yours sincerely,

MIRZA ISMAIL.

Sir Samuel was the obvious choice for the Viceroyalty when it fell vacant but Mr Baldwin gave the post to Lord Linlithgow and Mr Churchill extended his term rather than appoint Sir Samuel although the latter had made a deep study of the whole problem and had established close contact with Indian leaders. It was most unfortunate that circumstances conspired to deprive India of the services of such an able and valued friend who would have rendered abiding service to both India and Britain at a most crucial period in their relations.

I urged him in my letters not to refuse the Viceroyalty if it was offered to him and come out and complete his work. Left to himself he would have done so for he was anxious to put through the scheme in a way satisfactory to all concerned.

My letter to Lord Templewood:--

2, Ali Asker Road,
Bangalore.
1st May 1954.

Dear Lord Templewood,

I was very happy to receive your kind letter.

The book seems to be selling well in India and it is quite likely that I may bring out a second and enlarged edition of it.

I fear a mistake has crept into my reference to you on page 67. As far as I can recollect now, I think Mr Baldwin did offer the Viceroyalty to you but you refused, preferring to become Foreign Secretary. Perhaps, you will remember my writing to you and begging you to come out to India if an offer should come to you, as it actually did. I think, and give the final touches to your work by putting the Federal Scheme through. If I remember rightly, I also added that you would do well to be away from England for five years.

Later, it was Mr Churchill who did not give you the appointment, but instead, gave an extension to Lord Linlithgow, and when he retired, appointed Lord Wavell. I shall be grateful if you can help me to put the facts correctly.

Your book should be most interesting and I am already looking forward to reading it. I am sure it will be widely read in India.

With kindest regards to you both,

Yours sincerely,

MIRZA ISMAIL.

Lord Templewood's reply --

12 a, Eaton Mansions,
Sloane Square,
LONDON, S.W. 1
5th May, 1954.

Dear Sir Mirza,

I am glad to hear from you that your excellent book is selling well. It has been most favourably reviewed in the British Press.

As to your question, the following is what happened. The Viceroyalty and the Foreign Secretaryship fell vacant at the same time, and Baldwin told me that he wished me to have one or the other. He then asked me which was my preference. I told him the Viceroyalty, as my chief ambition in public life was to start the full working of the Government of India Act. I saw him again the following day, and he then told me that he particularly wished me to take the Foreign Office, but that if I refused it, he would offer me India. He pressed the Foreign Office so strongly upon me that I felt bound to accept it. I may add that I have always regretted the decision.

As to the subsequent history, your third paragraph is correct. A good many people at the time expected that the offer would be made to me, but this did not happen, and I therefore remained as Ambassador in Madrid.

With all good wishes,

Yours sincerely.
TEMPLEWOOD.

But who can blame him for acting as he did ? Who in similar circumstances would have decided otherwise ? He had no option but to comply with the pressing request of the Prime Minister. If he had come out to India, what a blessing it would have been to this country. His grasp of the Indian problem was astonishing. He was master of every detail. He had to answer 10,000 questions and he answered them all splendidly. Such a statesman was passed over when a new Viceroy had to be appointed.

It was strange, indeed, that a great statesman like Mr Winston Churchill should have been so utterly lacking in imagination in his approach to the Indian question. He was the chief stumbling block in the way of a satisfactory settlement. He opposed in the direction of self-government for India with a vehemence and persistance that was painful to us Indians.

Pakistan had at last settled its new constitution, which was soon to come into effect. Serious difficulties, however, cropped up recently and the constitution was abrogated, marshal law declared, and the country placed under military rule; but the general administration continued as before, but more smoothly and efficiently and above all more honourably.

The declaration that Pakistan is to be an Islamic Republic is clearly, in my view and in that of many others, was both unwise and unnecessary, and, I venture to add, unjustifiable, when we consider the large Hindu minority that forms part of its population. Such a declaration cannot but cause irritation, if not concern, to the Hindus, both in Pakistan and in India. A good deal of care will no doubt be taken to provide safeguards for the benefit of this minority but the feeling must persist that they are only second-class citizens as compared with the Muslim majority.

I regret, too, that Pakistan should have decided to declare herself a republic at all. A status that is good enough for Cannada and Australia should have been good enough for her, at least until the country's future was firmly secured.

Pakistan had at last settled its new constitution, which was soon to come into effect. Serious difficulties, however, cropped up recently and the constitution was abrogated, marshal law declared, and the country placed under military rule; but the general administration continued as before, but ~~mane~~ more smoothly and efficiently and above all more honourably.

The declaration that Pakistan is to be an Islamic Republic is clearly, in my view and in that of many others, was both unwise and unnecessary, and, I venture to add, unjustifiable, when we consider the large Hindu minority that forms part of its population. Such a declaration cannot but cause irritation, if not concern, to the Hindus, both in Pakistan and in India. A good deal of care will no doubt be taken to provide safeguards for the benefit of this minority but the feeling must persist that they are only second-class citizens as compared with the Muslim majority.

I regret, too, that Pakistan should have decided to declare herself a republic at all. A status that is good enough for Canada and Australia should have been good enough for her, at least until the country's future was firmly assured

Pakistan had at last settled its new constitution, which was soon to come into effect. Serious difficulties, however, ~~arose~~ cropped up recently and the constitution was abrogated, martial law declared, and the country placed under military rule; but the general administration continued as before, [illegible]

The declaration that Pakistan is to be an Islamic Republic is clearly, in my view and in that of many others, was both unwise and unnecessary, and, I venture to add, unjustifiable, when we consider the large Hindu minority that forms part of its population. Such a declaration cannot but cause irritation, if not concern, to the Hindus, both in Pakistan and in India. A good deal of care will no doubt be taken to provide safeguards for the benefit of this minority but the feeling must persist that they are only second-class citizens as compared with the Muslim majority.

I regret, too, that Pakistan should have decided to declare herself a republic at all. A status that is good enough for Cannada and Australia should have been good enough for her, at least until the country's future was ~~fixxix~~ firmly secured.

Typed
1.1.1959

In any case, a reshaping of the country and a re-adjustment of the States on a more rational basis had become a necessity for administrative, as also perhaps for sentimental, reasons, the States being neither too big nor too small as some were. It was, therefore, a wise decision on the part of the Government to appoint a special commission to study the problem in all its aspects and make recommendations. The Commission should, however, have been a much larger and a more representative body, nearer twenty than just three, consisting of men of recognized status in the country and possessing adequate knowledge of the subject. For it should be remembered that this was not a dispute that had to be settled somehow or other, but an intricate problem that had to be solved in a manner acceptable to all concerned. I do not for a moment suggest that the three gentlemen composing the Commission were not eminent men, but numbers, too, possess a value of their own. The commission was handicapped by its small size, and its unrepresentative character. Between the Commission and the Government of India, much harm has been done to the country by the way this question has been handled, and the sooner the harm is undone, as far as possible, the better.

In any case, a reshaping of the country and a re-adjustment of the States on a more rational basis had become a necessity for administrative, as also perhaps for sentimental, reasons, the States being neither too big nor too small as some were. It was, therefore, a wise decision on the part of the Government to appoint a special commission to study the problem in all its aspects and make recommendations. The Commission should, however, have been a much larger and a more representative body, nearer twenty than just three, consisting of men of recognized status in the country and possessing adequate knowledge of the subject. For it should be remembered that this was not a dispute that had to be settled somehow or other, but an intricate problem that had to be solved in a manner acceptable to all concerned. I do not for a moment suggest that the three gentlemen composing the Commission were not eminent men, but numbers, too, possess a value of their own. The commission was handicapped by its small size, and its unrepresentative character. Between the Commission and the Government of India, much harm has been done to the country by the way this question has been handled, and the sooner the harm is undone, as far as possible, the better.

Page 139

In any case, a reshaping of the country and a re-adjustment of the States on a more rational basis had become a necessity for administrative, as also perhaps for sentimental, reasons, the States being neither too big nor too small as some ~~are at present~~ were. It was, therefore, a wise decision on the part of the Government to appoint a special Commission to study the problem in all its aspects and make recommendations. The Commission should, however, have been a much larger and a more representative body, nearer ~~thirty~~ twenty than just three, consisting of men of recognized status in the country and possessing adequate knowledge of the subject. For it should be remembered that this ~~is~~ was not a dispute that had to be settled somehow or other, but an intricate problem that had to be solved in a manner acceptable to all concerned. I do not for a moment suggest that the three gentlemen composing the Commission were not eminent men, but numbers, too, possess a value of their own. The commission was handicapped by its small size, and its unrepresentative character. Between the Commission and the Government of India, ~~a great~~ much harm has been done to the country by the way this question has been handled, and we should be have in order as far as possible, we hope.

Rejected
1.1.59

Chapter

~~My Family~~ Bangalore.

Ali Asker was so charged with Bangalore and it's climate that he decided to make it his permanent home, and never returned to Iran. No wonder the city attracted him so much. Situated at an altitude of a little over 3,000 feet, and with an equable climate all the year round which could be described briefly as one requiring neither fan nor fire, Bangalore is one of the most salubrious cities in India. It was known as the pensioners' paradise. A large number of Europeans and Anglo-Indians, on retirement from business or Government service, came to settle down here from various parts of India. Two monsoons provide it with an annual rainfall of 35 inches, which keeps it green throughout the year, except in the months of March and April when the grass dries up. But then Nature compensates Bangalore in other ways. The flowering trees in their gorgeous colours - the blue and mauve jacaranda, the pink and red cassias, the yellow peltophorums, the pink largestroemias, the plumirias, and the gold mohur - its whole top crowned with a mass of red flowers. These are the most beautiful among them - and there are other trees, like the honge and the rain tree, which put on their fresh, green leaves at the driest time of the year. All these trees make the summer delightful, especially to the tree lover.

" The climate of Bangalore", I quote from Sir Evans Maconoche's interesting book - Life in the Indian Civil Service, " is very pleasant, and there is merely a day in the year on which real tropical discomfort is to be endured. With a large European Society, every kind of sport and an excellent Club, life there is very enjoyable. Aided by a kindly mistake, and a rich red soil, the flowers and shrubs of the tropical and temporate zones, flourish side by side with amazing luxuriance. The shows held twice a year at the Lal Bag, the well-managed public gardens of the State, are the occasion for displays of flowers that could scarcely be bettered in London, while the foliage classes including palms, ferns of all kinds, crotons, caladiums, alocasias, and the like are far superior to anything to be seen in this country. "

The population was only 142,500 in 1870. It now exceeds 1,300,000 and bids fair to reach the two million mark by next census, in 1961. Bangalore is now an important industrial centre. The aircraft, telephone and machine tool factories - all Government of

India concerns - are located here. It has four textile mills, a porcelain factory and other factories belonging to the Mysore Government, besides important educational institutions like the Indian Institute of Science, a Theological College and the University colleges. There are several European schools for both boys and girls, and a Roman Catholic seminary for the education and training of Indian Catholic priests. This institution was previously in Pondicherry. When the Bishop of Mysore told me that they were thinking of moving it, I said that there could be no better place for it than Bangalore. He agreed and I was able to provide a prominent site near the porcelain, glass and lamp factories. I told the Bishop that I should like to see his "factory" also established there.

This is the Bangalore of to-day. But in Ali Asker's time it must have been a very quiet and attractive town. Traces are still left in the large compounds attached to many of the bungalows. But they are being rapidly broken up into smaller sites and built upon. A good many houses in the best part of Bangalore, called the High Ground, were built and owned by Ali Asker. The spacious house in which I live, in a compound of about five acres, was his property, and is situated on the road named after him. I moved into this house when I ceased to be Dewan. My last tenant thought it wonderful that I should be spending so much money on the house without any request from him. I was not so unselfish as all that, as I told him. I was simply looking ahead and getting the house and grounds ready for myself against the day when I should have to move out my official residence.

A rapidly growing city like Bangalore needs careful watching. Slums quickly come into existence. This should be prevented and old ones cleared - if the health of the city is to be safeguarded. Unfortunately the beauty of the city has been considerably marred by the construction of public buildings at unsuitable places, and the misuse of open areas for residential purposes. It is a sad fact that hardly any municipality in India, as far as I have observed, take sufficient interest in the improvement of their cities, a little or no attempt is made to provide amenities for the public

Among the distinguished people whom I make a point of meeting whenever I visit England is Lord Hailey, P.C., O.M., a great statesman, brilliant administrator and writer. I have known him from the days of the First Round Table Conference, that is since 1931, when he acted as one of the principal advisers to the British Government in dealing with the problems arising at the Conference. A more experienced and sagacious Counsellor could not have been thought of. Lord Hailey like his eminent contemporary, Sir Harcourt Butler, came out to India as a member of the famous Civil Service, a service which, in course of years, acquired a unique reputation for its high sense of duty, integrity and efficiency. These were two of the Englishmen (I use the term in its larger sense) who served India with a loyalty and ability that commanded universal respect, and earned for them and for their Service, a reputation unsurpassed in the annals of any service anywhere. They could n not have served their own country more zealously than they did India which they regarded as their motherland for the time being. Their memory will not fade from the pages of Indian history.

Incidentally, I must remark here that it was a mistake, in my judgment, to give up the title 'Indian Civil Service' - those magic letters, I.C.S. - and substitute for them the letters I.A.S., - Indian Administrative Service. By one stroke of the pen, the espirit de corps, the tradition and prestige that had been built up over decades, were deliberately sacrificed for a fancied gain.

It is a privilege to talk to Lord Hailey and ascertain his views on diverse matters, particularly those relating to India. Knowing that he had first-hand knowledge of the Punjab having been its Governor for full five years (he started his career as a Punjab Civilian) I asked him what he thought of th stupendous irrigation projects which had been taken up by the Government of India in recent years, particularly the Bhakra - Nangal Dam. He told me that he thought of it himself and explained why it was that he did not proceed with the project. I give below my letter to him dated the 29th March 1954 and his reply dated 2nd April 1954 --

> "It is likely that I may bring out a second and enlarged edition of my book - "My Public Life." I am the more anxious to do this because of certain important omissions in the present edition. I want to mention you in the chapter on 'Friends from Western Lands'. There are several such omissions.
>
> You may remember telling me, when we met in London in August last. that, when you were Governor of the Punjab, you had the Bhakra project actually investigated by an American Engineer, and on his report decided not to undertake it. You gave me your reasons for coming to this conclusion. I am sorry I did not note them down at the time. I should be interested to know exactly what they were, so that I may mention them in the reference I shall be making to you in the new edition.

"So far as you yourself are concerned, I shall not need your assistance. I can take care of that myself."

He replied as follows:-

"Many thanks for your letter of the 29th March. I am delighted to hear that you are proposing to issue a second edition of "My Public Life".

As regards the Bhakhra Dam, I was in the first instance opposed to it on general grounds; first, because the immense height of the Dam seemed to me to involve great dangers. I had seen the large dam built in Gwalior State by first-class engineers blow up, not because of any defect in the construction, but because of an unexpected fault in the rock on which it was built. The breakdown of the Bakhra Dam would prove fatal to one important headwork lower down the river (Rupar) and perhaps others. Secondly, the hill slopes on the upper Sutlej valley are badly denuded, so that the rapid "flow off" brings down a great mass of debris. The engineers thought at the time that the whole reservoir created by the Dam might rapidly silt up.

It was for this reason that I consulted a well known American engineer who had a long experience of building of high dams - an experience in which our own engineers were at the time deficient. He did not share my fears about the danger to the dam from any fault in its structure, but said that the hill formation on which both ends of the dam would rest were of poor geological formation and too weak to support the strain involved. It was for this reason that I decided against the Dam.

Since then the Government no doubt obtained other expert advice, and decided to undertake the Dam. I do not know what the advice was, but it was presumably given by the Irrigation Department in India, which had some very highly competent engineers. The decision must have been arrived at some time before 1947. I would not like to say that their decision was hasty or was wrong unless I had first an opportunity of learning who the advisers were and on what grounds they advised that the building of the Dam should be undertaken".

Lord Hailey has been occupying his earlier octogenarian years in producing a second and thoroughly revised edition of his monumental survey of the African Colonies at the request of the British Government. It is in eight volumes.

Lord Stanmgate declared, when he became Secretary of State for India, that he hoped that when his office ended it would said that he did his best to serve India. I had close contact with him both at the Round Table Conference while he was Secretary of State and later when he had left office. He served India with the greatest zeal. He never did anything which was not in the interests of this country. One appreciates his generality and kindness as much as the intensity of his convictions where he believes that Injustice has been done. He is vehement in controversy, and no one could be more -- courageous or confident in the expression of hostility to official or other action which he regards as contrary to right and justice. His elder son is showing in Parliament the same temperament and the same high principles that his father showed in that House for so many years.

I must not fail to mention another Englishman who can be aptly described as a genuine old Mysorean, still happily living in London, who was associated with me for many years in the service of the State. Mr. E.D.Rice started his official career as an Assistant Engineer in the Mysore Public works Department, and ended as head of the department after long and meritorious service. He served the State again for some years as Deputy Trade Commissioner in London. He is now in his 80th year and still leads an astonishingly active life; plays excellent tennis, takes part in mateur theotricals. He loves work and is quite willing to do it for nothing.

It was usual for the State to employ sons of old British officials in recognition of their fathers' services to the State. Chief Commissioner L.B.Bowring's son was thus entertained and he came Inspector-General of Police in due course. He retired from service, went to England to settle there, but came back on the invitation of His Highness who gave him a special pension from the Palace in addition to what he got from the Government. He died in in the city which he loved. Similarly Chief Justice Plumer's son joined the Judicial Department and ended his career as Chief Justice. Scaldwell rose to be head of the P.W.D the department in which his father served for many years. It was a healthy practice, and it gave Mysore some of its ablest and staunchest officers, who loved the State as much as any of us did.

Chapter to

Communal Harmony

I was priviliged to lay the foundation-stone of a Protestant Church in Bangalore. The old Church was little more than a low shed -which I felt was quite unworthy of the community. I suggested to them to allow me to take over this building for demolition and that I would given them another site and help them,as much as possible, to put up a new building for the Church. They agreed.

In the course of my address on the occasion, I said that I attached special value to the opportunity of associating myself with them in a function of such importance to the Christian community of Bangalore city.

In this invitation to me, I said, whose relations with you have been purely secular, I find a profound and moving significance. We all deplore the fact that religion whose essence is the learning of the law and love of God, is -- constantly used to sanction violence and fortify them therein. With whatever strength of conviction we rightly cling to our own religious faith and practice, we must needs realise not merely the sincerity but the truth of other religions,wherein from age to age, so many thousands have sought for God and found Him. " We all flock home to Him by diverse ways." What could be more important for our motherland than that her children, so diverse in thought and worship, should meet, as in this gathering,they do meet, in an amity far transcending mere tolerance. In our continual struggle against all evils so firmly rooted in human selfishness or indifferance, we require all, and more than all, the spiritual force generated by religion, and when this is diverted, as so often it is, to the most unspiritual use, there is found a people's tragedy. It is characteristic of your religion that on an occasion like this you welcome the non-Christian,not considering him alien to you.

In an address presented to the Viceroy,Lord Willingdon, in front of the Church in 1933,the members of St-Luke's Church said

"We are specially grateful to His Highness the Maharaja for his deep interest and abiding sympathy in all the great religious faiths of the world and for the peace and happiness which we enjoy under His Highness's benevolent reign.

We are thankful to the Lord Bishop of Madras for permitting us to build this new Church and helping us constantly in our enterprise, and to our Dewan,for the great interest he is taking in our new Church. He not only gave us the splendid site amidst historical surroundings laid the foundation stone and gave us a grant from His Highness Government but also visited the building from time to time

taking keen personal interest even in details. This sanctuary will be a standing monument to Sir Mirza's good-will and generous love to all Faiths-"

Talking to the Bishop, who was an old friend after the ceremony, I remarked " Bhishop, I know I am not going to heaven, but let me at least help others to get there." He smiled.

I am glad a Church was built, of which the Indian Christian community living in that locality can be really proud.

I enjoyed a ~~smiled~~ similar privilege by invitation of my Hindu countrymen when in March 1933, I laid the foundation stone of a Hindu temple at Chikmagalur in the interior of the State. I said on that occasion that this act of their in association me with a religious function represented a just and noble view of religion. I went on to say that our fortunes in life for the most part was determined for us. We had no choice in the religion or the conditions in which we were born or in the special qualities or character with which we started on our course. For good or evil, they were imposed upon us. Does it not, therefore, follow that we, of different religions, should entertain a brotherly feeling towards one another ? Is it right even to like a man less because his religion is not ours; That human beings should sit in judgment on each other is even less defensible in religion than in ethics.

In a message to the Bengal Muslim student's Conference in August 1935, I expressed the hope that the Conference would seek to create an atmosphere of good-will towards other communities in the country and to encourage constructive work. Such conferences would indeed be of hopeful augury. The aim should rather be not to have sectional conferences but conferences in which the youth of every community in the Province should take part. " I sincerely trust", I said " that the Muslim students will ever keep this goad in view and strenuously work for it."

I had occasion to address a Brahmen Pandits' Conference in Bangalore on the 5th April 1935. In the course of my remarks I said to them:

> I am sure that none of us believe that the Pandit class is going to disappear; nor does any one desire that it should. I am convinced that the Pandit within his well-known limits, spacious and leisurely learning, has a definite place in a cultural economy where learning, like our holdings in

agriculture, is suffering from the evils of fragmentation,

> while the hurry of modern life is too often allowing a veneer of culture to do duty for the real substance. It is not only in matters of learning that the Pandit is necessary for us, but also also in the larger life of the community, where he stands for the secular forces of conservatism and stability. Stability and change are perpetually contending for mastery, and progress is the result of the pressure of the forces of change on the solid front of tradition. It is needless to say that social progress has need for of both; of stability and tradition just as much as of unrest and change.

Islam possesses a unique institution called the Haj, where Muslims from various parts of the world gather at Mecca every year to worship the Almighty on an appointed day under conditions of complete equality. Men and women, rich and poor, master and servant, king and subject, all alike appear ~~xxxx~~ under the sky, clad in white unstitched garments, so as to emphasise the equality of ~~xx~~ all in the presence of their Creator. It is a unique and awe-inspiring spectacle. And what a wonderful opportunity it affords for bringing the Muslims together in a spirit of brotherhood and for holding meetings to discuss matters of common interest to them. And yet the opportunity is being lost year after year with no attempt made to advance their common interests. The ~~tritative~~ initiative should come from the King of Saudi Arabia who is held in sucndeep respect for his piety. He would thereby render a great service both to his Faith and to his Country and establish for himself a position of world influence.

The Koran refers to the Haj in the following words:-

> " Fulfil ye the duty of poligrimage and visit Mecca in obedience to the Command of God."

> " The poligrimate is to be made during the months ordained ~~for~~ it. Let him who maketh the piligrimate during this time remain chaste and unsullied, Let him avoid all transgression and have no quarrels with any. Verily all the good deeds you shall do will be known to God. Take provision for your journey. Yet forsooth the best provision of all is piety. Hearken then to Me. O men of understanding."

I had an old Hindu servant, Kalappa, by name. He served me for many years and died in my service. The late Maharaja, who was himself extraordinarily kind to his old servants, complimented me for not sending him away even though he was past work.

Kalappa came to see me one day and said that he wanted to become a Muslim. I said no emphatically. I advised him to stick to his own religion. He had been a Hindu all his life, and

why need he change it now when he was nearing his end. He accepted my advice, remained a Hindu and was quite happy. In religious matters, I am not, and have never been a biget. I disliked all bigots and particularly loathe the so-called religious ones.

We have in Mysore a unique place of piligrimage, unique in the sense that it is equally sacred to both Hindus and Muslims, known as the Dattatreya Peetha. It is situated on the Baba Budan Range of Hills, 6000 feet above seal-level. They bear the name of the Muslim saint who took up his residence there. I quote below a relevent extract from Rice's Gazetter ----

> " He (Baba Budan) is stated to have reared coffee from seeds he obtained at Mocha and thus to have introduced this important staple into India. A cave containing what the Muhammadans assert to be the tomb of Baba Buden, but the Hindus to be the throne of Dattatreya, is a venerated place of piligrimage of adherents of both creeds. A Mussalman Khanlandar is the custodian of the cave.....By the Hindus, the reappearance of Dattatreya at the mouth of the cave into which in ancient times, he vanished, is looked for as a sign prophetic of the final avatar of Krishna and the introduction of the millennium."

A Hindu devotee from the north had settled at the peetha. He was a sort of assistant to the Muslim Sajjada or Khalandar, as Rice calls him, who was the hereditary custodian of the shrine. The late Maharaja never failed to talk to the devotee whenever he visited the place, and one day in my presenceshe asked him, out of pure curiosity, if the Sajjada ever tried to persuade him to become a Muslim. "No" came the prompt reply. No such attempt, not even the slightest, had ever been made, although he and the Sajjada had lived and worked together for years. The Maharaja was very pleased to hear this and remarked to me that he appreciated such broadmindedness.

The Baba Budan Hills produce the finest coffee in India, as good as any in the world. Coffee is not cultivated in the north. The plateau is, on an average, 6000 feet above sea-level and is noted for its scenic beauty and its fine climate, except during the rains when the rainfall is extremely heavy.

The following letter from Guru Seva Pravina N. Srikanta Sastry an extremely orthodox Brahmin gentleman, now no more, will serve to emphasising the fact that religion need not be a bar to friendship. He was the agent of the famous Sringeri Mutt for many years. In referring to a speech I had made at the Sanskrit College in Bangalore, he wrote.

" From my observation on various occasions, I have had very good grounds to believe that my view of your previous birth is right and the speech you have now delivered on the merits of Sanskrit fortifies me in my view. I do not remember if any of the previous Dewans, though most of them were Brahmins, ever spoke about the Sanskrit language in the strain in which you have done. These tendencies, inherited from your previous birth, and now manifested in your actions, prove the correctness of my view. His Holiness, also, very much appreciates your interest in Sanskrit, and agrees with me regarding your previous birth.

CHAPTER.

MISCELLANY.

High among her blessings, Britain can count the fact that she possess a royal family that commands universal respect. From that great sovereign, Queen Victoria, who reigned for over sixty years with a dignity and success that can never be forgotten, down to the present young Queen, the monarchy has indeed been a blessing to Britain and to the Commonwealth and Empire. Among the shifting values of these days, the British Crown stands secure - whether in Britain or in the Commonwealth.

In my audience with King George V, to which I have already referred, I ventured to tell His Majesty, in response to an observation he made, that God had especially kind to him in that he possessed the love and reverence of his people in an abundant measure, as was so strikingly demonstrated, I said, during his recent illness. So long as there were -- monarchs like him on the Throne the Monarchy was quite safe; indeed, it made itself indispensable to the Nation and -- Commonwealth. I got the impression that His Majesty was pleased with what I made bold to say to him.

The conquest of hearts is more difficult, but more glorious and enduring than the conquest of peoples and territories. This what Queen Elizabeth has been doing from the time she came on the Throne and her recent memorable and majestic tour to Australia, New Zealand, Ceylon and other countries was an outstanding success from every point of view.

" The Queen " a short paragraph appeared in a Colombo paper, " is likely to visit the sacred shrine and temple in stockinged feet in deference to the custom of the land".

By this simple act of hers, and many similar ones, there and elsewhere, the Queen won the hearts of millions in Ceylon and outside. It is thus that the Royal Family becomes a power for good and an inspiration to all. May she long enjoy the blessing of God and the affection of her peoples.

Sir Oliver Goonetilleke, Leader of the Senate (now Governor General), in the course of his address to the Queen on April 12, 19 said:- very truly and eloquently --

> For nearly 150 years Britain has ruled over and protected Ceylon, whose people would always regard the British people with affection. They were a small country, but an important one with a population as large as Australia, crowded into an area smaller than Tasmania. But they had the port of Colombo, the naval harbour of Trincomalee, and the airfields - and in peace or war, the free world could not do without Ceylon.

Thanks to the good offices of His Grace Mgr. Peitro Pisani, Archibishop of Constante, I was fortunate enough to have an audience of His late Holiness Pope Pius, predecessor of the last Pontiff. Although it was not a day when His Holiness usually granted private interviews, he was gracious enough to see me. I spent forty minutes with him.

I knew the Archibishop whom he was Delegate Apostolic. His headquatters were at Bangalore (since moved to New Delhi) and we met often.

The Pope expressed appreciation of the benevolent attitude of the Maharaja and his Government towards the Catholic Community of Mysore. I said that it would be a good thing if more Indians were appointed as Bishops. It was only a passing remark. I did not think that it would be taken so seriously. His Holiness at once beckoned to the Archibishop, who was present at the Interview, to make a note of my suggestion. When, some time later Rev. Dr. M.Despatures, the Bishop of Bangalore, retired because of failing health, an Indian was appointed in his place. Let me however confess that, as a matter of fact, I have a -- special partiality for European priests, and it was a matter of regret to me that Bishop Despatures, who was such an old and dear friend, had to leave. He was, for many years, the Parish Priest in Mysore, and a most popular figure. The Maharaja, himself a keen musician, liked Father Despatures who was quite a good violinist. The Durbar Surgeon, Lieut- Colonel H.H. Foulkes played the cello and the Maharaja the flute or the violin. The services of a pianist were borrowed from the Palace Band and all these used to practise together regularly and formed a little orchestra by themselves.

I had a passage at arms with no less a person than Sir Austin Chamberlain,who was a member of the British Delegation at the Round Table Conference. Irritated, no doubt, by my persistant pleadings for the remission of the annual tribute, amounting to

Rs.3½ million a year, which Mysore was paying to the Government of India, and had been paying ever since the restoration of the State to the Hindu dynasty on the Fall of Tipu Sultan in 1799, he remarked that there was no gratitude in the world. This was in reference to the reduction of Rs.10 lakhs made in Lord Irwin's time. I replied that here was no question of gratitude or ingratitude. All I was asking for was that Mysore should not be mulcted of such a large sum which she can illafford year after year. It was really no gift from the Government of India.

A similar incident took place at the Conference between the Maharaja of Bikaner and myself. In a moment of anger, he made some adverse remarks against me which I thought were quite unjustified. I could not remain quiet and gave an appropriate answer. I still remember Lord Reading's face, how startled he was. He was sitting opposite to me. The storm soon blew over. His Highness insisted on my writing to him a letter assuring him that I had forgotten the incident and bore him no ill-will. Although I explained to him that this was quite unnecessary and not perhaps desirable from his own point of view either, he still insisted. I wrote to him, as desired. His Highness sent copies of the letter to various princes, informing them that no ill-feeling existed between us and that we were as good friends as ever.

I am a diligent listener to the radio. I particularly enjoy the B-B.C broadcast. next come those of America, and there are others, too, which are quite interesting, though not in the same class. The only objection that I had to the B.B.C broadcasts was that they devoted too much time to cricket and other games, more especially to cricket. I could not understand why the British people were so keen on cricket. One day,however, when my two grand-daughters from Madras were staying with me at Bangalore, a cricket match was going on somewhere in England. These two girls got so excited, that I had to let them have the all to themselves and they went on noting on a piece of paper the runs scored by each player, and followed the play with the keenest interest and pleasure. I said to myself that cricket does seem to have a strange fascination for some people. When Indian girls, thousands of miles away, can succumb to it, what wonder if the British people do ?

It must be remembered that in England, cricket has had the proud position of the most popular of games. Immense enjoyment is found not only in test and county matches and those of University

teams, but also on village greens and recreation grounds spread across the land.

It is no wonder then that the victory of Pakistan Cricket Team in the Test match that was played in London in August 1954 caused so much excitement and gave so much pleasure to the British people even though their team lost the match. This is eloquent proof of their genuine sportsmanship. The Times of August 18.1954, had this to say of the match under the appropriate heading " Pakistan Zindabad".

When Sir John Hobbs looked down upon the balcony yesterday on a cheering crowd, in which Pakistan man and somen were conspicuous he witnessed a scene as historic as any even in his long memories of the Oval. The victory of Pakistan over England in a Test match on their first visit to this country is a land-mark. No other visitors won a match at the first attempt. Australia did so at the second time of asking. South Africa had to wait for a good quarter of a century and the West Indies for more an twenty years. New Zeland and India (which has won match at home) are still waiting. So far Australia, South Africa and the West Indies are the only teams to have won a rubber in England.

> Pakistan's particular hero, said The Times Cricket Correspondent, was Fazal who brought his fall of wicket in the match to 12, and who throughout the the series has established himself a bowler of medium pace fit to rant near our own Bedser.

Writing to an American friend (Mr. Andrew Corry) in the Embassy in New Delhi, I gave expression to my views on the international situation:

> I am not one of those who believe that Soviet Russia will deliberately provoke a war with the Western Powers, for the simple reason that it would not pay her. The cold war she has been carrying on for some time past has yielded her a rich enough harvest without involving her in any grave danger. She knows well enough that the Allies will go to the farthest possible limit in order to avoid an armed conflict. Why then need she involve herself in so hazardous a venture ?
>
> It is true that success in conquest leads to greater appetite for further conquests. But she is trying to satisfy that appetite not by fighting herself but by getting others to fight for her. The wards in Korea and Indo-China are as much as her wars as they are Cina's or Viet-Minh's. She is harassing and weakening her enemies through others, and, at the same time, indirectly gaining experience of great value to herself, without sacrificing the life of a single Russian soldier. So far as she is concerned, she may well be satisfied with the pin pricks that she is constantly administering to the

Allies, and with the process of infiltration and fomenting of trouble that goes on incessantly everywhere under her encouragement.

That was in July 1952. I see no reason to modify those views in any particular even today; the position remains much the same. Nevertheless, there is always the danger that, as in 1914, some unexpected undesigned incident may apply the spark and provoke action and reaction beyond withdrawal. Wars may be accidental in their immediate cause.

I magine that Russia and China have come to a tacit understanding in regard to their respective territorial ambitions. China, according to my theory, is to look after the whole of Asia right down to the Middle East, and Russia is to have for her sphere of action Western Europe and the Middle East down to the Persian Gulf and Pakistan Frontier. Once Indo-China is brought within its orbit, it will only be a question of time before Communist China spreads its tentacles in other directions as well - towards Burma, Siam, Malaya and Indonesia. India, too, will not be forgotten but will come in for most unwelcome attention in due time. Already Red China has a large garrison in Tibet which has now become an integral part of China, and military roads right up to India's frontier she has laid down air bases within easy range of New Delhi and the Gangetic plain. Tibet's neighbour, Nepal has thus come under the sinister shadow of China and she can expect nothing but trouble from that quarter in the future. It is imperative therefore, to stop Communist expansion before it gathers more strength. It is a great temptation. Will China be able to resist it ?

To me there is no Orient or Occident. They are both the same in reality. The World is really one. The former will be a series of helpness, unenlightened, poverty-stricken countries without the latter's active help and guidance. Close association with the West is an indispensable necessity if the East is to make material and moral progress. America and Britan are the two countries best fitted to fill the role of philosopher, guide and friend and they are doing it to the extent ~~that is~~ made possible for them by local circumstances. I feel that with the easing of the economic strain which most countries in the World are experiencing at present, a new dawn will break and the outlook will be brighter for all.

In an address to the Officers of the Madras Engineers' Group on January 28,1955,I said, among other things :

amplh/h

"The modern world has examples, if tragic, experience of three kinds of war. There is,firstly, the hot war with which your soldiers are familiar. There is the Cold war which the politicians alone know how to wage.

And last, but certainly the most devastating of all, Ihe is the silent war, which the Scientists are incessantly and actively carrying on in the research laboratories of Europe and America. They are the people who will ultimately decide the fate of the world. Scientific research is going to be the most crucial factor in defence planning and in attack. At no time in in its history did such torments surround the human race.

Russian friendship with China is a matter of recent growth. It will change in time when she realises that her friend is more a menace than a help to her. At present, however, these interests coincide as Russian makes use of her in furtherence of her own interests. The " Yellow Peril " of Kaiser Wilhelm's day has not altogether ceased to exist.

It is hard to understand the mentality of the handful of men in the Kremlin who have themselves responsible for so [illegible] unhappiness and confusion in the world today. No impartial observer of world affairs can deny that they are the real cause of all the trouble. What they gain, or hope to gain, by such a policy, so persistently pursued with a cleverness worthy of a better cause -a policy so inimical to mankind in general, not excluding their own people, is beyond the comprehension of any right minded person. They seem to be afflicted with a malady which only divine intervention can cure.

Chapter III Two

THE ATTRACTIONS OF MYSORE

~~CHAPTER. III.~~

I remember the late Maharaja Sri Krishnaraj Wadiyar telling me what a high British officer whom he had just met, thought of Mysore. If he was asked, he said, to select 30,000 square miles of the most attractive part of India, his choice would most certainly fall on the State of Mysore. I am sure this was no exggerration. Those who have travelled the world over agree that this is one of the fairest lands in the world, full of Nature's loveliness, delectable in climate, rich in resources, rich, above all, in patient and kindly human character, a land fit for the devotion of true men-

In the course of a broadcast on the Madras Radio (August 5,1938) I said:

I am an ardent lover of Mysore. And lovers' rhapsodies are proverbially wearisome to every one except the party concerned. Therefore, I propose to restrain my ardour and to tell you about Mysore in the words of other observers. It may be that as a result, my account will be patchwork, but will be a patchwork of sound opinion and of chosen language.

Before I begin, however, I would like to give one caution, namely, that no description can possibly do justice to the reality. Therefore,, let me commend to you what a speaker said at the recent Mysore Dinner in London- "The State is there, open as a book, that he who runs may read. And he who walks may read better than he who runs, and he who rests awhile by the wayside will find that it profits him both in body and soul" A French historian wrote as long ago as the year 1800; "The plains of Mysore afford the most beautiful habitation that nature has to offer to mankind upon the earth".

For those who to their misfortune cannot visit Mysore let me quote the description of an old friend of the State- Sir William Barton:- "The country itself is full of charm, a land that lotus- eaters would delight to make their own. The main feature is a series of uplands with an average elevation of 2,000 feet above the sea. The climate has a languorous warmth in summer; in winter endless sunshine with a tinge of chilliness that is almost bracing. Westward, the plateau is flanked by the Ghaute and their outlying buttresses, like the Baba Budan Hills, where the coffee estates of British Planters have invaded the forest. To the south is the

is the great mountain mass of the Nilgiris. The scenery is diversified by great excrescences of Deccan trap, steep ridges of rock and huge isolated hills, known locally as droogs, many of them crowned with ancient forts. In the south-west and west are magnificient forestes the haunt of bison, the elephant and the tiger. The great river Cauvery, rising in the Ghauts, flows through the State. At the point where it flings itself off the highlands into the plains of Madras, itse force is impressed into the service of man to produce electric current to light the great towns, and to mine gold from quartz, a mile or more below the surface of the earth, at Kolar, a hundred miles away.

"Temple architecture bears witness to the culture of the ancient Kingdoms. There are noble buildings of different styles and periods almost everywhere. The best known are the Hindu sancturies at Halebid and Belur. The colossal image, fifty seven feet high, of the Jain apostle, Gomata, carved from the solid rock of a high ridge, towers over the countryside at Sravanabelagola. It dates from the tenth century. The palaces, gardens and broken battlements of Tipu Sultan's capital at Seringapatam recall memories of a decisive event in Indian history.

A recent visitor has said of the Belur temple: "It is doubt ful if there is to be found, anywhere in the world, a building of similar surface area whose carvings can approch, for sheer elaboration, delicacy and expenditure of human labour, the 700- year old temple at Belur".

I propose now to show what varied attractions we have for varied tastes. Let us first take what Mysore offers of things of the spirit. I will quote to you a short passage from the address delivered by His Highness the Maharaja to the assembly of members of the World Student Christian Federation, who came to us from all quarters of the globe:- "You have met together in one common faith and you have met in what may not unfitly be described as the holy land of another. Here in Mysore, before the beginning of your era, the king Chandragupta, having turned Jain and left his kingdom on pilgrimage , found peace in death. Here again, each of the three great teachers of Hindusim spent a part of his life., Sankaracharya, the apostle of the absolute unity of God and all life and the soul, founded here the school in which his memory is enshrined and his work continued. Ramanujacharya, fleeing from persecution by the Chola kings, found in Mysore, even at that early date, that toleration

and freedom of speech which, following the example of my predecessors, I have always tried to make one of the watchwords of my Government. Later followed Madhva with his doctrine of the equality of the sould and God, and what may perhaps be most attractive to you as Christians, his teaching of the necessity for bhakti, the love and devotion of the sould for God. Thus, you are surrounded here by places in which some of India's best and noblest have breathed out their liv s in intense aspiration, in profound ~~mmkgkkm~~, meditation, in the eager desire ~~afxkkmx~~ for absorption in God, and I trust you will be able to learn something of their spirit and practice, something of their methods."

Let us now turn to the materials of trade and enterprise. In respect of raw materials Mysore is one of the most favoured of countries. Of minerals she can offer gold, silver, copper, iron, graphite, chromite magnesite, monasite, ferruginous bauxite, soap-stone, mica and ~~mmg~~ manganese galena and corundum; prophyry and felspar and a best of others.

Of timber she can give you varities of teak, rosewood, blackwood and ironwood; ebony, silk cotton and Indian satinwood: Indian kino, Indian mahogany, Indian beech and Indian laburnum; and Ceylon oak and Chittangong wood.

Her crops include~~mx~~ include wheat, rice, ragi and cholam; coffee, sugarcane, cotton, tobacco, gingely, groundnut, cocoanut, castor, pepper, ginger, turmeric and areacanut.

Of fruits and vegetables there is hardly anything to which you cannot aspire. Mysore produce peaches, apples and oranges, grapes, mangoes, papays and plantains, figs, limes, star gooseberries, strawberries and rasberries; beans, brinjals and amaranth in every known variety; potatoes and onions by the ton, and a large ~~mxxkxm~~ proportion of the vegetables of all kinds that furnish the dinner tables of Madras.

Added to this we have every facility for manufacture. The rivers give an abundant water supply, and they and the great chain of tanks give a humidity of atmosphere that is said by experts to be exactly what is required for textile processes. We have a railway system comprising 700 odd miles of line, 4,200 miles of metalled road large parts of which are now treated with tar ~~and~~ or with molasses and 2700 miles of other road. Electricity is laid on in the remotest corner of the State, and power industries supplied at the ~~mxxxxxf~~ rate of 9 pies per unit. The telephone system is already widespread and is expanding

with great rapidity. There is an industrious and intelligent peasantry, wh o have proved mmm capable of adapting themselves to industrial processes.

Nor have the people and the Government of Mysore been behind in utilising the great gifts of nature. We have mines of gold, iron , manganese and chrome. There are several textile factories making piecegoods hoisery, suitings, silk, gold-thread and woollen goods. Other factories manufacture soaps, sugar, cement and paper. Sandal oil is another big industry in which the State specialises. Another group of factories produces chemicals and fertilizers, drugs and medicines; another, bakelite articles stone-ware, lacquer-ware and toys. There is a promising industry in Virginia tobacco. For the benefit largely of our own electrical works we have factories for making porcelain insulators, transformers, batteries mmm switches and other electrical goods.

We are very proud of the products of these factories, and at the risk of being called provincial, try to set before all true Mysoreans the ideal that they should wash themselves with Mysore soap, drymx themselves with Mysore towels, clothe themselves in Mysore silk, ride Mysore horses, eat the abundant Mysore food, drink Mysore coffee with Mysore sugar, equip their houses with Mysore furniture, light them with Mysore lamps and write their letters on Mysore paper. The State industries are all displayed as in a shop front, on the occassion of the Exhibition that is held inMysore City every Dasara, and we welcome all friends from Madras who will come and take stalls in that Exhibition to display their own goods, and still more do we welcome those who visit the City for the Dasara and spend their money on the Mysore goods that theymx find exhibted.

Let me put another slide and see what Mysore has to offer for the tpurist and the visitor. Besides the holy places and places of pi;igrimage already there are many others whose names are well known, such as Six Sringeri. Melkote, Talkad, which is now making its preparations for a giant pilgrimage, Nanjangud, Dattatreyapeetha, the famous shrine whose Hindus and Mohamedans both worship, Tirthahalli, Dornahalli , and Viduraswatha, with its famous peepful trees of Vidura. There are ancient capitals, fampus battlefields, edicts of Asoka andmonuments of the Hoysalas, and there is hardly one of the many hill tops in the State that does not carry a fort or temple.

We have at Gersoppa of the highest water falls in the world, with a drop of 930.feet. It is certainly also one of the most picturesque of waterfalls just as Sivasamudram mmmm

Last of all, we have in Mysore City, at the Dasara season, a pageant which a recent writer describes as embodying "scenes of almost indescribable magnificence, scenes which might be taken from the pages of an Arabian Night's Tale"

Let me quote little further from the description. "The Palace on exquisite example of architecture, is entirely outlined with myriads of tiny electric lights, one red lamp glowing on the golden dome to signify the presence of His Highness in the Palace. The huge Durbar Hall, blazing with a light and thousand colours, is open on one side to the courtyard below, where vast crowds of Mysoreans wait to see their ruler take his seat on this historical Lion Throne- The tenth is the day of days, when the famous State procession to the Banni Mantap parade ground takes place. About four o'clock in the afternoon, the royal salute of 21 guns thunders from the Palace, followed by a blare of trumpets and the impressive strains of the Mysore National anthem. The great march has begun. All Mysore is there. Townsman and peasant, all dressed in their colourful best, stand in a dense throng along the route, eager to do homage to their Maharaja. His Highness leaves the Palace for the frist time during Dasara. He is preceded by the famous Mysore Cavalry and Household Troops, drum and fife bands infantry, state coaches, camel carts, officials riding in huge elephant carriages, and many elephants. Altogether there is nearly a mile of impressive pagent. After the procession has reached the Banni Mantap and the spocal religios ceremonies have taken place, His Highness appears at nightfall on a splendid white charger, ready to review his troops. Hundreds of lamps overhead cast their dazzling light on the scene, as the Maharaja rides past his regiments and then takes the salute as they march past the saluting base with bands playing. His Highness then returns to his Palace with his troops in the glittering torchlight procession, illuminated by electric lights, flaring oil treches and thousand of fireworks. "

And, in order that her visitors may enjoy her beauty and pageantry to the full, Mysore does her best to make them comfortable There are excellent hotels, both at Bangalore and Mysore. For those who seek a retreat far from the madding crowd, there are delightfull bungalows at the top of Nandidreog, fully furnished and fitted with electric lights. There are others, as at Krishnarajasagar, Hassan, Jog Falls and Sivasamudram, which are fully equiped and staffed so that the visiter need take no more than his bedding with him, and thanks to the staging arrangements of our ancestors, there are other bungalows every few miles along the main roads, at which accomodation is provided for those who carry a full supply of bedding and are content with a picnic meal.

For the sportsman I quote from an article by that distinguished shikari, Major Phythian Adams- Mysore is the fortunate possessor of a fauna so diverse and varied that fe other parts of India can equal it. The extensive open plains of the north are the home of numerous herds of black buck, which extend more or less over all cultivated areas of

Last of all, we have in Mysore City at the Dasara season, a pageant which a recent writer describes as embodying "scenes of almost indescribable magnificence, scenes which might be taken from the pages of an Arabian Night's Tale"

Let me quote little further from the description. "The Palace on exquisite example of architecture, is entirely outlined with myriads of tiny electric lights, one red lamp glowing on the golden dome to signify the presence of His Highness in the Palace. The huge Durbar Hall, blazing with a light and thousand colours, is open on one side to the courtyard below, where vast crowds of Mysoreans wait to see their ruler take his seat on this historical Lion Throne- The tenth is the day of days, when the famous State procession to the Banni Mantap parade ground takes place. About four o'clock in the afternoon, the royal salute of 21 guns thunders from the Palace, followed by a blare of trumpets and the impressive strains of the Mysore National anthem. The great march has begun. All Mysore is there. Townsman and peasant, all dressed in their colourful best, stand in a dense throng along the route, eager to do homage to their Maharaja. His Highness leaves the Palace for the frist time during Dasara. He is preceded by the famous Mysore Cavalry and Household Troops, drum and fife bands infantry, state coaches, camel carts, officials riding in huge elephant carriages, and many elephants. Altogether there is nearly a mile of impressive pagent. After the procession has reached the Banni Mantap and the specal religios ceremonies have taken place, His Highness appears at nightfall on a splendid white charger, ready to review his troops. Hundreds of lamps overhead cast their dazzling light on the scene, as the Maharaja rides past his regiments and then takes the salute as they march past the saluting base with bands playing. His Highness then returns to his Palace with his troops in the glittering torchlights procession, illuminated by electric lights, flaring oil treches and thousand of fireworks. "

And, in order that her visitors may enjoy her beauty and pageantry to the full, Mysore does her best to make them comfortable There are excellent hotels, both at Bangalore and Mysore. For those who seek a retreat far from the madding crowd, there are delightfull bungalows at the top of Nandidroog, fully furnished and fitted with electric lights. There are others, as at Krishnarajasagar, Hassan, Jog Falls and Sivasamudram, which are fully equiped and staffed so that the visitor need take no more than his bedding with him, and thanks to the staging arrangements of our ancestors, there are other bungalows every few miles along the main roads, at which accomodation is provided for those who carry a full supply of bedding and are content with a picnic meal.

For the sportsman I quote from an article by that distinguished shikari, Major Phythian Adams- Mysore is the fortunate possessor of a fauna so diverse and varied that fe other parts of India can equal it. The extensive open plains of the north are the home of numerous herds of black buck, which extend more or less over all cultivated areas of

the State; the more broken country holds chinkara and wolves, while nilgai, though ~~xxxxxx~~, uncommon, are still reported to exist in certain parts. The forests contain herds of elephant and bison, and a good herd of sambhur and spotted deer, while lesser fry. barking deer, wild pig etc., are common in suitable localities. The State contains some famous tiger grounds, and panthers are ubiquitous, though hunting leopards are probably now extinct- Bears are fairly common in certain parts and wild dogs even more so. The list of indigeneous small game includes the great Indian bustard florican, peafowl, jungle and spurfowl, patrideg, sandgrouse(two or more varities) several species of quail, green bluerock and imperial pigeons, and the Indian hare, to which must be addd in the ~~ax~~ cold weather countless numbers of snips, duck and teal and some bar-headed goose, which find rich substance in the paddy fields and on the irrigation tanks with which the State is so well provided. Apart from birds Mysore is particularly rich in bird life, both resident and migrant.

In addition to the comfortable bungalow at Bandipur, which adjoins the Madras game sanctury at Mudamalai, Mysore has long had a game sanctury of her own in charming surroundings in the Chamarajanagar Taluk.

As for other forms of sport, there are two important race meetings every year, at Mysore and Bangalore., at which latter place there was until 1928 an excellent pack of hounds. There are tournament open to any club in India in cricket, football, hockey and tennis, during the Birthday and Dasara festivities in Mysore and at other times of the year in Bangalore. There is mahseer fishing in the rivers, and for devotees of sailing, of whom there are so many in Madras, there are excellent clubs at Bettamangala and Hessarghatta and vast waters waiting ~~fxxx~~ navigation at Krishnaraj Sagar and in Vani Vilas Sagar.

For those whose taste lies in horticulture there are attractings equalled in bery few places in India. The combination of an equable climate all the year round with a good soil and a plentiful water supply makes it possible to grow plants of the tropical and temperate zones side by side and in almost any season of the year. Forty years ago it was written that there had been established 256 varities f roses, 150 kinds of ferns 122 crotons, to say nothing of an endless number if flowring shrubs, brilliant foliage plants, gay annuable and gorgeous- blossomed creepers and orchids- Since then these numbers have been largely increased, and there has been much work done in hybridisinf and cross-breeding, with the result that the name of Mysore or those of persons connected with Mysore are to be found attached, for instance, to varities of bougainvillon that are now all over the world.

And now, faithful to my scheme of describing the places that I ~~xxxx~~ love in the words of other writers, let me give you a modern

7

journalistic view of the great new garden at Brindavan (11 Miles from Mysore City) which attract 200,000 visitors or more every years:-

"Brindavan, seen by day, is fascinating garden. It is approached by an excellent motor road leading to a pavilion. There the visitor sees the terrain fall away in a series of terraces to the river-bed and rise again similarly on the other side. Each terrace is divided across by a wide strip of water in which fountains continously play. Vertically, from topmost pavilion to river-bed, yet another strip of water begins with a minature water-fall, and there is a 'race' from one terrace to the next. Flower-beds and trim box edges border lush lawns. The whole terrain on each flank is fringed by a sweep of tall trees.

"From dawn to dusk every nuance of nature's light and shade is caught up and reflected in the unfolding waters which stretch below. When darkness comes, as by some touch of a magic wand, they begin to spray nowels of liquid light, each fountain being given an individuality all its own.

"So the enchanged eye is led onward, downward, to the river's edge, softly aglow with half-concealed and half-revealed light. And there in the river's centre, rising a sheet 150 feet, is a power of water which the wien claims for its own sport, whirling its drift strongly attractive designs. On the far ban glowing fountains lead up to a flood-lit arch which has the effective outer darkness for foil".

For the educationist it may suffice to say that we educated, not only the first lady to take a degree in any Indian University, but also C.Rajagopalachari, who was the first Indian to be Governor General of India.

I conclude with an abstract from "Life" a distinguished international magazine under the heading "Mysore A Shinning Hope for India". It wrote:- as follows in its issue of the 12th May 1941:-

> " India is so vast and varied that it cannot be seen at one look. Calcutta and Bombay are great manufacturing cities. India is the world's 13th biggest producer of steel, Coal, manganese, gold, bauxite, silver iron and copper are mined. About, 2,000,000 Indians are factory workers.
>
> "Life" has chosen to show th-

bright spot in the total picture of India. That is the State of Mysoreon the cool plateau of South India. Here at last, after a century of British coaching, native Indian have built a brick and prosperous modern State. The State of 6,500,000 has 7,000 schools including a University, 43 high schools and 357 middle school. Tution is free for the "untouchables" the lowest cast.

Perhaps the secret of Mysore's magic touch is that this not fighting anybody. Untoucahblem children are not taught to hate caste Hindus and vice versa. The Maharaja is a Hindu, his Dewan or Prime Minister is a Persian Moslem. The Dewan has a Roman Catholic Secretary and a Brahmin Assistant. The late Maharaja 's doctor was an Austrian Jew and his Secretary an Englishman.

"The result of all this is spectacular. Mysore is full of competent, clean, wide-awake young people. It is full of hospitals and social welfare work. It spends $'2,000,000 a year on the education of its masses. Nearly 200 communities have electricity. The City of Mysore is cleaner and more attractive than even most U.S.Cities. A tank system irrigates the back country. Three hydro electric plants built by an American, are super-modern.

Mysore produces most of the world's sandal oil. Its gold mine at Kolar, second deepest in the world, has yielded $.400,000,000- Mysore has an iron mountain and a steel mill from Mysore's forests. A cement factory turns 25,000 tons a year. Other factories make paper, glass, porcelain, dynamos, bakelite products, soap and silk. The Indian Institute of Science, founded by the late great steelman, Sir Dorabji Tata, is in Mysore.

Mysore's achievement is an India feat, though the British got it started. It may be due to the fine temperate weather in Mysore or to a long line of able Prime Ministers or to the character of the Mysoreans. But it is shinning hope for India. And without question the British Raj (rule) in India is proud and gald for what Mysore has done for itself. "

I made it a rule to invite all-India leaders and other distinguished persons to visit Mysore and see for themselves what the administration was trying to do for the good of the people. One of those whom I invited was the highly influential Mahratta leader, Mr.N.C.Kelkar, editor of the Poona nationalist papers, "The Mahratta" and "Kesari". He came in November, 1927, and after touring various parts of the State for three weeks, he wrote:

The days I spent in the Mysore State will live in my memorgy to the last days of my life. Very few States in India have, I think, so much as Mysore to their credit in point of the gifts of nature, and what is more, the thoughtfull use made of them for the benefit of the ryot.

Your invitation to me to visit Mysore has enabled me to see one of the most well-planned garden cities in India, some of the most beautiful scenery of nature, a pattern of well-organized methodical and beneficent example of the popularity and reverence in which a State ruler can be unanimously cherished by his subjects-

I met Mr.Motilal Nehru for the first and last time when he came to Mysore in August, 1927. It was during the birthday

celebration. He was thrilled with the illuminations and the general appearance of the city, that he told me that he would not be happy until he brought his family and showed them Mysore. This alas, he did not life to do. He wrote to me:-

Dear Mr.Mirza,

Allow me to thank you for the very cordial hospitality you extended to me during my brief visit to Mysore. Among the many happy reminiscences I am carrying away with me the happiest ~~hm~~ will be of the few hours I spent with you. My only regret is that I could not get an opportunity to see His Highness, the Presiding deity of his ~~fairly fairly~~ fairyland. I hope, however, to have that honour and pleasure in the near future.

I am returning to Bombay this evening.

With kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,
Motilal Nehru.

CHAPTER. III.

MYSORE OF ~~HIS HIGHNESS~~ MAHARAJA SRI KRISHNARAJENDRA WADIYAR'S DAYS

FEATURES OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

The position of Mysore among the Indian States is to be judged not mainly by her size, population, revenues, natural resources, staple industries architectural monuments, archaeological remains, romantic history and traditions or central geographical position on the tableland though in the ensemble of those features her claims to primacy can be fairly sanctioned- but cheifly by distinctive feature of her policy and administration.

Among the distinctive features of the administration ~~ones~~ the-

(i) First and foremost: the region of law:

Executive decrees, fiats, the orders of the Government, do not in practice have the force of law in Mysore; rulings or orders of the Government are ~~constable~~ Conclusive and contested b fore magistrates and judges as in British courts.

Not that there are not large spheres of adminstratibe law in Mysore, as in British India and elsewhere in the East and the West alike, but that does not militate against the rule of law.

Personal government as a substitute for law had disappeared more completely in Mysore than in any other Indian State.

But Mysore had intact the advantages of a personal administrati the human sympathy, the intimate touch with the people, the living zest the untiring energy, the providence and forethought, that characterise (or tend to characterise) the governance of human affairs, where the administration is carried on in the spirit of personal rule, and not as a mere soulless machine.

Mysore, therefore, continued the advantages of a settled reign of laws(as against the regime of executive orders) with the those of personal administration. The evils of an over centralised organisation as well as those of an absentee overlordship, could not flourish in such an atmosphere.

Take for example, the Hindu-Muslim problem. The Government of Mysore, it may be claimed, were more than usually successful in the dealing with the Hindu-Muslim communal friction. This was also true, in great measure, in the matter of industrial strikes. Not that those problems did not exist. With the British Indian 'Volcano' in full activity in the vicinity and ever communicating seimic shocks, and with the full swing of modern progress in the State, Mysore could not be free from movements of unrest, but the Mysore Administration acted as a sort of natural buffer, a standing Conciliatory Board, and this success was due to the peculiar combination of the personal and impersonal aspect in the policy and adminstration of Mysore. And it must not be forgotten that this maxim is no, less applicable to the West than to the East. Indeed, an awakened 'Demos' is more amenable to the personal touch and influence(and the instinct of leadership in the group life) and is in greater need of such leadership, than less developed forms of Polity.

(2) Mysore has been a pioneer in the field of what may be called intensive administration, in other words administration definitely directed to the intensive development of the region and its resources.

No doubt, the foundation of all administration is the preservation of law and order, but in accordance with modern sociological ideals and

CHAPTER.

MYSORE OF HIS HIGHNESS MAHARAJA SRI KRISHNARAJENDRA WADIYAR'S DAYS.

FEATURE OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

The position of Mysore among Indian States is to be judged not by her size, population, revenues, natural ~~xxxxxx~~ resources, staple industries, architectural monuments, archaeological remains, romantic

and methods, emphasis,(though not the centre of gravity) is shifting more and more to the major half of administration that concerns itself with development.

And it is essential to the concept of a modern state and a progressive administration that this development be of an intensive character, in other words, it should map out the whole field, select particular problems for attack, lay down a plan of campaign in regard to each selected problem, divide this campaign into successive stages, and proceed by graduated steps towards the goal or objective which must be attained in a definte period of time.

This is intenstive administration, but a big state is often at a disadvantage in adopting this intensive method of development. The maintenance of law and order over vast outlying areas with conflicting and heteogenous elements of population, necessarily diverts much of the administrative energy:- besides, scale of development is so largethat the plan tends to break down. A small state, on the other hand, is in a very favourable position to pursue a campaign of intensive development, provided it is constituted and adminstered as a progressive modern state, and has the 'sinews of war', the necessary financial resources.

A few Indian States kept this ideal definitely before them, perhaps half a dozen; but in most of those cases the plan of intensive development is confined to one, or perhaps, two spheres of administration. Mysore pursued if far more comprehensively and far more systematically than any other Indian State. Hand in hand with this intensivr admins-

CHAPTER.

MYSORE OF HIS HIGHNESS MAHARAJA SRI KRISHNARAJINDRA WADIYAR'S DAYS

administration, Mysore has developed a system of foreign ~~an~~ had scholarships and foreign deputations, which enabled her to train Officers in the most advanced science and technique that might be necessary for carrying on works however stupendous or elaborate. Mysore was thus intensively developing both in the capacity of her people and the capabilites of the region-

The hydroelectric installation at Shivasamudram, the first of its kind in India and the ~~stupendous~~ Krishnaraja Sagar are two examples ~~of~~ in the material sphere; the former at its incention was a pioneer enterprise in ~~the world~~ India; the latter still figures as the ~~third or~~ fourth largest ~~works of its kind~~ reservoir in India. In the noval sphere we had the University of Mysore, the pioneer University in any Indian State. Instances could be easily multiplied.

(3) A unique feature of Mysore was that, alone among the Indian States, Mysore built her own structure and organs, her own constitution and institutions in adaptation to her own environment. This is the mark of a living organism, this original building power.

Two or three instances would be here apposite.

It was noted above that the idea of intensive development was a ruling idea in the Mysore adminstration. But though this is distinctive feature. it ~~is~~ not a unique one. In Mysore it was far more pronounced than in any other Indian State or in a Province- ~~Bxxxxxxx~~ But what was unique in this connection was Mysore's originality and initiative in building an organ, an institution, for facilitating intensive development. Mysore had an Economic conference, a central body for co.ordinating the work of the various developments Boards(agricultra;, industrial commercial, scientific, educational etc) These Boards and Conferences were bodies constitued for propaganda, survey, advice and experimental investigation- They helped to educate the people, and carry the campaigns of development into the interior of the districts- As a result of having such an ~~intermediary~~ intermediary body, Mysore was in advance of the rest of India as regards rapprochment between Government and the people, ~~ken~~ in the pursuit of an all-round intensive plan of development for the State as a whole.

Take another instance of an organ Mysore had built up for her politiwal self-expression- The Representative ~~Assembly~~ Assembly- In the Mysore State polity, the Representative Assembly ~~dem~~ did not make law

(that is the business of the Legislative Council), but ~~has~~ had for its characteristic function the representation of the wants and grievences of the masses, with powers of ~~xxxx~~ initiative and reference(in a general and formal sense) Mysore was the pioneer State in evolving such an organ, a sort of Panchayat of Panchayats, a characteristic expression of the genius of Indian history and of the spirit of Indian ~~xxxxxxxx~~ culture, and polity. In the same way, the Mysore State Con= stitution under the Reforms ~~xxxx~~ built on the Indian tradition, but extended and developed it so as to build up ~~xxx~~ a progressive twentieth century institution. Similarly, the Mysore University was engaged inan original attempt to solve the most vital problem of Indian education to-day, that of effecting an adjustment between the cultural and the economic needs of society- The Mysore Agricultural Department was also making an independent contribution in linking up the work of the - Government farms with the work in the field. There are only a few instances of what was typical of Mysore.

It is true that in industrial and agrarian policy, and in the syspems of taxation and of land revenue, the Mysore Government followed closely in the footsteps of the British Indian Government without any specific adaption to the environments, but an independent investigation of Mysore's actual conditions and problems in ~~this~~ these spheres had begun, and might have led to fruitful constructive work.

Of course, the evolution of criminal law, substantive as well as adjective, and of civil law(other than personal law) must follow the same lines as in the British India. They are comformable to the general trend of legal evolution in human history, and indeed the British Indian codes have in ~~may~~ many respects served as models in the countri of the Far East as well as in British Colonies in Africa.

It will be noted that both under (2) and (3) that is, in carrying out constructive schemes of development, as well as evolving indigenous organs and institutions, indigenus Indian talent had larger opportunities of rising to its full stature in Mysore than in many other parts of India. Such openings are a much- needed ~~vale~~. Safety-Valve.

(4) It must never be forgotten that Mysore had had the inestimable advantage of fifty years' British administration, which laid the foundati of order in every department. The ~~xxxxxx~~ statesmen of Mysore have built on these foundations. This unique State had a unique heritage.

INDIA AND HER NEIGHBOURS

In the worldoof toeday, is is not sufficient for a nation, however powerful it may be, to be strong and happy by itself. It has to watch how contiguous countries are faring, for if there is instability and weak government in any of them, its own security is directly affected. This is also the wider consideration that, in the event of a major conflict any where in the world, all Powers are inevitably involved in greater or less degree. The pre ent troubles in such small republics as Guatemala, Panama, Nicaragua and Costa Rica have caused concern to the United States in view of geographical proximity. It is thus of paramount importance to India that the countries adjacent to her, namely, Pakistan, Nepal, Burma and Ceylon should possess strong and stable administrations ensuring peace and security to their people.

No impartial observer can suspect India of aggressive designs in Asia or of causing trouble to any other neighbours. It is her traditional policy to live on terms of friendship and amity with all nations irrespective of their ideologies. She desires their respect and confidence, their friendship and their support in her efforts to ensure peace in the world, and she is anxious, too, to make her own contribution to the progress of humanity. This, I believe, is or should be the policy of the Government of this country.

PAKISTAN

Of all her neighbours, Pakistan is India's closes neighbour. The two countries are linked together geographically, historically, and culturally, and together form a single sub-continent. What Nature has ordained, man cannot lightly overthrow. I do not mean to suggest that the partition of the sub-continent should be revoked and the status quo ante restored. The division can, and doubtless will, remain without injury to either, each part having its own independent Government, but if they are to be happy and prosperous, India and Pakistan must make up their minds to work in harmony and in close unison, especially in important matters such as foreign affairs. The closer they can ove together in this sphere the more secure and powerful they oth will be. The partition was made so hastily and on such rtificial grounds that unless some firm understanding is eached between the two Governments in order to minimise the

less fortunate consequences of such haste and artificiality, both countries stand to suffer and lose heavily by fax it.

Pakistan has not been able to settle her new constitution yet. Perhaps , this is just as well, for it has given her time for further thought in the light of recent experience. There has been a decision, however, on one point, namely that Pakistan should become an Islamic Republic. In my opinion and in that of many other well-wishers of Pakistan, this step was unnecessary and unwise. It is indeed (I venture to think) unjustifiable as causing anxiety to the large Hindu minority which forms such an important part of the population. The declaration cannot fail to cause concern not only to this minority but also to the Hindus and Muslims in the Indian Union. Care will, one hopes, be taken to provide adequate safeguards for the benefit of the twelve or thirteen million Hindus of Pakistan but the feeling must persist that they are only second-class citizens as compared with the Muslim majority. The policy of Pakistan should, on the contrary, be such as to enable the minorities, whether Hindus or others, to live in self-respect, to feel that no sort of discrimination is being made against them, and that they are regarded and treated as citizens of the country in the fullest sense of the word so that they too, may, identify themselves whole-heartedly with Pakistan and look upon her as their own motherland. A spirit of loyalty and devotion to the new State should be sedulously fostered in them.

It seems to me that Pakistan would do well to avoid constant and undue emphasis on religion as if she was alone among the Muslim States in this respect. There are other nations such as Saudi Arabia, Iraq and Egypt, for example, which could more logically call themselves Islamic, but they do not. It is no service either to Islam or to Pakistan herself to make the latter a kind of special defender of the Islamic faith.

The recent observations of Mr. Nehru, that the first lesson we should learn from history was that our weakness was due to lack of unity, is applicable no less to Pakistan than to India. It was up to the majority community to see that other communities have equal opportunities and contribute equally towards national reconstruction. Provincialism, linguism, casteism and communalism, he said, are hampering India's progress.

Repeated declarations have been made by those in authority in Pakistan that the minorities will be treated not only justly but generously. These assurances are welcome as far as they go, but they are not enough in a matter-of-fact world unless they are translated into acts, and the new title of the State is the reverse of reassuring. The contentment and happiness of the minorities will be the acid test of a wise, just, and benevolent administration, whether in India or in Pakistan.

It is to be regretted that Pakistan should have thought of declaring herself a Republic. A status that is good enought for Canada and Australia should be good for her, even though she has not the racial affinities with Britain or those countries. She might have waited at least until her future was firmly secured.

N E P A L

Though Nepal is a country relatively small in size and population, and backward economically and politically, she is of sufficient importance to India to deserve her close and constant attention.

With the growth or and departure of the Ranas and the radical changes that took place in consequence, the administration has almost completely broken down and the country is in a state of chaos. What is worse, there seems little hope of any improvement so long as the administrative machine remains corrupt and inefficient, and is not thoroughly overhauled and a workable constitution devised. Nepal is ill-adapted for a democratic constitution on modern lines, such as is being attempted at present. It is the height of absurdity to plan for adult suffrage in so backward and remote a country with its physical and other handicaps. A more simple form of electorate is required.

India cannot afford to allow Nepal to lapse into a state of chronic disorder. A vacuum there will be an open invitation And temptation to Communism to step in. This danger is now apparent and the achievement of Communist aims would be a grave calamity for India. A method of averting this danger would be to negotiate a treaty of friendship with Nepal, guaranteeing her the fullest autonomy, and safety from external aggression. At the same time, she should be assured of all possible help in the creation of a workable

constitution suited to her capacity and needs. So long as India's motives are unassailable and made plain beyond all possibility of doubt, there is no reason to fear that her intervention would be misunderstood either by the people of Nepal or by the outside world. For world opinion is a factor that cannot be overlooked, and opinion, as Parnell said years ago, is the real ruler of the world. Left to themselves, the Nepalese are incapable of solving their own problems and overcoming the many perplexities that confront them. They are in trouble. The Ranas should be invited to terminate their self-imposed exile, and return to their native land and take part in the establishment of a democratic constitution. They would doubtless be willing to serve their country in a new capacity in her hour of need. Here again, the initiative would seem to lie with India and it is up to India now to act in a manner that would win her the confidence of the Nepalese and the approbation of the world.

B U R M A

Another important neighbour of India is Burma, a rich, country inhabited by a delightful people. She has not yet succeeded in establishing peace and security within her borders. She lives, like heighbour, Thailand, in constant dread of Communist aggression. It was a mistake for Burm to have left the Commonwealth. Had she remained in it like her more powerful neighbout, India, she should have been a stronger and a more secure country. As we know, the Commonwealth is a voluntary association of Sovereign States, functioning as a miniature League of Nations, with all the advantages of that defunct organisation and none of its disadvantages. The main difference between the two is that the Commonwealth acknowledges, a Head while the League of Nations had none. The British Crown as Head of the multiracial organisation supplies a living bond, and as a symbol of unity, it exercises, along with a common language, which by itself is a strong bond, a psychological influence that maintains a real family relationship within the Commonwealth. The recognition of that Head is a voluntary act of the Sovereign States composing the Commonwealth and expresses their desire and all towards unity. It is to be hoped that the Commonwealth will, in course of time, expand by the accession of other States, including a number of colonial territories. Burma might well think it worth while to return to the fold. So also perhaps, the Irish Republic, when the old animosities have been sufficiently assuaged. In such a course lies the Republic's best hope of re-unification.

At present Burma is in dangerof Communist infiltration. Communist appetite is insatiable and it is only world domination that can satisfy it. I am not sure how if even that would satisfy her she would ~~either~~ like to dominate the outer space as well. It is simply a question of time before her turn comes and it will come if Thailand is submerged by the relentless pressure which only Communism knows how to exert from within and without. Burma's present hope lies in American support which has been generously promised to her, but membership of the Commonwealth would mean an association of far deeper significance and value.

CEYLON

Next I come to Ceylon, a small country, with a population as large as Australia crowded into an area smaller than Tasmania. But it has the great port of Colombo, the naval harbour of Trincomalee, and airfields. In peace or war, the free world is in need of her. India's relationship with Ceylon is that of an elder sister, or should I say, a mother ? India is regarded with some suspicion in Ceylon on account of her great importance and her proximity. The agreement recently made between the two countries in regard to Indian settlers and citizenship, will, it may be hoped, dispel all distrust and enable Ceylon to live on terms of the closest friendship and understanding with her neighbour, for that agreement, which is so much more favourable to ceylon than to India, is ample proof of the latter's interest in her happiness and well-being.

AFGHANISTAN

Afghanistan may be mentioned as a historic neighbourof India. Her differences with Pakistan have brought her nearer to India than was to be expected. Afghanistan is a weak,ill-administered, and backward country, and lacks intelligent leadership nor does she seem to recognise the inesc Lle fact that she is a land-locked State without direct access to the Sea except through Pakistan. Her scheme of a Pakhtoonistan,aimed at weakening her neighbour, is unwise to say the least.

Afghanistan's present rulers are under a great temptation to establish closer and more intimate relations with Soviet Russian (an immediate neighbour)as the only country which could supply her with the military equipment she needs, and that, too, at little or no cost to her. She will, more likely than not, fall a prey to that temptation, for as the Arabic aphorism has it, the enemy of my enemy is my friend. If she does, she will be convenient instrument of Russian policy in the Middle East, and by no means a blunt instrument.

CHINA

Last, but most important of all our neighbours, is China, flanking the northern boundary of India for some 2,000 miles. A really friendly China would be of inestimable value to India but an unfriendly China can be a grave menace. How far she is genuinely friendly only time will show. Assurances of friendship, of which there has been no lack, are of little value unless backed up by deeds. China's aggressive action towards Tibet is not in harmony with her professions of friendship. It must be recognised, however, that in modern times, China has claimed suzerainty over Tibet while acknowledging the autonomy of that Himalayan country. She did not, because she could not, assert this suzerainty in a practical manner. She was herself weak and her opponent, the British Government of India, was strong. The moment she found circumstances more favourable to her, she stepped in and unceremoniously annexed the territory.

Like her ally, Soviet Russia in Europe, China is a source of anxiety to the rest of Asia. Her enormous and ever increasing population, besides the millions of her people settled in various countries in South-East Asia, Indonesia, Burma, Thailand and Malaya, exerts an almost irresistible pressure on the Peking Government to expand in those directions. Military protection is lacking in all these countries, except Malaya, and their geographical position is weak. The temptation to aggression is almost irresistible. Will China be able to resist it or will she yield to it ? In any event, the danger of aggression exists and has to be reckoned with. To ignore these possibilities is blind folly; to look for the best may be the virtue of imaginative statesmanship; to prepare for the worst is the statesman's plain duty.

Evening assuming the Chairman Mao Tse-tung and Prime Minister Chou En-lai are genuinely friendly to India, what guarantee is there that their successors will be equally friendly ? India is vitally interested in the future of South-East Asia and she has to be vigilant all the time. Already China has a large garrison permanently stationed in the sparsely populated and virtually unarmed land of Tibet. What for ? Military roads right up to India's frontier have been made and air bases have been laid down within easy reach of New Delhi and the Gangetic plains. What for ? one may well ask again. Obviously, to make herself strong militarily and to exercise powerful

pressure in this region. If power is there, it can be used in any manner circumstances and ambition may require.

Nepal used to receive an annual payment (tribue) of Rs.10,000 from Tibet but that has been abruptly stopped as to be expected. The crux is that Nepal is now under the sinister shadow of China and she can expect nothing but trouble from that quarter ,unless,as already suggested, India takes her under her wing and affords her the necessary protection.

The Asian-African Conference

The Asian-African Conference to be held in Indonesia shortly will be instrumental in bringing the various countries together and in establishing close contacts between them. The Conference will be useful, provided it does not assume a racial complexion, follows the principles of the United Nations Charter, and does not pose as a sort of rival to the United Nations. China's and Japan's participationis to be welcomed and it is to be hoped that China will utilise the opportunity to dispel the suspicion that exists in the minds of other Asian countries, especially in South Asia, about her policy and intentions. This would create a healthy cosmopolitan atmosphere and prevent any feeling of racial antagonism developing in the Conference. No Asian or African country can have any friendly contact with South Africa so long as the pursues her present policy of racial intolerance. She must sooner or later realise the suicidal nature of such a policy.

In our shrunken world, there is no Orient or Occident. The world is really one row. Dependence and inter-dependence is a feature of modern times. The Orient is composed of countries most of which is are helpless, undeveloped and poor. Close association with the West is an imperative necessity if they are to achieve healthy and rapid progress. America and Britain are the two countries best fitted to fill the role of guide and friend to them and they are doing it to the extent that they can continue to provide generous aid. We must hope and pray that with the easing of the economic strain which most of these countries are experiencing at present, and the strengthening of the forces of peace, a new dawn will break and the outlook will be brighter for all.

INDIA AND HER NEIGHBOURS

In the world of today, is is not sufficient for a nation, however powerful it may be, to be strong and happy by itself. It has to watch how contiguous countries are faring, for if there is instability and weak government in any of them, its own security is directly affected. This is also the wider consideration that, in the event of a major conflict any where in the world, all Powers are inevitably involved in greater or less degree. The present troubles in such small republics as Gautemala, Panama, Nicaragua and Costa Rica have caused concern to the United States in view of geographical proximity. It is thus of paramount importance to India that the countries adjacent to her, namely, Pakistan, Nepal, Burma and Ceylon should possess strong and stable administrations ensuring peace and security to their people.

No impartial observer can suspect India of aggressive designs in Asia or of causing trouble to any of her neighbours. It is her traditional policy to live on terms of friendship and amity with all nations irrespective of their ideologies. She desires their respect and confidence, their friendship and their support in her efforts to ensure peace in the world, and she is anxious, too, to make her own contribution to the progress of humanity. This, I believe, is or should be the policy of the Government of this country.

PAKISTAN

Of all her neighbours, Pakistan is India's closes neighbour. The two countries are linked together geographically, historically, and culturally, and together form a single sub-continent. What Nature has ordained, man cannot lightly overthrow. I do not mean to suggest that the partition of the sub-continent should be revoked and the status quo ante restored. The division can, and doubtless will, remain without injury to either, each part having its own independent Government, but if they are to be happy and prosperous, India and Pakistan must make up their minds to work in harmony and in close unison, especially in important matters such as foreign affairs. The closer they can move together in this sphere the more secure and powerful they both will be. The partition was made so hastily and on such artificial grounds that unless some firm understanding is reached between the two Governments in order to minimise the

less fortunate consequences of such haste and artificiality, both countries stand to suffer and lose heavily by ~~fmx~~ it.

Pakistan has not been able to settle her new constitution yet. Perhaps , this is just as well, for it has given her time for further thought in the light of recent experience. There has been a decision, however, on one point, namely that Pakistan should become an Islamic Republic. In my opinion and in that of many other well-wishers of Pakistan, this step was unnecessary and unwise. It is indeed (I venture to think) unjustifiable as causing anxiety to the large Hindu minority which forms such an important part of the population. The declaration cannot fail to cause concern not only to this minority but also to the Hindus and Muslims in the Indian Union. Care will, one hopes, be taken to provide adequate safeguards for the benefit of the twelve or thirteen million Hindus of Pakistan but the feeling must persist that they are only second-class citizens as compared with the Muslim majority. The policy of Pakistan should, on the contrary, be such as to enable the minorities, whether Hindus or others, to live in self-respect, to feel that no sort of discrimination is being made against them, and that they are regarded and treated as citizens of the country in the fullest sense of the word so that they too, may, identify themselves whole-heartedly with Pakistan and look upon her as their own motherland. A spirit of loyalty and devotion to the new State should be sedulously fostered in them.

It seems to me that Pakistan would do well to avoid constant and undue emphasis on religion as if she was alone among the Muslim States in this respect. There are other nations such as Saudi Arabia, Iraq and Egypt, for example, which would more logically call themselves Islamic, but they do not. It is no service either to Islam or to Pakistan herself to make the latter a kind of special defender of the Islamic faith.

The recent observations of Mr. Nehru, that the first lesson we should learn from history was that our weakness was due to lack of unity, is applicable no less to Pakistan than to India. It was up to the majority community to see that other communities have equal opportunities and contribute equally towards national reconstruction. Provincialism, linguism, casteism and communalism, he said, are hampering India's progress.

Repeated declarations have been made by those in authority in Pakistan that the minorities will be treated not only justly but generously. These assurances are welcome as far as they go, but they are not enough in a matter-of-fact world unless they are translated into acts, and the new title of the State is the reverse of reassuring. The contentment and happiness of the minorities will be the acid test of a wise, just, and benevolent administration, whether in India or in Pakistan.

It is to be regretted that Pakistan should have thought of declaring herself a Republic. A status that is good enought for Canada and Australia should be good for her, even though she has not the racial affinities with Britain of those countries. She might have waited at least until her future was firmly secured.

N E P A L

Though Nepal is a country relatively small in size and population, and backward economically and politically, she is of sufficient importance to India to deserve her close and constant attention.

With the overthrow and departure of the Ranas and the radical changes that took place in consequence, the administration has almost completely broken down and the country is in a state of chaos. What is worse, there seems little hope of any improvement so long as the administrative machine remains corrupt and inefficient, and is not throguhly overhauled and a workable constitution devised. Nepal is illadapted for a democratic constitution on modern lines, such as is being attempted at present. It is the height of absurdity to plan for adult suffrage in so backward and remote a country with its physical and other handicaps. A more simple form of electorate is required.

India cannot afford to allow Nepal to lapse into a state of chronic disorder. A vacuum there will be an open invitation and temptation to Communism to step in. This danger is now apparent and the achievement of Communist aims would be a grave calamity for India. A method of averting this danger would be to negotiate a treaty of friendship with Nepal, guaranteeing her the fullest autonomy, and safety from external aggression. At the same time, she should be assured of all possible help in the creation of a workable

constitution suited to her capacity and needs. So long as India's motives are unassailable and made plain beyond all possibility of doubt, there is no reason to fear that her intervention would be misunderstood either by the people of Nepal or by the outside world. For world opinion is a factor that cannot be overlooked, and opinion, as Pascal said years ago, is the real ruler of the world. Left to themselves, the Nepalese are incapable of solving their own problems and overcoming the many perplexities that confront them. They are in trouble. The Ranas should be invited to terminate their self-imposed exile, and return to their native land and take part in the establishment of a democratic constitution. They would doubtless be willing to serve their country in a new capacity in her hour of need. Here again, the initiative would seem to lie with India and it is up to India now to act in a manner that would win her the confidence of the Nepalese and the approbation of the world.

BURMA

Another important neighbour of India is Burma, a rich, country inhabited by a delightful people. She has not yet succeeded in establishing peace and security within her borders. She lives, like heighbour, Thailand, in constant dread of Communist aggression. It was a mistake for Burm to have left the Commonwealth. Had she remained in it like her more powerful neighbout, India, she should have been a stronger and a more secure country. As we know, the Commonwwalth is a voluntary association of Sovereign States, functioning as a miniature League of Nations, with all the advantages of that defunct organisation and none of its disadvantages. The main difference between the two is that the Commonwealth acknowledges, a Head while the League of Nations had none. The British Crown as Head of the multiracial organisation supplies a living bond, and as a symbol of unity, it exercises, along with a common language, hich by itself is a strong bond, a psychological influence that maintains a real family relationship within the Commonwealth. The recognition of that Head is a voluntary act of the Sovereign States composing the Commonwealth and expresses their desire and will towards unity. It is to be hoped that the Commonwealth will, in course of time, expand by the accession of other States, including an number of colonial territories. Burma might well think it worth while to return to the fold. So also perhaps, the Irish Republic, when the old animosities have been sufficiently assuaged. In such a course lies the Republic's best hope of re-unification.

At present Burma is in dangerof Communist infiltration. Communist appetite is insatiable and it is only world domination that can satisfy it. I am not sure how if even that would satisfy her she would ~~either~~ like to dominate the outer space as well. It is simply a question of time before her turn comes and it will come if Thailand is submerged by the relentless pressure which only Communism knows how to exert from within and without. Burma's present hope lies in American support which has been generously promised to her, but membership of the Commonwealth would mean an association of far deeper significance and value.

CEYLON

Next I come to Ceylon, a small country, with a population as large as Australia crowded into an area smaller than Tasmania. But it has the great port of Colombo, the naval harbour of Trincomalee, and airfields. In peace or war, the free world is in need of her. India's relationship with Ceylon is that of an elder sister, or should I say, a mother ? India is regarded with some suspicion in Ceylon on account of her great importance and her proximity. The agreement recently made between the two countries in regard to Indian settlers and citizenship, will, it may be hoped, dispel all distrust and enable Ceylon to live on terms of the closest friendship and understanding with her neighbour, for that aggrement, which is so much more favourable to ceylon than to India, is ample proof of the latter's interest in her happiness and well-being.

AFGHANISTAN

Afghanistan may be mentioned as a historic neighbourof India. Her differences with Pakistan have brought her nearer to India than was to be expected. Afghanistan is a weak,illadministered, and backward country, and lacks intelligent leadershipl nor does she seem to recognise the inescapable fact that she is a landlocked State without direct access to the Sea except through Pakistan. Her scheme of a Pakhtoonistan,aimed at weakening her neighbour, is unwise to say the least.

Afthanistan's present rulers are under a great temptation to establish closer and more intimate relations with Soviet Russian (as immediate neighbour)as the only country which could supply her with the military equipment she needs, and that, too, at little or no cost to her. She will, more likely than not, fall a prey to that temptation, for as the Arabic aphorism has it, the enemy of my enemy is my friend. If she does, she will be converient instruent of Russian policy in the Middle East, and by no means a blunt instrument.

CHINA

Last, butmost important of all our neighbours, is China, flanking the northern boundary of India for some 2,000 miles. A really friendly China would be of inestimable value to India but an unfriendly China can be a grave menace. How far she is genuinely friendly only time will show. Assurances of friendship, of which there has been no lack, are of little value unless backed up by deeds. China's aggressive action towards Tibet is not in harmony with her professions of friendship. It must be recognised, however, that in modern times, China has claimed suzerainty over Tibet while acknowledging the autonomy of that Himalayan country. She did not, because she could not, assert this suzerainty in a practical manner. She was herself weak and her opponent, the British Government of India, was strong. The moment she foundcircumstances more favourable to her, she stepped in and unceremoniously annexed the territory.

Like her ally, Soviet Russia in Europe, China is a source of anxiety to the rest of Asia. Her enormous and ever increasing population, besides the millionsof her people settled in various countries in South-East Asia, Indonesia, Burma, Thailand andMalaya, exerts an almost irresistible pressure on the Peking Government to expand in those directions. Military protection is lacking in all these countries, except Malaya, and their geographical position is weak. The temptation to aggressionis almost inevitable. Will China be able to resist it or will she yield to it ? In any event, the danger of aggression exists and has to be reckoned with. To ignore these possibilities is blind folly; to look for the best may be the virtue of imaginative statesmanship; to prepare for the worst is the statesman's plain duty.

Evening assuming the Chairman Mao Tse-tng andPrime Minister Chou En-lai are genuinely friendly to India, what guarantee is there that their successors will be equally friendly ? India is vitally interested in the future of South-East Asia and she has to be vigilant all the time. already China has a large garrison permanently stationed in the sparsely populated and virtually unarmed land of Tibet. What for ? Military roads right up to India's frontier have been made and air bases have been laid down within easy reach of New Delhi and the Gangetic plains. What for ? one may well ask again, Obviously, to make herselp strong militarily and to exercise powerful

pressure in this region. If power is there, it can be used in any manner circumstances and ambition may require.

Nepal used to receive an annual payment (tribue) of Rs.10,000 from Tibet but that has been abruptly stopped as to be expected. The fact is that Nepal is now under the sinister shadow of China and she can e pect nothing but trouble from that quarter ,unless,as already sugrested, India takes her under her wing and affords her the necessary protection.

The Asian-African Conference

The Asian-African Conference to be held in Indonesia shortly will be instruental in bringing the various countries together and in establishing close contacts between them. The Conference will be useful,provided it does not assume a racial complexion,follows the principles of the United Nations Charter, and does not pose as a sort of rival to the United Nations. China's and Japan's participationis to be welcomed and it is to be hoped that China will utilise the opportunity to disoel the suspicion that exists in theminds of other Asian countries, especially in South Asia,about her policy and intentions. This would create a healthy cosmopolitan atmosphere and prevent any feeling of racial antaboniam developing in the Conference. No Asian or African country can have any friendly contact with South Africa so long as she pursues her present policy of racial intolerance. She must sooner or later realise the suicidal nature of such a policy.

In our shrunken world,there is no Orient or Occident. The world is really one now.Dependence and inter-dependence is a feature of modern times. TheOrient is composed of countries most of which is are helpless,undeveloped and poor. Close association with the West is an imperative necessity if they are to achieve healthy and rapid progress. Americal and Brotain are the two countries best fitted to fill the role of guide and friend to them and they are doing it to the extent that they can continue to provide generous aid. We must hope and pray that with the easing of the economic strain which most of these countries are experiencing at present, and the strengthening of the forces of peace, a new dawn will break and the outlook will be brighter for all.

TRIVENI

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

Pl. see Review of 'My life' by Mr Za Ismail

Editor
K RAMAKOTISWARA RAU

Vol. XXV
No. 3

TRIVENI PUBLISHERS
MASULIPATAM (Andhra State)

OCTOBER
1954

'TRIVENI'

SILVER JUBILEE NUMBER

The Silver Jubilee will be celebrated at Bangalore on the 20th of November 1954.

The Silver Jubilee Number (Vol. XXV No 4) will be published on the 23rd of January 1955.

PRICE Rs 3 (Postage As. 8 Extra)

It will be supplied *free* to present subscribers.

And also to new subscribers who enlist themselves from Jan. 1955.

TRIVENI PUBLISHERS

MASULIPATAM

SECURITY

We believe that from the security of the Policyholder comes the Security of the Institution, Our Policyholders' interest is secured with us as revealed in our latest Valuation Report Our Whole Life and Endowment Policyholders earn a BONUS of Rs 8/- and Rs 6/- respectively each year

"HINDUSTHAN IDEAL S' Representatives are also assured of a secured future under our Perpetual Renewal Commissions Plan

If you wish to secure your properties against the hazards of Fire and Accident and provide against economic insecurity in old age, please Demand of our services

THE HINDUSTHAN IDEAL INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

(INCORPORATED IN INDIA IN 1935)

MASULIPATAM

CENTRAL OFFICE:

POST BOX NO. 1601

32-33 LINGHI CHETTY STREET, MADRAS, 1.

General Manager S RAMACHAR

'TRIVENI'

SILVER JUBILEE NUMBER

The Silver Jubilee will be celebrated at Bangalore on the 20th of November 1954.

The Silver Jubilee Number (Vol. XXV No. 4) will be published on the 23rd of January 1955.

PRICE Rs. 3 (Postage As. 8 Extra)

It will be supplied *free* to present subscribers.

And also to new subscribers who enlist themselves from Jan. 1955.

TRIVENI PUBLISHERS

MASULIPATAM

SECURITY

We believe that from the security of the Policyholder comes the Security of the Institution, Our Policyholders' interest is secured with us as revealed in our latest Valuation Report. Our Whole Life and Endowment Policyholders earn a BONUS of Rs. 8/- and Rs 6/- respectively each year.

"HINDUSTHAN IDEAL'S" Representatives are also assured of a secured future under our Perpetual Renewal Commissions Plan.

If you wish to secure your properties against the hazards of Fire and Accident and provide against economic insecurity in old age, please Demand of our services :

THE HINDUSTHAN IDEAL INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

(INCORPORATED IN INDIA IN 1935)

MASULIPATAM

CENTRAL OFFICE:

POST BOX NO. 1601

32 - 33 LINGHI CHETTY STREET, MADRAS, 1.

General Manager: S. RAMACHAR

'TRIVENI'

SILVER JUBILEE NUMBER

The Silver Jubilee will be celebrated at Bangalore on the 20th of November 1954.

The Silver Jubilee Number (Vol. XXV No. 4) will be published on the 23rd of January 1955.

PRICE Rs. 3 (Postage As. 8 Extra)

It will be supplied *free* to present subscribers.

And also to new subscribers who enlist themselves from Jan. 1955.

TRIVENI PUBLISHERS

MASULIPATAM

SECURITY

We believe that from the security of the Policyholder comes the Security of the Institution, Our Policyholders' interest is secured with us as revealed in our latest Valuation Report. Our Whole Life and Endowment Policyholders earn a BONUS of Rs. 8/- and Rs 6/- respectively each year.

"HINDUSTHAN IDEAL'S" Representatives are also assured of a secured future under our Perpetual Renewal Commissions Plan.

If you wish to secure your properties against the hazards of Fire and Accident and provide against economic insecurity in old age, please Demand of our services :

THE HINDUSTHAN IDEAL INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

(INCORPORATED IN INDIA IN 1935)

MASULIPATAM

CENTRAL OFFICE:

POST BOX NO. 1601

32 - 33 LINGHI CHETTY STREET, MADRAS, 1.

General Manager: S. RAMACHAR

ROYAL & GENUINE PERFUME

MYSORE SANDALWOOD OIL
IS RECOGNISED AS THE
WORLD'S STANDARD OF QUALITY

ENSURE THAT YOU GET ONLY ORIGINAL CONTAINERS WITH THE MYSORE GOVERNMENT SEAL AND LABEL.

MYSORE GOVERNMENT SANDALWOOD OIL

IS

GENUINE SANDALWOOD OIL

AVOID BUYING SPURIOUS AND ADULTERATED OIL

Get Supplies from:

1. **Messrs. Associated Sales Corporation**
   Commissariat Building
   231, Hornby Road
   Fort, BOMBAY.

   (*Our Authorized Agents for—*
   Bombay & Saurashtra)

2. **Messrs. Karnatic Agencies, Ltd.**
   73, Netaji Subhas Road
   CALCUTTA.

   (*Our Authorized Agents for—*
   Bengal, Bihar, Orissa & Assam)

3. **Messrs. Beniram Moolchand and Lala Banarsidas Khattri**
   Perfumers, KANAUJ (U. P.)

   (*Our Authorized Agents for—*
   Uttar Pradesh, Madhya Pradesh, Madhya Bharat, Punjab, Delhi & Rajasthan)

If you feel any difficulty, address us direct:

GOVERNMENT SANDALWOOD OIL FACTORY
MYSORE

THE ANDHRA BANK, LIMITED

[Estd. 1923] (A Scheduled Bank)

HEAD OFFICE: MASULIPATAM

Paid-up Capital and Reserves ... Rs. 38,16,000
Total working funds exceed ... 7,50,00,000

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Sri S. R. Y. Sivarama Prasad Bahadur (Rajah Saheb of Challapalli), (Chairman) Sri J. Manikyala Rao (Deputy Chairman), Sri Tadepally Sriramulu (Managing Director)

DIRECTORS

Sri P. Pardhasaradhi Naidu, Sri P. Sobhanadri, Sri K. Subrahmanya Dutt, B.Sc., Sri B. Venkateswarlu, Sri S. Ramachar, Sri M. Sudarsanam, Sri M. Seshagirirao, Sri R. Satyanarayanamurthy, Sri D. Suryarao

BRANCHES & SUB-OFFICES

MADRAS STATE (MADRAS CITY)

MAIN OFFICE: 322-23 LINGHICHETTY STREET, MADRAS 1

SUB-OFFICES: MYLAPORE—77, KUTCHERY ROAD, MADRAS 4
THYAGARAYANAGAR—87, THEAGARAYA ROAD, MADRAS 17
MYSORE STATE: Sub-Office: Bellary
ANDHRA STATE: At Kurnool (State Capital)
Sub-Office: 1/9 Main Bazaar, Peta

Pay Office: Legislature Secretariat (During Sessions of the Assembly)

ANANTAPUR DT. Sub Office: Anantapur, CHITTOOR DT. Sub Office: Tirupati, CUDDAPAH DT. Sub Office: Cuddapah, EAST GODAVARI DT. Branches: Kakinada, Ramaraopet (Kakinada), Amalapuram, Rajahmundry, Tuni. Sub Offices: Gollaprole Peddapuram, Pithapuram, Samalkot. GUNTUR DT. Branches: Guntur, Arundelpet (Guntur), Bapatla, Chirala, Narasaraopet, Ongole, Tenali Sub Offices: Bhattiprole, Duggirala. Kothapet (Tenali), Vinukonda. KRISHNA DT. Branches: Masulipatam, Gudivada, Vijayavada, Governorpet (Vijayavada) Sub Offices: Challapalli, Gandhinagar (Vijayavada), Jaggayyapet, Pamarru, Pedana, Vuyyur. NELLORE DT. Branches: Nellore, Gudur, SRIKAKULAM DT. Branches: Srikakulam, Sub Offices: Amadalavalasa, Bobbili, Ichchapuram, Narasannapet, Parvatipuram, Salur. VISAKHAPATNAM DT. Branches: Visakhapatnam, Maharanipet, (Visakhapatnam), Anakapalli, Vizianagaram City, Sub Offices: Chodavaram. WEST GODAVARI DT. Branches: Eluru, Bhimavaram, Palakol, Sub Offices: Kovvur, Nidadavole, Penugonda, Tanuku.

ALL KINDS OF BANKING BUSINESS, INCLUDING FOREIGN EXCHANGE, TRANSACTED.

London Agents: M/s. BARCLAYS BANK LTD., CHIEF FOREIGN BRANCH, 168, FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON E. C. 3

E. RAMACHENDRAMURTI, M. A., C. A. I. I. B.
General Manager

THE ANDHRA
INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED

H. O. MASULIPATAM

[ESTD. 1925]

Andhra marches forward with a sound and steady record

BONUS DECLARED IN THE VALUATION AS AT 31—12—1953

Rs. 12 per 1000 per year on all participating Policies

Total Business in force about	Rs. 10 Crores
Total Assets exceed	Rs. 2 Crores
Total Annual Income nearly	Rs. 60 Lakhs

Premium Rates substantially reduced from 1—5—1954

TRANSACTS LIFE, FIRE, MOTOR, MARINE AND

ALL OTHER CLASSES OF INSURANCE

OFFICES ALL OVER INDIA

D. SUBRAHMANIAM

M. A., F. I. A., F. S. S. (LOND.)

General Manager

TRIVENI

JOURNAL OF INDIAN RENAISSANCE

Editor
K. RAMAKOTIṢWARA RAU

Associate Editors
MANJERI S. ISVARAN
K. SAMPATHGIRI RAO
M. SIVAKAMAYYA

Advisory Board
DR. B. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA
DR. S. RADHAKRISHNAN
K. CHANDRASEKHARAN
M. S. CHELAPATI
K. SAVITRI AMMAL

Annual Subscription : Rs. 6 Single Copy : Re. 1-12-0

Vol. XXV No. 3 TRIVENI PUBLISHERS MASULIPATAM (Andhra State) OCTOBER 1954

THE ANDHRA
INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED

H. O. MASULIPATAM

[ESTD. 1925]

Andhra marches forward with a sound and steady record

BONUS DECLARED IN THE VALUATION AS AT 31—12—1953

Rs. 12 per 1000 per year on all participating Policies

Total Business in force about	Rs. 10 Crores
Total Assets exceed	Rs. 2 Crores
Total Annual Income nearly	Rs. 60 Lakhs

Premium Rates substantially reduced from 1—5—1954

TRANSACTS LIFE, FIRE, MOTOR, MARINE AND

ALL OTHER CLASSES OF INSURANCE

OFFICES ALL OVER INDIA

D. SUBRAHMANIAM

M. A., F. I. A., F. S. S. (LOND.)

General Manager

TRIVENI

JOURNAL OF INDIAN RENAISSANCE

Editor
K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAU

Associate Editors
MANJERI S. ISVARAN
K. SAMPATHGIRI RAO
M. SIVAKAMAYYA

Advisory Board
DR. B. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA
DR. S. RADHAKRISHNAN
K. CHANDRASEKHARAN
M. S. CHELAPATI
K. SAVITRI AMMAL

Annual Subscription : Rs. 6 Single Copy : Re. 1-12-0

Vol. XXV No. 3 TRIVENI PUBLISHERS MASULIPATAM (Andhra State) OCTOBER 1954

'Triveni' is devoted to Art, Literature, and History. Its main function is to interpret the Indian Renaissance in its manifold aspects.

'Triveni' seeks to draw together cultured men and women in all lands and establish a fellowship of the spirit. All movements that make for Idealism, in India as well as elsewhere, receive particular attention in these columns. We count upon the willing and joyous co-operation of all lovers of the Beautiful and the True.

May this votive offering prove acceptable to Him who is the source of the 'Triveni'—the Triple Stream of Love, Wisdom, and Power!

The 'Triveni' Symbol

Padma (the Lotus) represents the purity of Love, Jyoti (the Flame) the light of Wisdom, and Vajra (the thunderbolt of Indra) the splendour of Power.

CONTENTS

"THE TRIPLE STREAM"	... K. Ramakotiswara Rau	163
THE LOCUSTS (Poem)	... Chintamani Behera	
(Rendered by the Author from the original in *Oriya*)		167
THIRST (Poem)	... 'Burdie'	168
KETEKI	... Raghunath Choudhary	
(Renderd from the *Assamese* by Prof. P. Goswami)		169
D. H. LAWRENCE AS MYSTIC	... M. K. Bajpai	176
MOKKAPATI: PLAYWRIGHT AND HUMORIST	... Dr. P. S. Sastri	183
THE ARTIST (Short Story)	... S. Krishna Moorthy	191
TWO SONGS FROM CHANDIDASA	...	
(Rendered from *Bengali* by Samir Kanta Gupta)		198
THE LOVE-LADEN (Poem)	...	
(Rendered from *Tamil* by S. Rangaswami)		200
"THE CLASSICAL AGE"	... D. V. Gundappa	201
SOLDIER AND POET (Poem)	... "Sharmacs"	208
INDIAN AFFAIRS	... Prof. K. V. Rao	209
BEHOLD (Poem)	... Robi Gupta	217
INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS : A SURVEY	... Prof. M. Venkatarangaiya	218
THE PRESS IN INDIA	... K. Ramakotiswara Rau	227
REVIEWS		234

'TRIVENI' HAS SHED LIGHT ON MY PATH.
BLESSED BE HER NAME!

'THE TRIPLE STREAM'[1]

By K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAU

The Nehru Tradition

In the context of the present complications in international affairs and the acute rivalry between the American and Soviet blocs, the tradition of dynamic neutrality established by Prime Minister Nehru is of the utmost value. India has emerged as an independent entity pledged to a policy of peace through goodwill and harmony between nations; and Nehru, the successor of Gandhiji in the leadership of the nation, is also the leader of the group of Asian and African countries seeking to establish a balance between the claims of the erstwhile imperial powers and the new forces of freedom in a resurgent world. The visit of Nehru to China indicates the turn of events and the passing of the primacy in world-politics from the West to the East.

At home Nehru is thinking in terms of a 'transfer of power' in the Congress and the Central Government. It is clear from his circular letter to the Presidents of the Pradesh Congress Committees that he wishes to see a new President installed on the *Gadi* of the Congress. For a time it was necessary for the Presidentship and the Premiership to be combined in the same individual. The arrangement ensured a unified command and the restoration of harmony between the Congress Party and the Congress Cabinet at the Centre. But even Nehru feels the burden of the two offices a little too heavy. There is the further consideration of providing a succession of trained leadership in both the spheres. While Gandhiji was alive it was inevitable that the President and the Prime Minister should both look up to him for guidance. But during the Presidentship of Sri Purushottamdas Tandon a conflict between the President and the Prime Minister was precipitated, and Nehru resolved it by taking over the Presidentship. The time has now arrived for a permanent division between the two functions, in accordance with the practice prevailing in the leading

---

October 27

democratic countries. All eyes are turned to Sri B. G. Kher as the future President of the Congress organisation. A statesman of undoubted integrity and ability, and a leader capable of drawing the warring elements within the Party together for the pursuit of common aims, Sri Kher is marked out for all-India leadership. Coming from the Deccan, he must be acceptable to the North as well as the South.

Another measure which will afford Nehru the relief he is longing for is the revival of the office of Deputy Prime Minister. This office has been in abeyance since the death of Sardar Patel. Neither Maulana Abul Kalam Azad nor Sri C. Rajagopalachari was chosen for this exalted position, though on occasions the Maulana has presided over meetings of the Union Cabinet in the absence of the Prime Minister. Since the recent statement of Sri Nehru the general expectation has been that Mr. Rafi Ahmed Kidwai, a valued colleague and intimate friend of the Prime Minister, would be called upon to be his Deputy. But, alas! even as Nehru was fulfilling his high mission as the promoter of friendship between India and her ancient ally China, Death's icy hand was suddenly laid on this distinguished son of India. This creates a problem for Nehru during the coming weeks. There are few in the Central Cabinet tall enough to be Deputy Premier and eventually Prime Minister of India. Sri C. D. Deshmukh has never been a Party leader accustomed to combine departmental efficiency with skill in parliamentary debate. Sri V. K. Krishna Menon may be expected to relieve the Prime Minister of his duties in connection with the Ministry of External Affairs, and enable him to function as Prime Minister without portfolio. But, the choice of a Deputy Prime Minister will continue to be a major issue. And judging from previous experience, a decision on the issue is likely to be put off till after the Budget Session of Parliament in April 1955.

If the Nehru tradition of unselfish and efficient service to the nation is to be maintained, the leaders of the Congress Party must make up their minds to invite middle-aged Congressmen, with a clean record of public life, to occupy places in the Central and State Cabinets with a view to their eventual elevation to higher office as Chairmen of the Planning Commission, Chief Ministers or Governors of States, Prime Ministers and Deputy Prime Ministers of the Indian Union, and Ambassadors abroad. It is the emergence of such a body of front-rank leaders that will ensure a continuity of policy and the maintenance of a high level of efficiency all round. The tendency to cling to power and to

refuse to train future colleagues is a crying evil in modern India. Pandit Nehru may be trusted to give a new lead and establish a new tradition in our public life.

A Revival of the Drama

The all-India Academy of Music and Drama of which Sri P. V. Rajamannar, Chief Justice of Madras, is the Chairman, has sponsored a programme for the revival of the Drama in the various linguistic regions of India. Preliminary contests are now being held at the regional centres with a view to selecting a score of plays to be staged at Delhi from the 10th of November. The Indian Drama has suffered a partial eclipse within recent years owing to the fierce and highly commercialised competition of the films. From time to time, leaders of the Film industry come forward with assurances that there is no rivalry between the stage and the screen, and that they are really complementary in their aims and activities But anyone who has followed the fortunes of the Indian stage since 1930 will bear witness to its continued decay, due in an ever increasing measure to the migration of the best talent—actors, playwrights, dancers and musicians—from the old to the new, from comparative indigence to undoubted opulence. This is an outstanding event in our cultural life, and while the magnates of the film world can be left to their own devices for perpetuating their new-won importance, the votaries of the stage, and the amateurs among them in particular, need special encouragement to pursue their vocation in life. Very few plays are being staged in India today, and the organisers of even these few find it difficult to engage good theatres for their performances. Only the schools and colleges sustain the illusion of a theatre-revival by exhibiting poorly rehearsed and indifferently produced one act plays once a year. The annual conferences of the lovers of Dance and Drama have failed to restore the stage to its former position of dignity as the finest mode of entertainment and instruction. The Academy, therefore, deserves all praise for its encouragement of the Indian Drama. Playwrights and actors have now a chance of proving their worth. What is of greater significance is the opportunity given to regional theatres to evolve an all-India theatre through co-operative effort.

Our "Old Boys"

The Silver Jubilee of *Triveni* will be celebrated on the 20th and 21st of November at Bangalore, the beautiful city which sheltered and fostered the Journal for seven years, from 1942. As the

auspicious moment draws near, I think of the many friends who have contributed to the success of this adventure in Indian Journalism. The Elders like the late Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer and Sir M. Ramachandra Rao are no longer with us. There are others not so old, but yet old enough to be much my seniors. I refer to members of the Advisory Board, Dr. B. Pattabhi Sitaramayya and Dr. S. Radhakrishnan who are happily with us today, and the late Sri C. Jinarajadasa. Then there are my contemporaries—the late Justice V. Govindarajachari and K. S. Venkataramani. Some of them like Sri Sri Prakasa and Sri R. R. Diwakar are today Governors of States. But my affection and gratitude are due in a special measure to the young men who were at College or had just left it when the Journal was started in December 1927. They began their literary careers by contributing to the pages of the new Journal. K. Iswara Dutt, Editor-in-chief of 'The Leader' of Allahabad, Prof. V. K. Gokak, Principal of the Karnatak College, Dharwar, K. Chandrasekharan, author and art-connoisseur, Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, Professor of English in the Andhra University, A. D. Mani, Editor of 'Hitavada', Nagpur and President of the All-India Newspaper Editors' Conference, M Chalapathi Rau, Editor of the 'National Herald', Lucknow and President of the All-India Federation of Working Journalists, Manjeri S. Isvaran, Associate-Editor of 'Triveni' and Literary Editor of 'Swatantra', T. N. Ramachandran, Joint Director-General of Archaeology, and the late Principal V. N. Bhushan are among our 'Old Boys'. They are exceedingly dear to me. But for their enthusiasm, and their willingness to submit to my blue-pencilling in the early years, I could not have maintained a high literary standard.

I am growing old—only last week I completed sixty—and preparing for the day when I must decline to look into manuscripts or read proofs. But even Chalapathi Rau and Chandrasekharan are verging on fifty. It is the members of the rising generation, who are studying or doing research in our Universities, to whom 'Triveni' must become a forum for self-expression and the means of enrichment of their cultural outlook. To them I convey my affectionate blessings.

THE LOCUSTS

By CHINTAMANI BEHERA

(Rendered by the Author from the original in *Oriya*)

We have to save mankind from the
clutches of the locusts,
The crops of humanism are to be salvaged,
The bright, clear human face with its gaze
Fixed on the pole-star of truth must remain unperturbed.

They have spread themselves in the sky,
In the green valley and field of life,
And, in the unbedimmed glow of light,
have spread the wings of destruction.

The man of the earth wishes to live like man
And to sway himself in the flood
of the music of humanity,
And to grow crops on this earth,
Bearing the sparks of freedom, unity and humanism.

In the length and breadth of the country
And in the wide sky,
The rays of freedom will shine
through the terrestrial light and air,
Redeeming the human crops
And dazzling the world
With the glow of truth and light.

THIRST

Mud pots and metal pots, mute representatives
of thirst with parched and gaping mouths,
Cluster round the water pipes, their smooth surfaces
Glistening like oil smeared on bald pates.
The clouds white with heat, will they melt ?
The taps so dry, how much will they give ?

* * *

When the hour comes,—
There's scrambling and a striking,
A crash of thirstful haste.
But the taps yield only a thin trickle, like milk
Squeezed from the udder of a starved cow.
Thirst must go unquenched.

* * *

A mournful silence reigns again and
Rises to meet the hot vapours.
The pots lie scattered, some broken in the fray,
The rest are flayed by the sun.

—'BURDIE'

KETEKI

By RAGHUNATH CHOUDHARY

(Rendered from the *Assamese* by Prof. P. Goswami)

Translator's Note: *Keteki* is the Assamese for the Indian nightingale with its haunting cry heard in open heaths and at the dead of night. Sri Raghunath Choudhary's *Keteki*, published in 1920, is a paean to this bird of mysterious voice and no less mysterious presence. It consists of five 'Waves', of which the first and second are here rendered into English.

The *Keteki* had haunted the Poet since his childhood days. It was rather late in life, in an orangery a few miles from Gauhati, that he was shown the bird by a Mikir tribal dwelling there. It was a sort of revelation and the Poet set about celebrating this voice, this mystery, which had for him the message of sympathy and love and appeared as the awakening pulsating through the universe. In language which is simple and repetitive as in the folk-song of the countryside, the Poet describes the reactions produced by the bird's music in his mind and in the life of Nature.

The Poet's early life (he was born in 1879) was one of considerable suffering and bereavement. He had a fall from the verandah and this lamed him for life; he lost his parents, and what property he had his relatives managed to take away. He grew up with his uncle at Gauhati. He did not marry. Late in life, before and during the World War, he came to edit two magazines. This editorial work brought him in touch with younger writers whose standpoint he can appreciate. During these two or three years he has suffered considerable physical pain. He fell twice and thus twisted his wrists, he had fever and somehow managed to lose the power of one of his eyes. But nothing seems to daunt him: at present he is leading the Peace Movement of the State.

With just a few years' schooling, what little learning the Poet has is culled from Assamese, Bengali, and

Sanskrit sources. His greatest teacher has been Nature. Personal sorrows and a sense of loneliness seem to have drawn him to the beauties and soothing features of Nature; and birds, especially, came to symbolise for him all that he has missed in life. Before he composed his *Keteki* he had anticipated this major poem in one or two lyrics on the *Keteki* and the *dahikatara*. Rightly has he been entrenched in the Assamese reader's heart as Bird-Poet. In this poem is a synthesis of a Western way of looking at Nature with an Indian way of expression. It is undeniable that modern Indian poets have been deeply influenced by the mystical attitude to Nature of the English Romantic Poets.

FIRST WAVE

Whence have you come, my pet,
Which way are you flying,
and why have you come this far distance
roaming all alone?

Shunning habitation in this desolate region,
in language that cannot be followed,
what you are crying for
I cannot make out, O bird!

What treasure, rare to gods, have you brought?
to whom will you give it?
or perhaps, the best there is in this land
you are carrying away?

On peaks of unscalable mountains
do you make your melody,
sometimes on banks of streams
you break the silence.

In lone forests, in open heaths
what do you carry about in your mind?
where have you left the jewel of your heart
to move about so disconsolate?

I cannot make out, insensitive that I am,
what so obsesses you,
what you wail about,
what it is that gnaws at your heart.

Your parents, your brothers, all you've left,
you have left your birth-place,
and the nest that you made of leaves and twigs,
what magic potion made you do so?

This land is not the Nandan garden,
it is not Amaravati,
there are so many paths—true and false,
there is so much trouble.

Do you realize, O bird, that in the magic forest
you are sojourning,
magicians in magic guise will
catch your neck in meshes?

The snares of delusion
the wicked hunter has laid out well;
consider what you do, O bird,
cautiously do you move.

You have come expecting
some rare thing to find, to peck at,
there's a lot of tempting things,
you might get befooled!

Selfless love you won't find here,
you won't find real happiness;
who will proffer you tender words,
who will realize your grief?

To share your weal and woe then
is there anyone—
mate in life, half of your soul?
has she accompanied you?

Though, O bird, a puny creature you are,
and poor in strength,
there is in you a world of love
to pour forth day and night.

For the welfare of the world
did you take bird shape,
with the pure thread of love
the entire world did you entwine.

It is Providence at the start of creation
that carefully shaped you,
to hand on the taste of love have you come
in the guise of a divine messenger.

Reaching out your neck this way and that
what do you peer at,
at whose separation
does your heart melt?

Whose message have you brought, dear,
to whom will you speak?

at your melting voice
so deeply I am moved.

If you have brought news of loss
do not let us hear of it,
if you have brought news of union
sing out in tender melody.

The moment you came you entranced the seas,
entranced the hills and forests,
with one nectar-flowing note
you entranced the entire world.

In desolate and desert lands
you sang your vitalizing song,
and in ground that was dry and barren
you made a superb garden.

In the kingdom of love you became queen
and did wonders,
pouring streams of melody
you decked Nature in youthful raiment.

I was deep in the sleep of delusion,
neither sensation nor consciousness I had,
then you sang and roused me
and now I am wild with joy.

In the palace of illusion I was seeing
a series of transient dreams,
at your song loosened
the ties of my obsession.

Though I was born a mortal
following the ways of the world,
it was your song which taught me
of divine love and affection...

It is because you come with the message of love,
there is the speech of affection,
the soft smile, the sidelong glance;
of the dispirited you are the stay...

SECOND WAVE

It is Spring, the mango blossoms,
the jack-fruit buds,
and the sweet-tongued cuckoo to see you
comes with her hair parted.

She is not good to the eye,
her body is black,

but singing on the soothing fifth note
she carries the merchandise of love.

At your music the maid Bahagi[1]
decks her youthful person,
with you comes your associate
the cool southern breeze.

In the gardens, shrubs and creepers
put on new foliage, and
making superb arbours,
happiness on earth they spread.

At the gate of the tree-shaded cottage
there is the red *asoka*,
it now pays you homage
and proffers clusters of blossoms.

The soft breeze stirs softly
the greenery of grass,
how they sparkle in the sunrays—
the bead-like pendulous flowers!

Various fragrant flowers
their fragrance waft and tender you
the affectionate greeting
they cherish in their heart...

Alighting on a tree at early dawn
you sing songs of the morning,
the silent earth rises
and stirs wave on wave.

The *dahikatara* in amourousness
frisks in various modes,
it but memorises your music
to pour it out again.

At the brink of the marsh
the *chakravaka* calls out,
and the stirring music
vibrates in the body of the wild duck.

It is at your music that innumerable birds,
in various dulcet tunes,
in deep forest and wild valley,
in praise of the Lord sing...

You have another associate,
the songstress *maina*,

---

[1] Bahagi, personification of the Spring, from Bahag or Baisakh.

she moves gracefully among tall trees
and sings Bihu songs.[2]

The heart of the songstress, as it were,
is full of passion,
how it perches and sings,
how moving the music is!

It is you who taught wild birds
to sing so pleasingly
and the artless Flower-maid
to raise her veil and see...

Your mysterious magic voice
takes on different shapes,
for joy and sorrow
in the same tune ring.

How wildly you sing
at dead of night,
how you shoot your charm
and hit the soul of the *chakravaka*!

At separation from her lord, the sad bird
becomes mad, as it were,
and reaching out her neck for her love
in mistake she but peers at you.

At your music of separation,
the wives that are left behind,
remember their sojourning husbands,
and indulge in unaccountable thoughts!

The words of love spoken in days gone by,
the joys of meeting,
on the strings of their tender heart
how you play those old memories!

What is it you sing, O bird,
that entrances heart and soul,
that saddens the mind
of these poor ladies?

How at your voice
the mind of a person responds!
I cannot describe what he thinks,
whose image he cherishes.

At your voice the shy daughter-in-law
stops weaving at her loom,

---

[2] Springtime songs sung at the Biha festival.

the shuttle stays in her hand
and speech she loses.

The same voice makes marriageable girls
forget themselves,
and the spindle in the spinning-wheel
stays unmoved.

Cheerfully talking of their sweethearts,
young girls
swaying like the duck,
were going to the *ghat*,

When stealthily flying there
from a roadside tree,
with full passion, what was it you sang,
that put them in a flutter?

With hearts yearning and enraptured,
they stood gazing at you,
from their hair loosened and fell
the *malatis* that were there.

You stole their hearts and flew away,
only left their minds unsettled,
now toes that are like *champa* buds
get knocked off against the road...

she moves gracefully among tall trees
and sings Bihu songs.[2]

The heart of the songstress, as it were,
is full of passion,
how it perches and sings,
how moving the music is!

It is you who taught wild birds
to sing so pleasingly
and the artless Flower-maid
to raise her veil and see...

Your mysterious magic voice
takes on different shapes,
for joy and sorrow
in the same tune ring.

How wildly you sing
at dead of night,
how you shoot your charm
and hit the soul of the *chakravaka*!

At separation from her lord, the sad bird
becomes mad, as it were,
and reaching out her neck for her love
in mistake she but peers at you.

At your music of separation,
the wives that are left behind,
remember their sojourning husbands,
and indulge in unaccountable thoughts!

The words of love spoken in days gone by,
the joys of meeting,
on the strings of their tender heart
how you play those old memories!

What is it you sing, O bird,
that entrances heart and soul,
that saddens the mind
of these poor ladies?

How at your voice
the mind of a person responds!
I cannot describe what he thinks,
whose image he cherishes.

At your voice the shy daughter-in-law
stops weaving at her loom,

---

[2] Springtime songs sung at the Biha festival.

the shuttle stays in her hand
and speech she loses.

The same voice makes marriageable girls
forget themselves,
and the spindle in the spinning-wheel
stays unmoved.

Cheerfully talking of their sweethearts,
young girls
swaying like the duck,
were going to the *ghat*,

When stealthily flying there
from a roadside tree,
with full passion, what was it you sang,
that put them in a flutter?

With hearts yearning and enraptured,
they stood gazing at you,
from their hair loosened and fell
the *malatis* that were there.

You stole their hearts and flew away,
only left their minds unsettled,
now toes that are like *champa* buds
get knocked off against the road...

D. H. LAWRENCE AS MYSTIC

By M. K. BAJPAI

The purpose of this article is to show that D. H. Lawrence is a mystic, as great as any recognised mystic of the past, though of a different kind. Because such a statement is bound to evoke a difference of opinion, I will begin by investigating 'What is mysticism?'

The word 'mysticism' sounds ugly to most people because the modern man has a wholesome contempt for abstractions. In its derogatory sense, the word is often understood to mean a vague yearning of the soul after a transcendent experience. Mysticism begins, the philistine thinks, where all rational thinking ends. The idealists and visionaries indulge in such Quixotic exploits which are of little practical use to the men of the world. This may very well be the popular attitude towards mysticism, but let me admit at the outset that to the men who hold such an attitude I have nothing to say. Mysticism can have no significance for those who believe that spirit and things spiritual are figments of the poet's imagination.

Since we have to choose a starting point for our enquiry, let us accept this as a working definition of the term: Mysticism is the endeavour of the human soul to enter into communion, as direct and immediate as possible, with the divine soul. The difficulty in understanding mysticism is due to the fact that for most of us the mystical experience, 'the awakening of the fountain of the soul' as Tagore put it, is a closed book, and those who were blessed with a mystical trance found the experience either too difficult to describe, or described it in terms the full implication of which we, the uninitiate, are unable to understand. The mystic rises above the world and above himself to enter into the world of pure spirit, which is a world apart, effulgent to him but mysterious to us.

Mysticism is commonly supposed to be of two kinds: theoretical or philosophical, achieved by rational enquiry; and practical or religious, achieved by emotional ecstasy. Theoretical mysticism is the endeavour of the human *mind* to grasp the divine essence, or, as we may choose to call it, the ultimate reality of things. A practical mystic on the other hand partakes

in the divine nature. God ceases to be an *object* and becomes an *experience*.

This division gives rise to a pertinent enquiry. Is mysticism a phase of thought, or of feeling, or of both? The question has been answered by the thinkers in their own way. I for one do not believe in 'rational mysticism'. The term appears to me to be self-contradictory. A rational enquiry is within the reach of most of us; but mysticism, as an experience, has been granted to very few. Mysticism has never been a demonstrable proposition. We cannot nail down a mystical experience by words in a language. The history of human thought moreover tells us that the mystics—like Thomas a Kempis, Blake, Keats—did not lay much store by knowledge. Moreover mysticism implies an identity between the human soul and the divine soul. Such an identity is possible only in a state of heightened feeling: knowledge involves subject-object relationship in cognition and therefore precludes identity.

So real mysticism is a heart-religion "felt in the blood, and felt along the heart". A mystic believes that the Infinite Spirit is the perfective of the qualities of the Finite Spirit. God, in being the True, the Good and the Beautiful, contains in Him the consummation of the human soul. A mystic, implicitly or explicitly, recognises this and adjusts his life accordingly.

In the writings of the mystics we find that there are some features common to their experiences. For example, we know that most of the mystics become pantheistic. We also know that their unique experience lands them in a preternatural state of feeling. The three characteristics of any mystical experience are an acute consciousness of the other presence, a longing for communion with it, and a faith in the feasibility of this communion. The practical mystic becomes unsocial; the world of spirit so much envelops his existence that he is combed out of the world of human beings. The soul of the mystic does not live in a state of bliss. "It is impossible," writes St. Teresa, "to describe the suffering of the Soul in this state. It goes about in quest of relief, and God suffers it to find none." When the mystical trance has come to pass, all sense of duality or separate existence of the individual spirit is lost. The communion with God gives the feeling of oneness.

The communication of a mystical experience, as I have said above, has been a difficult task. There appear to my mind three reasons for this: the uninitiate reader cannot fully grasp the meaning of the terms which describe such an experience; human

language itself is found inadequate as a medium of expression; and the mind of the mystic cannot keep pace with the soul in its adventure into the otherness. But a study of the writings of mystics living in different times and places discloses one very significant fact. A mystic is always required to see God through a medium. The face of God is so luminous that we can look at it only through a coloured glass. If we study and generalise we will discover that the media chosen through which we can look at God have been mainly three: Religion, Nature and Beauty. In English poetry, Blake, Wordsworth, and Keats represent these three kinds of mysticism. Let us take them one by one.

Blake is the purest of English mystic poets, and a representative example of religious mysticism. In his Bampton Lectures on Christian Mysticism delivered at Oxford in 1899, Dean Inge defined religious mysticism as "the attempt to realise, in thought and feeling, the importance of the temporal in the eternal, and of the eternal in the temporal" Keeping this description in mind, when we turn to the works of Blake, the following lines come to us strikingly:

"To see a world in a grain of sand
A Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold Divinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour."

These lines contain the essence of mysticism. The mystic realises the presence of the living God every moment in his soul and in nature. The 'insurgent naked throb of the instant moment' is all that matters to him. But the inability to render a mystical experience in words of common parlance forces him to use symbols,—sometimes the symbols he uses are conventional, at other times he coins his own symbols.

"I give you the end of a golden string,
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate
Built in Jerusalem's wall."

The attitude of a nature mystic is akin to the attitude of the religious mystic. He discerns in every object of Nature the manifestation of the divine spirit. The dancing daffodils, the singing rivulets, the sea that bares her bosom to the moon, a violet by a mossy stone half hidden from the eye—all these objects are dear to the heart of Wordsworth, because in them he sees the life-breath of the celestial spirit. He sees 'splendour' in

a blade of grass and 'glory' in a flower This is why the meanest flower could give him thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. The harmony and joy which he missed in the world of man and which he found in nature, enabled him to "see into the life of things". There he discovered "a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused".

Keats is our example of a beauty mystic. The soul of such a mystic is filled with wonder at the sight of so much beauty all around him—the sight in a tender night of the Queen-Moon sitting on her throne clustered around by all her starry Fays; the sound when

> "...full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
> Hedge-crickets sing: and now with treble soft
> The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft
> And gathering swallows twitter in the skies"

And then there is the taste of the true, the blushful Hippocrane, "With beaded bubbles winking at the brim, and purple-stained mouth"; the smell of the "white hawthorn, pastoral eglantine, fast fading violets" and "the coming musk-rose." Keats loved all these things because in their beauty he saw the touch of the divine Painter's brush. He declared his life-religion by saying, "I have loved the principle of beauty in all things..." In another letter to one of his correspondents he explained: "The roaring of the wind is my wife and the Stars through the window-pane are my Children. The mighty abstract idea I have of beauty in all things stifles the more divided and minute domestic happiness—an amiable wife and sweet Children, I contemplate as part of that Beauty, but I must have a thousand of those beautiful particles to fill up my heart. I feel more and more everyday, as my imagination strengthens, that I do not live in this world alone but in a thousand worlds." It is in the light of this statement, I feel, that we ought to understand the concluding lines of the Ode on a Grecian Urn:

> "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty;
> That is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

I have made this digression because my purpose now is to show that apart from these three commonly recognised and used media, viz., religion, nature and beauty, Lawrence discovered a new medium—the flesh of the woman for man, of the man for woman. To give it in his own words, we take this passage from the unpublished Foreword to 'Sons And Lovers.' "And God the Father, the Inscrutable, the Unknowable, we know in the flesh,

in Woman. She is the door for our in-going and out-coming. In her we go back to the Father; but like the witnesses of the transfiguration, blind and unconscious." Before trying to understand this passage, let us try to find out how Lawrence came to such a realisation.

Lawrence begins by assuming that desires are no reprehensible part of our self, merely to be suppressed, or crushed, or denied. But he proclaims, "Desire itself is a pure thing, like sunshine, or fire, or rain". And when a man gives way to his desire, everything spiritual in him is conveyed into his sexual function and flows through this channel. In order that this stream be pure and unsullied, there are certain precautions to be observed: a man should mate with the right woman who can take him and whose love he can take; body should mate with body and spirit with spirit; there should be no abstraction in love, no sex in the head: we should not make an ideal of love, thinking it to be eternal and boundless, for true love is intense and individual:

> "The moment the mind interferes with love, or the will fixes on it,
> or the personality assumes it as an attribute, or the ego takes possession of it,
> it is not love anymore, it's just a mess.
> And we've made a great mess of love, mind-perverted, will-perverted, ego-perverted love."

Equality between the sexes should not be a consideration with us, for all talk about it is merely an expression of sex-hate; and in the last place, man should not go in quest of love, love comes to the loving. Men simply ought to be desirous, and women desirable.

Lawrence lays so much stress on man woman relationship because it is the deepest and most intimate, the one of which we are so profoundly aware. And 'awareness' with Lawrence has got a religious significance. Just as our eyes have the property of vision, ears of sound, nose of smell and tongue of taste, so our body has the property of becoming aware of another's presence, aware not of one's physical existence but of one's immediate being in relation to us. This dark presence of the otherness lies beyond the boundaries of man's conscious mind. Our bodies are the first to discover this other presence and "the capacity for exaltation enshrined in it". The body realises that the pleasure in another body is the greatest intoxication. The flesh of the male undertakes a search for a presence in the flesh of the female. "An impatient search," as Jules Romains puts it, "which can never

think it has done enough, and which is continued until it reaches a sort of delirium." And this, for Lawrence,

> "...is our ratification,
> our heaven, as a matter of fact.
> Immortality, the heaven, is only a projection of this strange but actual fulfilment,
> here in the flesh."

How does beauty communicate itself? What is the secret of sex-appeal? Lawrence's answer to these questions gives us a clue to the understanding of his philosophy. Beauty for him is an *experience.* "It is not a fixed pattern or an arrangement of features. It is something felt, a glow or a communicated sense of fineness." The beauty of the physical body is to be determined by the beauty of the spirit which permeates it and gives it life. The slightest twist in the mouth which makes the mouth so adorable is moulded in silence and slow time by a combination of feeling and thought. The lover adores not the body of his beloved but the signs he reads in the body. Just as a student of pure geometry discovers new delights when he reads algebra, so the lover, up till now admiring the curves and contours in the woman's body, finds new delight in interpreting them as symbols of her soul. This for Lawrence is the religion of the sex. I cannot explain it better than by quoting a paragraph from a French novelist : " This religion rests on two main ideas : the idea that the fusion of bodies constitutes an immense mystery, which far surpasses the ordinary mechanisms of life, and borders on the supernatural; and the idea that the adoration of the flesh of the opposite sex, when that has the freshness and magnificence implied in the terms youth and beauty, is the medium by which men can adore an obscure but real godhead, hidden in that living flesh, and that the difference in the sexes is employed by such godhead to offer to each of us a close and material idol (provisory too, possibly)."

To accept this religion of the sex and to live according to it is as difficult and as much beyond the reach of the ordinary man as any other mystical pursuit. What St. Teresa says about the travails of the soul in the path of religious mysticism is equally true of sex religion. In a letter to one of his correspondents, Lawrence wrote: "One must learn to love, and go through a good deal of suffering to get to it, like any knight of the grail, and the journey is always *towards* the other soul, not away from it. Do you think that love is an accomplished thing, the day it is recognised? It isn't. To love, you have to learn to

understand the other, more than she understands herself, and to submit to her understanding of you. It is damnably difficult and painful, but it is the only thing that endures."

When the significance of the life in the flesh is apprehended, the oneness of man and woman in the first stage, and of man and God in the next, dawns upon the mystic. Man and woman cease to be two separate and complete entities. They are not even two separate persons: not even two separate consciousnesses, or minds. Man is concerned with woman forever, in connexions visible and invisible, in a complicated life-flow that can never be analysed. The sex passion ceases to be a tempestuous, volcanic force, and becomes a calm, steady flame. Sex experience is immediate, therefore eternal. By eternal is meant not the everlasting, but something that is beyond the reckoning of time. The poem 'Manifesto' ends with these prophetic lines:

"We shall not look before and after.
We shall *be, now.*
We shall know in full.
We, the mystic NOW."

This is Lawrence's mysticism. People hesitate to call Lawrence a mystic, because mysticism is commonly supposed to be an affair of the spirit while Lawrence is much concerned with sex, and sexual seems to be the contrary, the opposite, of spiritual. With Lawrence mystical experience is gained by the soul working in collaboration with the senses. That is why his mysticism seems so queer: but isn't it exactly because of this that his approach ought to be recognised as more complete and more divinely right?

Mokkapati : Playwright and Humourist

By P. S. SASTRI, M. A., Ph. D.

(University of Saugar)

The new movements in Telugu literature of the second decade of the century were conspicuously personalistic and lyrical. The writers of the time wore an amulet of lyrical anguish or pined after a mysterious spirit which successfully eluded their grasp, thereby leaving them in an intense subjective sentimentalism. Though they were able to offer a rich harvest, it was one that only the reflective elite could enjoy. A rigorous objectivity was lacking in them. They could not look at life dispassionately and rationally; nor could they rationalise their imaginative fervour. To achieve this end the writer must needs have a sense of humour which should not be confused with the comic or with the ludicrous. Such a spirit of humour was ushered into the Telugu literature of the period by Mokkapati Narasimha Sastri.

Sastri has written many plays, short stories and essays besides his great work 'Barrister Parvatisam', though his name is interlinked with Parvatisam. Parvatisam is a character that has acquired great celebrity throughout the Andhra area along with Girisam who was sponsored by Gurazada Appa Rao. These two characters form a family relationship with Falstaff and Don Quixote. Only the first part of 'Barrister Parvatisam' has been released to the public Here we come across the adventures of Parvatisam, a country-bred innocent braggart, on his way to England. The various transformations that came over him make the narration eminently humorous and always interesting.

It is the spirit of humour, in fact, that pervades the entire work of Sastri. There are six plays of his collected in one volume. Some of them bear traces of European descent though all have gained the distinct touch of Sastri. 'Mrokkubadi' is a short one-act play based on the belief that one can overcome any illness or danger by solemnly taking a vow to please the deity Venkateswara by offering to him everything possible. This traditional belief is based on genuine faith and devotion. But

understand the other, more than she understands herself, and to submit to her understanding of you. It is damnably difficult and painful, but it is the only thing that endures."

When the significance of the life in the flesh is apprehended, the oneness of man and woman in the first stage, and of man and God in the next, dawns upon the mystic. Man and woman cease to be two separate and complete entities. They are not even two separate persons: not even two separate consciousnesses, or minds. Man is concerned with woman forever, in connexions visible and invisible, in a complicated life-flow that can never be analysed. The sex passion ceases to be a tempestuous, volcanic force, and becomes a calm, steady flame. Sex experience is immediate, therefore eternal. By eternal is meant not the everlasting, but something that is beyond the reckoning of time. The poem 'Manifesto' ends with these prophetic lines:

"We shall not look before and after.
We shall *be, now*.
We shall know in full.
We, the mystic NOW."

This is Lawrence's mysticism. People hesitate to call Lawrence a mystic, because mysticism is commonly supposed to be an affair of the spirit while Lawrence is much concerned with sex, and sexual seems to be the contrary, the opposite, of spiritual. With Lawrence mystical experience is gained by the soul working in collaboration with the senses. That is why his mysticism seems so queer: but isn't it exactly because of this that his approach ought to be recognised as more complete and more divinely right?

Mokkapati : Playwright and Humourist

By P. S. SASTRI, M. A., Ph. D.

(University of Saugar)

The new movements in Telugu literature of the second decade of the century were conspicuously personalistic and lyrical. The writers of the time wore an amulet of lyrical anguish or pined after a mysterious spirit which successfully eluded their grasp, thereby leaving them in an intense subjective sentimentalism. Though they were able to offer a rich harvest, it was one that only the reflective elite could enjoy. A rigorous objectivity was lacking in them. They could not look at life dispassionately and rationally; nor could they rationalise their imaginative fervour. To achieve this end the writer must needs have a sense of humour which should not be confused with the comic or with the ludicrous. Such a spirit of humour was ushered into the Telugu literature of the period by Mokkapati Narasimha Sastri.

Sastri has written many plays, short stories and essays besides his great work 'Barrister Parvatisam', though his name is interlinked with Parvatisam. Parvatisam is a character that has acquired great celebrity throughout the Andhra area along with Girisam who was sponsored by Gurazada Appa Rao. These two characters form a family relationship with Falstaff and Don Quixote. Only the first part of 'Barrister Parvatisam' has been released to the public Here we come across the adventures of Parvatisam, a country-bred innocent braggart, on his way to England. The various transformations that came over him make the narration eminently humorous and always interesting.

It is the spirit of humour, in fact, that pervades the entire work of Sastri. There are six plays of his collected in one volume. Some of them bear traces of European descent though all have gained the distinct touch of Sastri. 'Mrokkubadi' is a short one-act play based on the belief that one can overcome any illness or danger by solemnly taking a vow to please the deity Venkateswara by offering to him everything possible. This traditional belief is based on genuine faith and devotion. But

the sophisticated modern youth is an egotist who rebels against all ideas of faith and devotion. Woman is by nature a conservative, a traditionalist, while man is ego-centric. The union of these two is bound to issue in a serious conflict. The vanity, arrogance and scepticism of man assume the garb of rationalism, only to crumble down in a moment of crisis. This is too familiar a theme to evoke and sustain dramatic interest. And when the action proceeds like the lines of a geometer, there is bound to be some monotony hovering round the play. The whole play turns melodramatic in the middle and it is rounded off by dialogue of a semi-serious tone. As a problem play it pleads for faith, faith in something or other, if only to avoid the cankerous mood of scepticism.

'Abhyudayam' (Progress) is again another problem play focussing our attention on the conflict between humanism which insists on values and the scientific craze for destructive weapons which annihilates conscience and negates all values. This play was composed in 1940 and the Great War provided the necessary impetus. The sister of the scientist goes to the extent of shooting down her own brother, thinking that thereby she is preventing the new scientific invention from seeing the light of day. It is of course debatable whether a humanist can go to that extent. But she had lost her husband and child on the battle-field; and this may be her only justification. From the point of view of stage-craft this is a better play than the preceding one. It succeeds because it is throughout dynamic and the action proceeds briskly. As the play proceeds, characterisation too unfolds itself gradually.

It is with great relief that we turn from these two to the third entitled 'Pedda Mamayya' where we breathe the fresh air of romance, love, awe and humour. The 'elder uncle' of the entire village is an indispensable institution. Without him nothing can take place in that village. No one can think or act by himself. All are his wards. As a guardian he looks after them. He has absolute rights even in settling marriages and the terms of these marriages. As one opposed to the system of dowry he proposes successfully a marriage alliance between two families. The father of the girl pleads his inability to pay five thousand rupees. He can go up to a couple of thousands only. But the uncle refuses to agree even to the two thousands. And when the uncle is away, the marriage is somehow celebrated, since he alone should not know the amount given as dowry. But at the nick of the moment the uncle returns. And every one is busy in detaining

the uncle at the gate till the marriage is over. He is impatient to enter. And he enters at last to bless the married couple. The situation is humorous enough. It is portrayed in a masterly fashion, and the sure hand of the artist is visible at every step. The situation of the uncle evokes humour; but he is really in a tragic situation. It was not he that was being deceived, but the protagonists. The humorist is as usual isolated from the static institution. As an individualist he pines for setting things right, for the time is out of joint. But the static society cannot tolerate a dynamic humorist. Society decays and becomes a victim of self-deception, since it refuses to see the real nature of things.

Equally humorous is the 'Asadharana Samavesamu' (the extraordinary meeting). This too is a social satire breathing light humour and portraying the typical modern associations that dream of doing great things. An enthusiastic young man brings together a few persons and they organise an All-India Association which is ostensibly devoted to the supreme task of improving the lot of the people in all affairs and in all directions. He is duly elected as its first secretary. He wants to do something and so convenes an extraordinary meeting of the association. Slowly the members assemble. Each member is interested in his own gossip, and every one indulges in self-praise and in abusing others. The meeting finally stands shelved. This typical characteristic of our countrymen finds a humorous portrayal. It is developed deliberately while the secretary stands flabbergasted.

'Varasatvam' deals with the longing for a legacy. Dissatisfaction with what one has, goads the young Venkatarao to quarrel with his wife whose unmarried uncle has acquired a huge fortune. Venkatarao must have all that wealth, here and now, without any effort or struggle on his part. The uncle has no business to postpone the transfer of his property till his death. One fine morning the uncle arrives as a bankrupt to spend the evening of his life with this family, and he is received cordially. The easy road to fortune takes a sardonic turn.

'Pativratyam' is another short play dealing with the troubles of a young man brought up on modern lines. He finds his wife too traditional and conservative. She cannot move like the modern Society girl; and his hunger for modernity drives him to flirt with another and to ill-treat his own wife. Here is the conflict between the western and oriental civilisations; and this clash is focussed on the problem of the relation between the sexes. This serious problem is effectively treated in the lighter vein.

the sophisticated modern youth is an egotist who rebels against all ideas of faith and devotion. Woman is by nature a conservative, a traditionalist, while man is ego-centric. The union of these two is bound to issue in a serious conflict. The vanity, arrogance and scepticism of man assume the garb of rationalism, only to crumble down in a moment of crisis. This is too familiar a theme to evoke and sustain dramatic interest. And when the action proceeds like the lines of a geometer, there is bound to be some monotony hovering round the play. The whole play turns melodramatic in the middle and it is rounded off by dialogue of a semi-serious tone. As a problem play it pleads for faith, faith in something or other, if only to avoid the cankerous mood of scepticism.

'Abhyudayam' (Progress) is again another problem play focussing our attention on the conflict between humanism which insists on values and the scientific craze for destructive weapons which annihilates conscience and negates all values. This play was composed in 1940 and the Great War provided the necessary impetus. The sister of the scientist goes to the extent of shooting down her own brother, thinking that thereby she is preventing the new scientific invention from seeing the light of day. It is of course debatable whether a humanist can go to that extent. But she had lost her husband and child on the battle-field; and this may be her only justification. From the point of view of stage-craft this is a better play than the preceding one. It succeeds because it is throughout dynamic and the action proceeds briskly. As the play proceeds, characterisation too unfolds itself gradually.

It is with great relief that we turn from these two to the third entitled 'Pedda Mamayya' where we breathe the fresh air of romance, love, awe and humour. The 'elder uncle' of the entire village is an indispensable institution. Without him nothing can take place in that village. No one can think or act by himself. All are his wards. As a guardian he looks after them. He has absolute rights even in settling marriages and the terms of these marriages. As one opposed to the system of dowry he proposes successfully a marriage alliance between two families. The father of the girl pleads his inability to pay five thousand rupees. He can go up to a couple of thousands only. But the uncle refuses to agree even to the two thousands. And when the uncle is away, the marriage is somehow celebrated, since he alone should not know the amount given as dowry. But at the nick of the moment the uncle returns. And every one is busy in detaining

the uncle at the gate till the marriage is over. He is impatient to enter. And he enters at last to bless the married couple. The situation is humorous enough. It is portrayed in a masterly fashion, and the sure hand of the artist is visible at every step. The situation of the uncle evokes humour; but he is really in a tragic situation. It was not he that was being deceived, but the protagonists. The humorist is as usual isolated from the static institution. As an individualist he pines for setting things right, for the time is out of joint. But the static society cannot tolerate a dynamic humorist. Society decays and becomes a victim of self-deception, since it refuses to see the real nature of things.

Equally humorous is the 'Asadharana Samavesamu' (the extraordinary meeting). This too is a social satire breathing light humour and portraying the typical modern associations that dream of doing great things. An enthusiastic young man brings together a few persons and they organise an All-India Association which is ostensibly devoted to the supreme task of improving the lot of the people in all affairs and in all directions. He is duly elected as its first secretary. He wants to do something and so convenes an extraordinary meeting of the association. Slowly the members assemble. Each member is interested in his own gossip, and every one indulges in self-praise and in abusing others. The meeting finally stands shelved. This typical characteristic of our countrymen finds a humorous portrayal. It is developed deliberately while the secretary stands flabbergasted.

'Varasatvam' deals with the longing for a legacy. Dissatisfaction with what one has, goads the young Venkatarao to quarrel with his wife whose unmarried uncle has acquired a huge fortune. Venkatarao must have all that wealth, here and now, without any effort or struggle on his part. The uncle has no business to postpone the transfer of his property till his death. One fine morning the uncle arrives as a bankrupt to spend the evening of his life with this family, and he is received cordially. The easy road to fortune takes a sardonic turn.

'Pativratyam' is another short play dealing with the troubles of a young man brought up on modern lines. He finds his wife too traditional and conservative. She cannot move like the modern society girl; and his hunger for modernity drives him to flirt with another and to ill-treat his own wife. Here is the conflict between the western and oriental civilisations; and this clash is focussed on the problem of the relation between the sexes. This serious problem is effectively treated in the lighter vein.

In all these, we have a fine play of humour along with intense imaginative activity. Sastri takes pains to be true to the poetic heritage inherent in the language of the masses. This is a rich and living language which presents reality in a natural and comprehensive manner. We do not have here an intellectual drama, though the dramatist is busy with the modern social problems. The wildly superb reality comes before us putting us into a trance. Every speech is flavoured; and every problem yields, before the touch of the dramatist, all its tender, magnificent and fiery spirit. The local life, as winnowed by the imaginative humour, takes us away in its swift current of freshness, joy, serenity, and wistful longing.

Narasimha Sastri has collected his short stories in two small volumes under the title 'Kannavi Vinnavi' (those seen and heard). Again the emphasis is on realism. These sixteen stories deal with social, communal, political and cultural problems. Some of them are short dissertations without a plot; they are more like a series of mental ramblings. In most of these the substance is intensely tragic, and this tragic mood invariably takes its awakening in these stories in a mood of humour. 'Banda Subbadu' (Stout Subbadu), 'Labhasati Beralu' (Profitable Bargains), and 'Nenu ma Avidanu' (I and my Wife) owe their theme to foreign sources. The rest are original productions.

'Nenu ma Avidanu' is a reflective essay narrating the inexplicable and inscrutable mystery of human life. The husband is a simpleton who believes that he is great because people respect him and praise him to his face in the market and elsewhere But his wife does not find any greatness in him. On the other hand, she takes him to be a fool and a victim of public fraud. He feels grossly insulted; and her indifference pains him deeply. In his reflective mood he asks whether women deserve so much freedom as he has given. The humour here lies in the conclusion and in the selection of the incidents. While provoking humour, the husband himself feels gloomy and depressed at his wife's behaviour.

'Banda Subbadu' is a light and successful satire on all those who run after medicines to get their weight increased or decreased. A stout fellow takes to medicines and becomes as light as a feather; and to avoid flying in the air, he has a suit prepared specially for him. The suit grows under the weight of the bottles attached to it and keeps him to the ground. 'Janma nakshatra phalam' takes us again to a nagging wife of the unfortunate Kurmayya. Whatever he does is subject to severe criticism. When he saves a drowning child, his wife praises the unknown

saviour and ridicules her husband as being unfit to do even one good act; and as she finds out the identity of the saviour, she abuses him for harbouring thoughts of dying and deserting her! In and out of context he must be the victim of abuse. He must only thank his stars for his fate. 'Labhasati Beralu' is replete with cynical humour. The whiskers of an arrogant and showy gentleman are purchased because of a discussion on betting and bargaining. The bargain was executed only when the gentleman was on his way to a musical concert. Even then only half the whiskers were taken out; and he was told that the other half would be taken later on. To get rid of such a customer, he had to pay double the amount he received for his whiskers. This appalling triviality has a good deal to say regarding the little vanities and ironies of human life.

'Gazupalem Gandhi' takes us to the awkward situations created by the imitators of Gandhi's technique. This pseudo-Gandhi is ready to fast unto death if any one gives dowry in that village. The story was written at the time of Gandhiji's fast at Rajkot. Just as Gandhiji left the people and the ruler of Rajkot in the middle, the pseudo-Gandhi too leaves the families of the bride and the bridegroom to settle their dispute about the dowry amongst themselves. Equally topical is 'Akasa Saudhalu', written at a time when Rajaji was introducing the sales-tax, entertainment tax and other taxes. In this reflective skit Sastri offers novel schemes of taxation. Walking on the marina after young ladies, stoutness, possessing whiskers and beards, westernised dress of women, and many more things can easily be taxed to yield great revenue to the State. At every step the author provides valuable exceptions which remind us of the activities of the Congress. Beards are to be taxed; but never those of the Muslims. Stout people must pay fines; but never actresses, poets and artists. To the humorist the activities of our politicians appear crazy and immethodical. He sees that these activities are directed towards a set of false values that negate humanism. He has very little concern for parties and groups. He cares more for the value and integrity of the individual. This insistence is again the theme of 'Ma Bava maradi Pelli' (The marriage of our brother-in-law). Marriage as a social institution has become a force for chaos in the countryside. Large numbers move to the house of the bride; and by the time the marriage is over, the bride's father turns bankrupt. Yet every one continues to harbour complaints against the unfortunate father of the girl. If you add a troupe of dancing folk to these occasions, it is definite that no one will care to know

what is happening to the newly married couple. Conventional formalism smothers the free individual. This tragedy is conveyed through a few delicate strokes of humour.

'Ranga grama simha Rattayya' is the story of a young man who reluctantly becomes an actor and thereafter dreams of making the stage an effective and realistic institution. He cultivates the conventional stage formalism even in ordinary life. He behaves like an actor to his wife, children and friends. This inevitably makes people take him to be a madcap. Life becomes unbearable to his wife. Stage formalism is too static to withstand the dynamism of life; and the humorist who has a vision of this dynamism laughs serenely at the stumbling-block universe of rigid formalism which refuses to change with the times. 'Ade Modatisari' (That was the First Occasion) is a light humorous skit on a vainglorious young man who claims intimacy with the film studios and who is to take the author to one of the studios at the time of shooting a picture. 'Anukoni Avantaram' (Unexpected Happening) is an account of a film director's plea for realism on the screen. This cost him the flight of his hero and heroine, who feel that in an intense realistic state of love they cannot speak anything. Their elopement compels the director to close down his studio.

A more mature art appears in the six stories collected in the second volume. 'Ma Padma' is a moving tragedy of a young married girl who was ill-treated by the parents of her husband. The tragedy is too poignant and bitter for words or even tears. For once Sastri reveals himself as a master tragedian. 'Nyayam' is another deeply moving tragedy of a rickshawalla who has to suffer imprisonment because he cannot allow an Anglo-Indian or a Canadian or any one to seduce his wife. But the law does not recognise his marriage; nor does it believe that a man with a white skin is capable of committing heinous crimes. The law is for the privileged classes, not for the poor and the downtrodden. 'Akharu Mata' (The Last Word) is a moving narration of two significant crimes committed by a father. He foists a theft on a poor beggar and thereby becomes responsible for his death. He seduces a young maiden who has lost her way one night. The depths of the soul where spiritual evil gnaws the core of the human being find a masterly treatment which at times is reminiscent of Dostoievsky. But Sastri's realism does not allow him to dilate on punishment, for he does not enter deeper still into the recesses of the human heart. The humorist can afford to go only half way. He cannot delve deep into the inmost sanctuary; for, there awaits reality, and no man can face reality and yet live calmly.

Agni Pariksha' is a bitter short story on the massacres enacted in the streets of Calcutta in connection with the Muslim League's Direct Action Day. It is as realistic as it is bitter and humiliating. Here too Sastri focusses our attention on the loss of values that has unleashed this ghastly spectacle. 'Jagannathuni ratham' is another tragic account of a young maiden, the wife of a low-paid worker. She dreams of a variety of comforts which her husband cannot afford. Slowly she comes into the clutches of a notorious brothel-keeper, who is a member of a vigilance committee set up to root out brothels and corruption. She is taken away from her husband, made to lead the life of a prostitute, and is kept aloof. She has no friends and those who visit her by night feign to be ignorant of her by day. She was prepared to leave this wretched life. But a moral wretch in his passion strangles her. This is a tale which is not unfamiliar to those who see misery and immorality forced on many an innocent maid because of the lure she has for the false formalism of the modern urban vanities.

'Nirhetuka Vairam' is the last in this collection. This story is woven round the Brahman-baiting prevalent in the country. The Brahman is hounded out of society, only because he is a Brahman. He is even to be killed. He should have no place to live in. His customs and manners cannot be tolerated. And so he must leave his hearth and lands in the village, and migrate to some other place as the Jews have done recently. All this is done by the leading politicians of the villages. The ghastly murder of a social worker coming from the Brahman community is movingly told in this short story. It is a murder that is motivated by a motiveless malignity. Yet the murderers are counted among the rulers and progressive intellectuals and statesmen.

This brief survey of the major work of Narasimha Sastri clearly shows the new atmosphere he brought into modern Telugu Literature. He has made literature an objective statement of certain universal experiences. This objectivity was achieved through a spirit of humour which has been foreign hitherto to the literature of the country. Self-control, personal identity, rationality, sympathetic insight and awareness of the tragic depths of human life are the essential ingredients of this humour. Through this humour he has been able to emphasise the value and dignity of the individual, and the essentially human values. His humour avoids the incongruous and the improper which have no place in the aesthetic world. It sets things in their true perspective. It sets us thinking. In this humour we dissociate the individual from his supposed static context and observe the naked fact as such.

what is happening to the newly married couple. Conventional formalism smothers the free individual. This tragedy is conveyed through a few delicate strokes of humour.

'Ranga grama simha Rattayya' is the story of a young man who reluctantly becomes an actor and thereafter dreams of making the stage an effective and realistic institution. He cultivates the conventional stage formalism even in ordinary life. He behaves like an actor to his wife, children and friends. This inevitably makes people take him to be a madcap. Life becomes unbearable to his wife. Stage formalism is too static to withstand the dynamism of life; and the humorist who has a vision of this dynamism laughs serenely at the stumbling-block universe of rigid formalism which refuses to change with the times. 'Ade Modatisari' (That was the First Occasion) is a light humorous skit on a vainglorious young man who claims intimacy with the film studios and who is to take the author to one of the studios at the time of shooting a picture. 'Anukoni Avantaram' (Unexpected Happening) is an account of a film director's plea for realism on the screen. This cost him the flight of his hero and heroine, who feel that in an intense realistic state of love they cannot speak anything. Their elopement compels the director to close down his studio.

A more mature art appears in the six stories collected in the second volume. 'Ma Padma' is a moving tragedy of a young married girl who was ill-treated by the parents of her husband. The tragedy is too poignant and bitter for words or even tears. For once Sastri reveals himself as a master tragedian. 'Nyayam' is another deeply moving tragedy of a rickshawalla who has to suffer imprisonment because he cannot allow an Anglo-Indian or a Canadian or any one to seduce his wife. But the law does not recognise his marriage; nor does it believe that a man with a white skin is capable of committing heinous crimes. The law is for the privileged classes, not for the poor and the downtrodden. 'Akharu Mata' (The Last Word) is a moving narration of two significant crimes committed by a father. He foists a theft on a poor beggar and thereby becomes responsible for his death. He seduces a young maiden who has lost her way one night. The depths of the soul where spiritual evil galls the core of the human being find a masterly treatment which at times is reminiscent of Dostoievsky. But Sastri's realism does not allow him to dilate on punishment, for he does not enter deeper still into the recesses of the human heart. The humorist can afford to go only half way. He cannot delve deep into the inmost sanctuary; for, there awaits reality, and no man can face reality and yet live calmly.

'Agni Pariksha' is a bitter short story on the massacres enacted in the streets of Calcutta in connection with the Muslim League's Direct Action Day. It is as realistic as it is bitter and humiliating. Here too Sastri focusses our attention on the loss of values that has unleashed this ghastly spectacle. 'Jagannathuni ratham' is another tragic account of a young maiden, the wife of a low-paid worker. She dreams of a variety of comforts which her husband cannot afford. Slowly she comes into the clutches of a notorious brothel-keeper, who is a member of a vigilance committee set up to root out brothels and corruption. She is taken away from her husband, made to lead the life of a prostitute, and is kept aloof. She has no friends and those who visit her by night feign to be ignorant of her by day. She was prepared to leave this wretched life. But a moral wretch in his passion strangles her. This is a tale which is not unfamiliar to those who see misery and immorality forced on many an innocent maid because of the lure she has for the false formalism of the modern urban vanities.

'Nirhetuka Vairam' is the last in this collection. This story is woven round the Brahman-baiting prevalent in the country. The Brahman is hounded out of society, only because he is a Brahman. He is even to be killed. He should have no place to live in. His customs and manners cannot be tolerated. And so he must leave his hearth and lands in the village, and migrate to some other place as the Jews have done recently. All this is done by the leading politicians of the villages. The ghastly murder of a social worker coming from the Brahman community is movingly told in this short story. It is a murder that is motivated by a motiveless malignity. Yet the murderers are counted among the rulers and progressive intellectuals and statesmen.

This brief survey of the major work of Narasimha Sastri clearly shows the new atmosphere he brought into modern Telugu Literature. He has made literature an objective statement of certain universal experiences. This objectivity was achieved through a spirit of humour which has been foreign hitherto to the literature of the country. Self-control, personal identity, rationality, sympathetic insight and awareness of the tragic depths of human life are the essential ingredients of this humour. Through this humour he has been able to emphasise the value and dignity of the individual, and the essentially human values. His humour avoids the incongruous and the improper which have no place in the aesthetic world. It sets things in their true perspective. It sets us thinking. In this humour we dissociate the individual from his supposed static context and observe the naked fact as such.

This fact or reality, when it is made objective, makes us realise what man in reality is. Thus is initiated a self-examination which developes into a self-ridicule when it is pushed to its logical conclusion. Then humility takes the place of fear and respect. In daily life we can perceive anything only in relation to something else, so much so a non-relational or supra-relational entity or event appears ridiculous. And truth is always stranger than fiction. Truth when it is charged with humour appears palatable to human beings. This is Sastri's major achievement.

Moreover, Sastri's work tells us that all intellectualist theories of humour are faulty. The perfectly happy man does not laugh; he has no need to laugh. He can at best smile. It is laughter that takes us to the human level where sorrows and joys are intertwined ; and if humour is valuable to us, it is because of its realism, its poignancy, and its rich and intense criticism of life conveyed through sympathy. Sastri takes us through this humour even when he is offering penetrating studies of the tragic in life. Starting from the national institution called Parvatisam, Sastri has been developing the various phases of humour, always keeping his eye fixed on the individual and on the values. His characters evoke sympathy in us and draw us closer to humanity. Their follies and frailties are intertwined with simplicity and a common humanity. They enable us to give up, at least for the time being, our dogmas and prejudices for the sake of the higher light of truth and wisdom. While dance is the spirit of beauty, humour is the spirit of truth. And truth and beauty make life real and therefore significant, by making it spiritual.

THE ARTIST

(SHORT STORY)

By S. KRISHNAMOORTHY

(Lecturer in English, S.R.R. & C.V.R. College, Vijayawada)

After six years of enforced banishment in a mofussil town, I was once again able to be in the city to welcome Ravi on his arrival from abroad and participate in the fete held by his brother-artists in honour of his arrival. Tied down to a dull and monotonous life in what was an apology for a town, and compelled to maintain a family on a mere pittance, I would often look back with nostalgic regret on the pleasant days which now seemed so far away in retrospect, as if they had existed in some previous birth.

In those days I was a care-free youth, a typical college student more keen on wandering about the streets than on attending the classes It was then that I contracted the acquaintance of artists. There was something enchanting about their Bohemian and devil-may-care attitude to life. Later when the responsibility of supporting a big family fell on me, I had many times felt an irresistible desire to escape into their free and unconventional world where freaks were the rule. My admiration for their wild freedom, an admiration not quite unmixed with envy, was that blend of wonder and awe which a child feels at the sight of an acrobat doing wonderful feats.

That was how Ravi became my bosom friend. He had earned a good name as an artist and had been sent by the Indian Government on an extensive study tour of Europe. We had not met for years and had a lot to talk about.

The gathering was typically Bohemian. The conversation was quite informal and easy.

"Do you remember Kailas Babu?" somebody inquired from across the table.

"Yes, yes. What about him? Why hasn't he come?" Ravi asked eagerly.

"You may well ask that," the former began pompously and declared, "Kailas Babu is no longer of our fraternity. He is now a school-teacher."

"What!" Ravi and I exclaimed together. "Kailas Babu a school-teacher! Is't true?"

"It's true," others nodded and one of them said, "Don't ask us how it happened. We cannot explain. Better meet him yourself. You may call on him at the new school in the Harijan colony."

* * *

I remember Kailas Babu. In that nondescript mass of artists of all varieties I was able to remember him, for he was a bit out of the common. Like his confreres he was also jovial and unconventional, and sported a happy-go-lucky attitude to life. But what distinguished him from the crowd was the seriousness of purpose which characterised his devotion to art. Accustomed to sudden changes of income and compelled to wade through months of poverty, with rare intervals of short-lived prosperity, artists are generally a spendthrift race. This kind of life makes them too generous with words which are not followed by deeds. It is common even for really gifted people to plan for years some grand work of art without actually attempting it. When pressed by some financial crisis, which is a normal occurrence in their life, they are apt to satisfy the needs of the moment with something second-rate, postponing the real 'It' for a more proper time, and very often their masterpieces remain mere dreams to the end of their lives.

Kailas Babu also would often talk about his masterpiece. But on such occasions I had noticed a wild gleam in his eyes and had told myself that, in the midst of all those bragging artists, there was at least one genuine man who would one day realise his dream. I was sure that Kailas Babu's work would one day cause a stir in the art-world and earn for him a high place among the Heroes of the Brush.

But that day then seemed far off. Kailas Babu had set before himself a high ideal of perfection and was constantly striving towards it. Unlike his brethren in the profession he had a clear view of his own limitations. He was not satisfied with an almost perfect work which might have satisfied a lesser artist. He wanted absolute perfection. This cannot be achieved so quickly, and when he found that a particular work was not up to his standard, he destroyed it unrelentingly and launched on a new venture. Repeated failures did not damp his ardour, which grew steadily with years. Kailas Babu's intended masterpiece which was so long in coming had become a byword among his friends for something too high for this earth and hence unattainable...

No wonder therefore that my curiosity was roused at the information that Kailas Babu had become a school-teacher. "What a fall!" I was tempted to exclaim. I wanted to go to the bottom of the matter and learn what caused the change. I accompanied Ravi when he went to see Kailas Babu.

* * *

The thatched building which housed the school in the Harijan colony was small but clean. One part of it was set apart as the residence of the teacher. It took me some time to realise that the man who received us at the entrance was none other than Kailas Babu. Had it not been for that bright sparkle in the eyes, I could never have associated this prematurely aged man, with wrinkles on his forehead, dark rings round his eyes and an air of exhaustion about him, with the Kailas Babu I have known, the jovial artist who would talk for hours on the greatness of art.

We were ushered into a small room. It was not exactly a room but a small space partitioned off by mud walls, with a small window letting in only a little light, so that there was in it the dimness of the darkening twilight while the sun was blazing hot outside.

Even before we had adjusted ourselves to the semi-darkness of the room, our attention was arrested by a full-size painting hung on the wall in a conspicuous place. We moved near to examine it. Though not an artist myself, years of acquaintance with artists had made me a connoisseur of art. It was too dark to see the details of the painting. But even at first view it struck me that here was work of which any artist could be justly proud. The picture depicted a sick-bed scene. It showed a woman. She was not even a woman, but a mere slip of a girl of about twenty, with a delicate, flower-like beauty which showed in her wasted features, lying on a bed about which were scattered medicine bottles and other paraphernalia of a sick-bed. I could not but admire the skill of Kailas Babu who had produced the suggestion of hopelessness and frustration with a few strokes of the brush. This was the masterpiece of Kailas Babu, and nobody could excel it!

Kailas Babu had received us and taken us to this room without a word, and we also had not dared to put to him abruptly the question which was uppermost in our minds, "Why did he give up art?" At the sight of this picture we forgot our question and just stood gaping at it.

Kailas Babu read the mute admiration in our eyes and murmured, as if in answer to our unuttered query, "Yes, this is my masterpiece."

His words broke the spell of silence that had fallen on us, and I burst out with, "It's marvellous, Kailas Babu! Why don't you arrange for an exhibition of this work? It's sure to bring you fame....."

"Fame! I don't want fame!" Kailas Babu interrupted me with a derisive laugh. It was evident that he was very much agitated. "What you call fame is my shame! I shall never agree to parade my cruelty and heartlessness by exhibiting it. It shall die with me."

He checked himself on observing the expression of bewilderment on our faces. "Pardon me," he said, as if ashamed of his outburst. "I had forgotten that you don't know anything of my story. I shall explain if you have time to spare for me."

We had come just to hear his story and we prepared to listen.

* * *

The girl you see in the picture is Kamala, my wife. You could not have known her, for she came to the city while both of you were away. She came into my life quite unexpectedly and caused as much excitement as a new planet swimming into the view of an astronomer. She was an orphan and came to the city to earn her living as an artist's model. You can yourself see she was eminently fit to be a model. Her delicately sensitive eyes could command the subtle nuances of a whole gamut of emotions. I was quick to perceive her possibilities and engaged her. My hopes were more than justified, for she did not remain a mere model but provided inspiration for me. Love of art was a link between us and identity of interests engendered love which culminated in marriage.

But my married happiness was fated to be short-lived. Kamala's early struggles in poverty had their inevitable sequel, and, a few months after the marriage, she was attacked with T. B. I was stupefied by this unexpected stroke of fate, and made arrangements for her treatment according to my ability and resources. But the disease was in an advanced stage, and she was gradually wasting away.

It was at this time that I had a brain wave. I feel that the devil had prompted me, for no human being would have entertained such an inhuman thought. You know I have been intending for

years to create a masterpiece. I worked strenuously, but the results were not completely satisfying. Undeterred, I continued my labour, determined to achieve perfection.

Now there's something in the very nature of an artist's work which stultifies its perfection. The system of modelling is responsible, I feel, for this failure. However perfect a model you have, you cannot get a perfect picture with it. The person acting as model cannot but be self-conscious and this self-consciousness defeats the sincerity and spontaneity that should characterise a living work. This difficulty can be overcome if you have nature for your model. But I was not interested in mere nature, except as a background for humanity. I wanted to exploit the vast possibilities of the human face and figure and the pathos of human life. I was therefore in search of a human model who could remain natural without the least tinge of self-consciousness.

The wretch that I am, I began to look upon Kamala's diseased condition as a godsend for me. Her wasting body seemed a fitting model for my masterpiece in which I could bring out the terrible futility of the struggling human soul. I set up my easel in the next room and began working.

The work on my picture progressed steadily in proportion as Kamala's condition deteriorated. But my absorption with it grew so great that I came to look upon her, not as a human being who had come to share her life with me, but as a mere model for my masterpiece. I engaged a nurse to look after her and spent most of my time with the picture. I visited her only once or twice a day, and that too to catch the atmosphere of the room or some detail about Kamala. The fact that she was sinking fast did not escape me, but that realisation, far from exciting my sympathy, only made me do my work in frantic haste lest she should die before my picture was completed.

I can never live down the memory of my guilt in having betrayed a poor, innocent girl who had so trustfully confided her life to my keeping. I was foolish enough to believe that she would not know what I was doing, and what she did not know would not hurt her. But her eyes were too keen not to observe my long absences from her bed-side, and rare and short visits to her. I learnt after her death from the nurse that Kamala guessed the nature of the work I was engaged in, but she pretended not to know, out of consideration for my feelings, as if I had any feelings left in me!

That last, fateful day in her all-too-brief life lives green in my memory. Since daybreak I had been feeling that she would die in a matter of hours. I watched her vital spirits ebbing out gradually. Her soul was giving up the futile struggle to cling to earth and her life seemed to be hanging by a simple, flimsy thread.

The scene impressed me as never before. I had never seen any person dying, and the artist in me was stirred to the utmost effort. Without the slightest consideration for the suffering girl, I rushed to my room and set to work furiously to transfer to the canvas my vivid impressions of what I saw.

I don't know how long I was engaged on that work. It was the long-drawn wail of the nurse that disturbed my concentration and made me rush to Kamala's room. She was lying dead and the nurse was weeping over her body.

I approached Kamala with a blank mind and looked at her face. I suddenly stood still and my hair stood on end; for in her usually serene face there was an expression of ineffable contempt —a contempt so profound that it thrilled me with a feeling of infinite terror!

On questioning the nurse I learnt that Kamala had called me in her last moments. But I was too absorbed in my work to hear her. The nurse had offered to fetch me but she had signed to her not to do so. Her extremely sensitive nature was wounded on finding herself neglected even in her last moments by the only person whom she loved above everything else in the world. She had curled her lips in contempt at the thought of my heartlessness, and the last words she uttered were, "Oh, that picture!".....

I stood petrified beside the dead Kamala, looking at her face brimming over with contempt. Too late in life, and at a great cost, I learnt a lesson. I realised my crime in valuing a piece of canvas above a human life. I then learnt to look upon the much glorified art in its true perspective. Art is all right as a pastime but it has no right to usurp the place of life. Where it dares to do that, it is no art but a heartless monster. When an artist is wholly infatuated with art, he forgets that his fellow-beings are human and tends to treat them as so much material for his art and nothing more. While pretending to find and bring out what is hidden in the heart of things, he is blind to what is evident even to a superficial observer. This is the tragedy of Art.

I decided never to dabble any more in art. That is the only atonement left to me for my inhuman neglect of Kamala. But we

are weak-willed and the desire for fame is pretty strong. I was afraid that my aversion for art may die away in course of time. Determined to prevent such a contingency, I brought the painting to the room and, rubbing off a part of the picture, depicted on it that contempt on Kamala's face which was otherwise expressionless.....

Whenever somebody recalls my past glory as an artist and tempts me to take to art once again, I have only to come here and look at this picture to recapture my hatred for art. When I look at this, I re-live that day of her death and decide to continue as a school-teacher.....

* * *

It had become dark. Kailas Babu rose with a sigh and lighted a lamp. He brought it near the picture. We examined it with interest. It was with difficulty that we could suppress an exclamation of horror! Yes, it was contempt all right! Supreme, inexpressible contempt was oozing out of Kamala's curled lips! It froze us to the marrow. It was no doubt Kailas Babu's masterpiece! But what a disastrous masterpiece!

* * *

It's years since I met Kailas Babu. But the living contempt in those dying lips haunts me still!

TWO SONGS FROM CHANDIDASA

(Rendered from *Bengali* by Samir Kanta Gupta)

I

"Listen, my dear playmate,
How shall I live without seeing Kanu?
My anxious nights weigh heavy with my tears of woe.
Look, friend, and turn not away
Till drinking his beauty your eyes satiate and droop,
As he stands with his charming flute in hand;
And his smile rains a shower a of nectar,
of pearl and coral.
O, this treasure, if I could keep
hidden close to my bosom!
For who knows, my playmate,
If somebody will not rob me of it?

I do not feel secure
To keep this wealth anywhere else.
In my heart of heart,
Where the soul breathes,
There have I placed his throne;
There shall I lodge him in secrecy,
Lest, while I fall asleep,
Someone burgle in and steal away."

Chandidasa says:
Such a treasure
You will most certainly keep hidden.
Who knows how many thieves are out
to burgle and steal?"

II

Radha says, "My sweet playmate!
Extreme is the sorrow
And I can hardly breathe.
I will remain an eternal friend to whosoever
will bring back my Shyama to me.

If I do not get him,
I will give up this life,
I will plunge into the waters of the Yamuna."

As these words fell from Radha's lips
Her companions stood thunder-struck;
And after a thoughtful pause
One amongst them spoke with deliberation:
"Listen, dear Radha,
and quieten thyself;
Be not anxious:
We will bring thy Shyama to thee."
They consoled her
And wiped her tears of grief
With the hand of tender care.

Chandidasa says: "Speed with the wind
And bring back Murari,
to whom Love opened all the doors."

TWO SONGS FROM CHANDIDASA

(Rendered from *Bengali* by Samir Kanta Gupta)

I

"Listen, my dear playmate,
How shall I live without seeing Kanu?
My anxious nights weigh heavy with my tears of woe.
Look, friend, and turn not away
Till drinking his beauty your eyes satiate and droop,
As he stands with his charming flute in hand;
And his smile rains a shower a of nectar,
of pearl and coral.
O, this treasure, if I could keep
hidden close to my bosom!
For who knows, my playmate,
If somebody will not rob me of it?

I do not feel secure
To keep this wealth anywhere else.
In my heart of heart,
Where the soul breathes,
There have I placed his throne;
There shall I lodge him in secrecy,
Lest, while I fall asleep,
Someone burgle in and steal away."

Chandidasa says:
Such a treasure
You will most certainly keep hidden.
Who knows how many thieves are out
to burgle and steal?"

II

Radha says, "My sweet playmate!
Extreme is the sorrow
And I can hardly breathe.
I will remain an eternal friend to whosoever
will bring back my Shyama to me.

If I do not get him,
I will give up this life,
I will plunge into the waters of the Yamuna.

As these words fell from Radha's lips
Her companions stood thunder-struck;
And after a thoughtful pause
One amongst them spoke with deliberation:
"Listen, dear Radha,
and quieten thyself;
Be not anxious:
We will bring thy Shyama to thee."
They consoled her
And wiped her tears of grief
With the hand of tender care.

Chandidasa says: "Speed with the wind
And bring back Murari,
to whom Love opened all the doors."

THE LOVE-LADEN

(Rendered from *Tamil* by S. Rangaswami, M. A.)

(The following renderings of a Decad from *Kural* (1211–1220) speak of the dreams of a love-laden young lady in the height of ecstasy, to whom dreams seem to be more real than waking life, so that she longs to be left undisturbed for ever in her really blessed state in which there can be no parting from the happy vision. There is an undertone of deeper pathos and unravelled suggestive significance in this 'Nayika-bhava', — for the lover of God also desires the same state of blessedness to be conferred upon him when he communes with the Lord, notwithstanding all that the world might say or think of him.)

1211 How shall I entertain thee, Sweet! my Dream!
Come on love's errand to me with a joyous gleam?

1212 Would my eyes were asleep! so might I fly
To love's sweet arms, and show how frail's life-tie.

1213 Awake I see him not; and yet his form
Unfolds itself in dream, lending life its charm.

1214 Dreams kindle my love, so might I seek and find
The lover who strays away from waking mind.

1215 Love's dear embrace was sweet when it did last;
So is it in dreams when I hold him fast.

1216 Were there but no waking, — my love, mescems,
Would scarce depart from my sweet, pleasant dreams.

1217 The Cruel one shuns me while I'm awake;
Why doth he haunt my dreams — my heart to break?

1218 Asleep I dreamt that on his shoulders I lay;
Awake — to my inmost heart he has stol'n the way.

1219 Him they reproach if he comes not; but then,
They see him not through their dream's wondrous ken.

1220 They blame him if from me He parted be;—
They know not that in dreams he dwells with me.

"THE CLASSICAL AGE"[1]

By D. V. GUNDAPPA

The Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan of Bombay, founded and fostered by Dr. K. M Munshi, now Governor of Uttar Pradesh, has embarked upon the splendid patriotic enterprise of getting prepared for the world a history of India by Indians. The work is to be in ten ample volumes, of comprehensive scope and impressive aspect. The writers are scholars of recognized standing in historical research, each a specialist on a period or a region. The General Editor is Dr. R. C. Majumdar, Director of the Government of India's Board of Editors of the History of the Freedom Movement.

The volume now before us is the third of the series. The first volume stretches over the misty aeons from pre-history to the year 600 B C. The second surveys the next nine centuries closing about 320 A. D. The present volume is concerned with the 430 years from 320 to 750 A. D. The last volume is expected to bring the story to our own times.

The title given to each volume seems intended to convey the distinctive note of the period dealt with. Thus the first and the third volumes are characterized respectively as of the Vedic and the Classical Age, the reference being obviously to the literary *milieu* of their times, while the other eight volumes are given names derived from the political happenings they describe — as Imperial Kanouj, Struggle for Empire, Delhi Sultanate, Maratha Supremacy and so on. Such a one-word summary of the peculiar *ethos* of an epoch of many hundreds of years would undoubtedly be advantageous as well as attractive if it could satisfy the tests of accuracy and adequacy. This should be easy enough if history had run according to a plan. But the forces of a people's life flow like rain-water in a jungle, casual and capricious in the courses they take; and it is not always possible for us to identify the channels and fix neat little sign-boards by their sides. The volume before us illustrates how, from the political point of view at least, a period of history may decline to be packed into a single phrase.

---

[1] Slightly extended version of a book-review broadcast from the Mysore Station of All India Radio on July 26, 1954.

Not that our period was empty of political doings; not that by any means. Those four centuries were as full of the bustle of kings and the clangour of their armies as any other period. But the age defies summary characterization. Let us look into the book before proceeding further.

Its 650 large pages are divided into as many as 24 chapters. In the first three chapters, Dr. Majumdar traces the rise and ascendancy of the Guptas as an imperial power, and in the next three their decline and fall in the middle of the 6th century. While it lasted, the Gupta kingdom was a mighty manifestation of organizing ability and political judgement in this country. The Guptas drove back the savage Huns, unified the country from the Eastern to the Western frontiers of North India, fostered literature and promoted the arts of civilization. Chapters VII & VIII treat of the lesser dynasties of the North such as Kushanas and Maukharis. In Chapter IX we are brought to King Sri Harsha of Sthanesvara, celebrated among poets and men of letters as among heroes of war and administration. Skipping over Chapter X which tells us of the royal houses of Kashmir, Nepal, Bengal, Orissa and other minor principalities of the North, and the next Chapter which chronicles the fortunes of the kingly houses of the Deccan such as Kalachuris, Rashtrakutas and Gangas, we arrive in Chapter XII at the precincts of the Chalukyas, so near to our heart in this part of India. I cannot help observing at this point that it would have been more to the liking of people in our part of India if Dr. D. C. Sircar had used the word Karnataka or Kannada in place of the Anglo-Indian hybrid Kanarese The Chalukyas of Badami (of whom Dr. Sircar writes) ruled victorious for two centuries. The most famous of them, Pulakesi II, was the foeman of Harsha on battlefields and his rival for the admiration of the historic pilgrim from China, Hiuen Tsang. His tradition of martial triumphs was kept up by his son Vikramaditya. The Chalukyas, as they were frequently at war with Harsha in the North, had to be engaged in a constant fight with the Pallavas in the South; and we are introduced to the Pallavas by Prof. R. Sathianathaier in Chapter XIII. They were a remarkable house, too, wielding power for roughly 500 years, from 300 to 800 A. D. Their capital Kanchi, visited by Hiuen Tsang, was six miles in circumference and contained more than a hundred Buddhist monasteries. The Pallavas were patrons of Sanskrit and some of them performed the *Asvamedha*. We also obtain here glimpses of the Cholas, the Pandyas, the Kadambas and the Banas, each a valiant and hardy clan promoting life and civilization and Dharma in what territory it could make its own. In Chapter XIV Dr. Sircar takes us to

Ceylon as it was from the day,—362 A. D.,—of Sri-Meghavarna, to the day,—759 A. D.,—of Sri-Sila-Meghavarna, when the island built up its intercourse with China through Buddhist missionaries and pilgrims Here closes the general history portion of the Volume under notice. In Chapter XV Professors G. V. Devasthali, H. D. Velankar and K. R Srinivasa Iyengar write respectively on the growth of literature in Sanskrit, Prakrit and Tamil. Prof. U. N. Ghoshal discourses in five chapters on political and administrative organization, law, education, economic conditions and the general state of society. A chapter (XVIII) is given to religion and philosophy, Prof. Nalinaksha Dutt dealing with Buddhism, Prof. A. M. Ghatage with Jainism, Dr. Sircar with Vaishnavism, Dr. Mahadevan with Saivism and Prof. H. D. Bhattacharya with minor sects like Shaktas and Sauras. Art and Architecture and Sculpture are reviewed in a chapter by Mr. S. K. Saraswati and Prof. Nihar Ranjan Ray. In the last two chapters Dr. Majumdar tells us of India's intercourse with the outside world and her colonial and cultural expansion in Cambodia, Malaya, Burma, Java, Sumatra and other regions of South-East Asia.

Altogether, we have, spread out here before us, a panorama as vast as the eye could manage without tiring, and as varied in colour and contour as to hold the eye interested. There can be no question as to the scholarly industry and the judge-like carefulness in sifting and piecing together evidence, which have gone into the work. Has the picture any mark of a mind upon it, — a glint of the eye or a quiver of the lip? If a mere reader may hazard a remark, it looks as though the writers here belong to what used to be called the scientific, as distinguished from the literary school of historians. Historical writing is to the 'scientific' school "the mutual conversation (as Trevelyan puts it) of scholars with one another" rather than "the means of spreading far and wide, throughout all the reading classes, a love and knowledge of history, an elevated and critical patriotism and certain qualities of mind and heart." The antiquarian seems in our book to supersede the narrator. At every step the story has its feet held up in a tangle of meticulous debate over a point of chronology or of identity of person. The writer is having before his mind's eye the menacing figure of a critic or a rival rather than the innocent seeker of entertainment and knowledge, awaiting the glow and warmth which the tale of the exploits of a dear old ancestor can communicate to the heart. Not that fact should go ignored or misinterpreted. Fact is certainly sacred. But so much need not be made of the outward shape of a fact that its inward meaning escapes the average reader. The conditional clause and the qualifying

phrase may take up so much of space in a statement that its positive significance may in effect be reduced to nullity. Let us look at this portrait of Samudra-Gupta for a sample:

> "The vast empire of Samudra-Gupta *must have been* the result of numerous military campaigns extending over many years. We have *no specific or detailed account* of them.... Nevertheless when we recall the large number of States acknowledging his authority, it is *impossible not to feel* profound admiration for his military genius The total extermination of the nine States in Northern India demanded uncommon daring and military skill. His southern campaign *must have* called forth powers of leadership and organization of the highest order." (P. 13–14)

It will be observed that there is no word of eulogy here without its diluting counterpart. This toss-and-tumble style, beloved of the political journalist, is hardly the style suited to the drawing of a picture meant to convince and inspire. The 'must-have-beens' and the double negatives are fatal to the purpose of creating certitude in the reader's mind When the door is so ostentatiously opened for doubt, there can be no seat left for enthusiasm in the house. History, if it should serve its purpose of stirring emotion, instigating inquiry and directing thought, must first of all be exciting. Is it impossible to be both truthful and warm-hearted, both factual and moving? Are imagination and conscience necessarily enemies to each other? In reconciling them is the art of the true historian When he is in doubt about a date or a document, or when a popular legend is at variance with a fact otherwise proved, the course for him is not to let it clog the movement of the narrative, but to assign the doubt and discussion to a footnote or an appendix and carry the story forward according to his own judgement of probabilities. The flow of the story must be swift, vivid, vibrant.

Let us take note of a perplexity of another kind Samudra-Gupta was a poet and a musician We read that "in one type of his gold coins the great emperor is represented as seated cross-legged on a couch, playing on a *vina* which rests on his knees. The royal figure on this unique type of coins was undoubtedly drawn from real life and testifies to his *inordinate* love for, and skill in, music." But why *inordinate*? The Oxford Dictionary (1952) gives the words "immoderate, excessive, intemperate, disorderly" as the meanings of "inordinate" Is there any evidence of Samudra-Gupta's addiction to the *vina* having led to the

neglect or damage of his duties as king or general or householder or member of society? This is an instance of imagination peeping out awkwardly at a wrong place, because of the denial of admission to it at so many places where it had a legitimate part to play.

Why is this period of India's history,—from 320 to 750 A. D., —called the Classical Age? In the context of Europe's literature, the word 'classical' denotes standards and patterns of ancient Greek and Latin achievement; and it suggests contradistinction from the romantic. It is a question whether there is any real parallelism between India's literary history and Greece's or Rome's. If a word is needed as name for the Kalidasian *genre* as distinguished from the Vedic and the Puranic, it will have to be of our own minting. Kalidasa has not among us the primacy of status that Homer and Virgil have among Europeans. Any Indo-European equation is bound to be precarious in this field. If the volume under review had to be translated into Sanskrit or any other Indian language, which is the word to be employed in place of 'classical'? That will give us an idea of how very foreign the thing is to our context.

There can be no doubt but that some of the very best of Sanskrit poets after Valmiki and Vyasa lived in the course of the 400 years under consideration. Kalidasa of about 450 A D., Bhavabhuti of about 700, Harsha and Bana of about 600, Bharavi and Magha of more or less the same period, are all poets held in both high and lasting admiration; but they are not all of one type or species of excellence or of comparable standards of merit. There is nothing to bind them together as one group except the arbitrarily fixed period-ends. Kalidasa naturally has received the largest amount of space in the book; but the study is made up of cliches and colour-blotches like 'brilliant luminary', 'greatest poet and dramatist', 'one of the best not only in Sanskrit literature, but in the literature of the world', 'loving sympathy with nature', 'genius shone with brilliance' and so forth. Does the poetry reflect the life of the times? Was the life of the time influenced by the poetry? Does the poet give us characters with a permanent and universal appeal, characters great not only in loyalty to god Eros, but also in responding to the other and less delectable calls of life? Has the poet any definite attitude towards any problem of life or destiny? If amatory exploits and conventional rhetoric are all the chief merit of a literature, it could hardly sustain the epithet 'classical'. Bana and Magha at any rate would be placed by a European critic among romantics and not among classicists.

Prof. Srinivasa Iyengar's essay on Tamil literature is a model of insightful appreciation illuminatingly expressed. Whether counted as classical or not, the heart's outpourings of the Nayanmars and the Alvars can well be set by the side of the poetry of the Old Testament. In the chapter on religion and philosophy, we are shown that "the age of Gupta imperialism was marked by a revival of Hinduism and the decline of both Jainism and Buddhism" (p. 404). Prof. Mahadevan contributes a brief, but luminous exposition of the essentials of Saivism.

Prof. Ghoshal has characterized the age as one of "stagnation and decline in the realm of political speculation" (P 341). 'Static' seems a more appropriate word than 'stagnant'. People had inherited long-established ideals of life and conduct and had come to find happiness in walking by the light of tradition and usage. Polity and law had by now settled on foundations which centuries of experience had proved durable. The economic forces in operation were all those of agriculture, and no mechanical and chemical invention had made its appearance to disturb the old economy. Even the poets had come to think it good to control their fancies and fabrications by the traditional concepts of Dharma. The only ripple on the surface of the waters was that made by the personal ambition of a king or his taste in the arts or his preference for any religious faith. But he too put himself in the hands of a spiritual preceptor who, in his turn, was an upholder of the long-accepted scheme of things, so that the whims and idiosyncracies of the king too were under inhibitions. It would thus be reasonable to say that the age was one of happy *status quo* and cheerful conformism.

To say this is certainly not to belittle either the age or its chroniclers. We in India have for two centuries become so accustomed to the spectacle of a world in flux and ferment that we consider that to be the sign of health and well-being. Equilibrium and stability are, in our view, stagnation and disease. This notion of ours is of course an error. True progress is not continuous whirl and commotion. It has a static antecedent as well as a static consequent. Progress, when true, derives its impulsion from one of two causes: either a felt insufficiency within the body politic or the incursion of a new force into it from without. It is good for a community that these disturbances do not occur every day, to shock its nerves and strain its temper. It needs a period of settled life and quiet experience as preparation for a new move, as spring-time needs the precedency of winter. The age of the Guptas and the Chalukyas, except for the military enterprises of

kings, was an age of normal self-development and leisured self-enjoyment for the people,—a time given to temple and learning, poetry and music, scholarship and reflection. The community grew in quietness and calm, as plants grow in a well-protected garden.

Of this we find convincing evidence in the volume before us. The Volume is a marvellous mine of material for a history for the common man. Every page bears witness to the conscientious care and diligence which the contributors brought to their task. The project is entitled to the warm-hearted support of the country; and its promoters may well be sure of a grateful welcome for their output.

I should like to suggest, if I may, that in future volumes the maps may be larger in size; that a list be given in Devanagari type of all proper names as a guide to pronunciation; that a table of contemporaneity be added showing at a glance which great men synchronised with whom in the several parts of India; and that the chapter number be inserted in the title-line on each page for facility of reference.

The volume opens with a preface by Dr. Munshi. It is a bird's-eye view interspersed with philosophical comment. The volume is furnished with other subsidiary matter such as bibliography, genealogical tables, index etc. With 4 maps and 105 illustrations, this volume of more than 800 pages is excellently got up with strong binding and cover. The price of Rs. 35, however, raises the question whether this history of India by Indians is for Indians.

SOLDIER AND POET

You are a poet,
I am a soldier;
With pen you fight,
With rifle I write;
Rifle is trifle to you,
Pen is of no matter to me,
You are a poet and I am a soldier.
Today I am and tomorrow gone,
Today you die and in tomorrow you live,
You a poet and I a soldier.
If the country is full of poets like you,
They look at us soldiers with pity;
And if the country is full of soldiers,
You dear poet wouldn't have even moving space.
If I move with you it's like a rainbow shooting flowers,
And if you mix with me it's the thin edge of a sword,
Dipped in thick honey.
You are a poet and I am a soldier.

— SHARMACS

INDIAN AFFAIRS

Prof. K. V. RAO, M. A., M.Litt.

When 'We, the People of India', established a Sovereign Democratic Republic, we took it for granted that we will have or we have had already, all the conditions necessary for its successful working. One of those essential conditions is that a democratic country should have a competent set of people having the capacity and time for thinking on the various problems of democracy that arise from time to time. If ancient Athens and old England could run their governments well, a large part of the credit should go to the fact that their economic organisation then facilitated a large number of people both to acquire the requisite knowledge as well as to play their proper part in the governance of their States. The inference is not that we should either go back to the days of slavery or to feudalism but that we should take note of the point and make the necessary adjustments in our modern economy, both for the education of the people and for their leisure. It is in the light of these requirements that we should watch keenly the socio-economic pattern that we are slowly trying to evolve in this Welfare State of ours.

There are various phases of education and various needs, and it is due to a failure to distinguish between them that sometimes a lot of confusion is created in our minds. First, there is the question of the education of the masses, as distinguished from that of the classes, and that in spite of the classless society we want to create. Then there is the question of university education along with the question of the medium of instruction. To take the man in the street, the sovereign citizen of India, first, he requires education in two senses — education in the 'affairs' of the country so that he could take an active part in it and, above all, he should form the habit of acquiring knowledge and thinking about it. Secondly he requires the knowledge of a profession whereby he would be able to earn his livelihood. And both require a good amount of literacy so that he could continue to acquire knowledge in his later days. This presupposes another condition of democracy — the availability of cheap and sound means of knowledge — what we may call 'literature' which is available easily to the adult literate at prices at which he would be induced to acquire. Judged

from this standard, the otherwise admirable and thorough Report of the Press Commission is very disappointing. While the Commission realised that an independent Press where 'opinion is free but facts are sacred' is a *sine qua non* of democracy, they have failed to suggest any effective means of securing to the ordinary citizen cheap (economically) knowledge through the daily press and other journals. If I am to recommend, I would at once suggest the creation of a number of autonomous corporations — the prototype of voluntary trusts which the Press Commission would like the present proprietors to create themselves—with Government money, and start cheap language newspapers at various places in India so that almost every village could get the newspaper printed in the evening by the next morning. The cost to the Government will be trifling compared with the vast sums of money we are spending on other matters, but the result would be tremendous. To avoid misunderstanding, let me be clear. I want the Centre to create so many 'Trusts' with so much money and leave them to themselves as if they are private trusts. I also want that these trusts should be run on business lines, and all competition should be avoided by fixing rates as the Press Commission has suggested. I would make the price less by Government granting a subsidy to all the papers on the basis of their circulation.

About the education of the classes. Please do not think that I am creating these 'classes'; on the other hand, it is the enthusiasts of Basic Education that are trying to perpetuate or to create afresh a new 'sudra' caste of basic education and a new 'brahmin' class of liberal education—that is what it amounts to if basic schools are started in all rural areas, confining the other education to the urban areas. Of course people from the villages could still go to the towns and get liberal education, but the fact remains that a large proportion of village children *cannot* go to the towns and thus will be consigned to basic education whether they have aptitude or not. This is not to condemn the ideals of basic education which are high enough, but to emphasise the need for more careful thinking than what we have bestowed so far. There is another aspect to it. If we are teaching a craft, let it be taught in the modern methods of technological knowledge; otherwise a child learning the ancient craft in the ancient way will find, when he comes out, that his methods are useless of application, and will have to ame craft again with the help of modern machinery. ı be done when our schemes of rural electrification are c

If the success cy depends upon liberal thinking then training in lil ɔf thinking — and that is what libe

ral education aims at — is very essential. And we can also recount with pleasure, if not with surprise, that all democratic countries are having this kind of liberal education. If that is good for the U. S. A. and England, France and Australia—and we pay them our best homage by sending our graduates and M. A's there for 'higher' education, and give them a place of honour when they return — why should it become unsuitable for India, especially when we have adopted in India the British ideal of democracy and its mode of government? And this is the gist of advice to us by expert educationalists like Sir C. P., Sir Mirza and Dr. R. P. Paranjpye through the various convocation addresses, whose season has just begun. So also their advice regarding English as the medium of instruction should count with the authorities — not merely with the Government but with all the future leaders that are in making today. True it is that the Governments are leaving the Universities to themselves today, but that is largely due to two factors — both to the galaxy of Vice-Chancellors that India has today as well as to the good sense of the powers that be that has the tradition of listening to the advice of the expert. But these conditions cannot be guaranteed to last forever; and the impression is gaining ground that 'reform' of university education is essential, but it is temporarily postponed due to the wishes of the experts now. It is now the proper time, when the old experts are still alive and the powers that be are reasonable, that the nature and extent of these 'reforms' be settled, so that such an essential and sacred thing like education will not fall into the hands of those that cannot make a distinction between personal fads and correct policies.

THE BANK AWARD

One of the grounds on which we condemn the present university education is that it prepares the man for no particular career. But is that charge correct? Do we not want bank clerks and managers; do we not want administrators, lawyers and teachers? But the charge is that, because of the attraction, all want to get liberal education, thus causing unemployment. But the solution to that problem is neither to change the university education nor to reduce its later attractions—both will amount to committing suicide to avoid death—but to choose and pick the students that will go for higher studies, and to make the attractions in other walks of life equally strong. There are two such attractions in favour of the 'educated'—emoluments and prestige. Slowly the emoluments are moving in favour of the manual worker. In England, for instance, a recent survey reveals that a manual worker gets about £ 10 a week as against £ 9 obtained by a clerk.

Even in India, a skilled worker gets more than a school-teacher, and a unversity lecturer gets less than a bank manager of even a third-rate office. But the prestige is there which is responsible for the Muses not going on hunger strike. One may ask: 'Are the bank staff to be tallied with manual workers?' But that is what has been done by the Bank Award, the subsequent story of which raises a number of incidental questions. Number one is—is banking an industry? If so, why not consider teaching also as an industry and give the teachers the rights—very enviable rights—of the Trade Unions?

The second question is—how are we to judge if wages in a particular trade are 'reasonable' or not? Is it in comparison with what they produce or with what they get in other industries, or what they get in other countries, or is there an all-India wage level? So far as we know, there is no uniform wage level in India; and the other day Sir Sri Ram was calculating the percentage of wages got by the Indian worker compared with the per capita income, and he came to the conclusion that the Indian worker gets the *highest* percentage in the world! (The figures for the U. S. A., U. K., Japan, and India being respectively 190, 145, 263 and 419). In an article on 'The Race: Profits and Wages' the 'Eastern Economist' has shown that "in the race between profits and wages in real terms, it is the employed and not the employer who are winning". But at the same time, the report of the Reserve Bank on Company Finance clearly shows that the level of profit of the capitalists is quite reasonable and sound. All this points out that while the capitalist and the labourer are both making 'adequate' earnings at a 'racing speed', the wage earner is gaining more between them. But who is paying them both? Somebody is paying and that somebody is the poor consumer! And this is accentuating because of a peculiar attitude the Indian public takes towards what constitutes a 'reasonable wage' in any industry. It is not to be compared with what the Indian in general gets, but what the best among the workers gets in any industry, or according to the amount of profits which each industry is making—though in this particular banking 'industry' it has been shown that if the Award was implemented as it was, at an average of Rs. 50,000 cost per branch, many banks would have to close down. Similarly the Press Commission have pleaded for higher wages for the journalists—journalists are also 'workers' in the newspaper industry—and the other day Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar said in Ahmedabad that he would not be worried if consequently a few newspaper concerns are closed down. The point here is not that labour is not entitled to a higher wage or 'reasonable' wage, but that we

should have a clear policy on what constitutes that 'reasonable level'.

For, otherwise, the definite trend in India is that labour could demand and get more wages as long as the concern is making profits; and this idea is having a peculiar sway under the patterns we are evolving for the management of industries. The accepted theory is that it is decided by supply and demand and marginal productivity of labour; but there came first trade unions that obstructed the operation of the law, and next came the intervention of the Government, and lastly the Government has itself become the capitalist, so that today Labour demands, the Government adjudicates and gives the award, and invariably in favour of Labour. Why and how the impression has gained ground that an increase in wages is always at the expense of profits alone, I do not know; but definitely it is at the expense of the consumer that it is largely taking place in this country. The example of the Railways will make it clear, especially in view of the resolution of Parliament this session to review the working of the Railway Convention. If the Railways will have to make reasonable profits to pay the General Revenues etc., and if Labour has to get an adequate wage, the only way to get it is by increasing the fares, and this is exactly what the Government have been doing for all these years; and the consumer pays This is the same story with the postal services, with the textile industry, the Tramways of Calcutta, and of every other concern; and the process seems to be endless. Thus is created a peculiar feeling of 'group interest', as if each industrial concern or industry exists only for the material interests of the labour employed.

COMPANY MANAGEMENT

This leads us to the general question of company management also. The old Company Law of India has been under revision by Parliament and naturally the Managing Agency system has been under criticism, and it has received both bouquets and brickbats. The question of State management has also come under consideration, especially since the advent of nationalisation in England. Public corporations should be allowed enough autonomy so that there would not be the usual red-tapism characteristic of the Government offices; yet something must be done to make the Directors of the Corporation feel a sense of responsibility for the decisions they make, as they do not have the usual risk. The question is, where is that limit to be drawn. It is true that, as Prof. Robson says (in his 'Problems of Nationalised Industries')

"the original impetus to the movement for public corporations came from a two-fold desire to secure freedom from parliamentary supervision over management, on the one hand, and treasury control over personnel and finance on the other"; but it does not mean that so many crores of the public money should be handed over to nominated directors who have no stake at all in the concern except their own reputation. The problem requires some deep consideration, and one expected much from the symposium on the subject recently held at Rangoon by the ECAFE. Their Report catalogues five kinds of organisations in vogue; there are organisations managed on the lines of Government departments, others managed by special boards or committees, some managed as public corporations, some described as 'operating contract' and the last described as mixed-ownership corporations. Some of these forms of organisation can be seen in operation in India; but the disappointing part of the Report is its inevitable conclusion that "it cannot be said that any form of organisation is best for administration of public enterprises in all countries and in all circumstances".

This conclusion shows how difficult is the nature of the problem; but this problem does not brook any more delay, especially in view of the tendency towards a sort of group interest mentioned above, and the recent trend towards changes in the estimates and other lines of criticism levelled against some of the public-managed concerns in India. Though there is no cause for any alarm, and the increase is justified by sound experts, it is worth while noting the difference between the original estimates and the final ones so far in the case of some of our big projects; in the case of the D. V. C., the 1945 estimate was Rs. 55 crores, while it is Rs. 96.27 crores today; in the case of Hirakud the 1947 estimate was Rs. 47.81 crores while today it is Rs. 92.09 crores; the 1949-50 estimate for Bhakra-Nangal was Rs. 132.9 crores, while today it stands at about Rs. 170 crores; and so on. These are certainly great sums and great differences for a poor country like India, and it is time Parliament devises some effective means of having a check on them without in any way reducing the efficiency of the concerns.

CABINET-MAKING

Another off-shoot of the Bank Award is the resignation of Sri V. V. Giri which raises a few questions for a student of the Constitution. Should a specialist be chosen always for a particular job in the Cabinet? Is the Labour Minister always to

look after the interests of Labour from inside? The method of appointing experts was first tried in Madras in 1937 by Rajaji when he appointed Dr. Rajan for Public Health and Sri Giri for Labour. Later on, the emphasis shifted to regional representation, though it was hotly refuted by Sri Nehru and Sardar Patel at the time of the resignation of Dr. Matthai. But we do give some kind of regional representation as well as communal representation in the making of all Cabinets, and it is in a way inevitable. But the question of Labour is different. The appointment of three leaders connected with Labour as the three successive Labour Ministers since 1947 gives rise to the question whether Labour should be represented in the Cabinet, and that too by one connected with Labour. And if a candidate is chosen because he is a leader of Labour, then it is only inevitable that he should feel an obligation to Labour and try to safeguard their interests always, lest any repudiation of his leadership by Labour should strike at the very root of his leadership.

Another question that arises is whether, when a minister resigns from the Cabinet, he owes an explanation to the President who has appointed him, to the House to which he, along with his colleagues, is responsible, and to the nation at large whose ultimate trustee he is. Here the unwritten Constitution of England may not be very helpful, but the practice there is usually to explain the reasons in the Commons—of course, if the outgoing minister so desires. In India since 1947, we have had six resignations, and out of these, Dr. Matthai, Dr. Chetty and Dr. Shyamprasad Mukherjee explained their reasons, and Dr Ambedkar was refused permission, while Sri Neogy and Sri Giri have opted to keep silent. The silence may be out of regard to party interests or out of reverence to the great leadership of Sri Nehru, but it is certainly reasonable that the country should know why exactly they had to lay down the offices, so that the electors could be educated on the various aspects of administration and policy. In a new democracy where the *habit of thinking* is still to be formed, no opportunity should be lost of educating the public.

'THE ADVENTURE IN INDIA'

There are more points for public education, and Pandit Nehru with natural and legitimate pride exhorted the Indians the other day at the annual gathering of the A. I. N. E. Conference to look at the all round progress of the country—this great 'Adventure in India'. There is really something in this great achievement on which the Indians should be educated, but

equally should the Indian be educated, said J. R. D. Tata, on some simple notions that the Indians should shed, a catalogue of which he has given recently:

> "that the profit motive is dishonourable, that profit is synonymous with profiteering; that industrialists as a class are inefficient or dishonest or both; that three per cent net is a fair return on risk capital; that the population problem will solve itself; that mechanisation means unemployment; that it is more important to impoverish the rich than to enrich the poor; that a Welfare State can be built without first creating the means to pay for it; that nationalisation creates additional wealth; that centralised State enterprize and management is Socialism."

Even if we are not prepared to accept this 'neat indictment' of Sri Tata, it is certainly worth our while, especially for the educated classes of India, to ponder over them to see if there is any truth in this. But the more important question is whether the intellectual is associated with this 'big adventure' at all. "The Indian intellectual needs to throw himself into the Indian adventure," says the 'Eastern Economist', and notes that "at the present time, he is still an onlooker." But why this apathy? The powers that be should investigate.

Is even the villager associated completely? Pandit Nehru asks us to catch the glow that has been lit in the villages. It is true that there is a new enthusiasm in the country, a new spirit and a new outlook, but our point is that it is not yet up to the maximum desirable or practicable. That is largely because it has been one of the old complaints, that the people have not been associated with the Plan. This drawback — if there was one — will be rectified, we are told, in the case of the Second Five Year Plan under preparation. If we want the people to catch the new slogan 'Haram harm hai' (complacency or a feeling of restfulness is harmful), the people must be educated to know not only how it is harmful, but also what exact part one has to play in this Great Adventure. There are thousands of people in India who do not know, though they are really very anxious, what exactly each has to do 'to do his bit'. The Second Five Year Plan has to give minute instructions and plans to meet this particular demand, especially of the educated classes.

While this is all true, one great cloud that obstructed our horizon is being slowly removed — the uncertainty of our economic policies; and this feeling of stability we get when we go through

the resolutions passed at the Ajmer session of the A. I. C. C. and read the firm speeches made by the majority of the leaders. The private sector therefore can go on now with their plans for the future, assured of this new climate of industrial and economic policy. We are now sure of our basic objective of economic policy which is "maximum production, full employment, and social and economic justice", and it is for all concerned to shape their outlook and activity accordingly. On the question of nationalisation the Prime Minister was emphatic: "When resources were limited should they be used for putting up new industries or to acquire old ones? If they were utilised for new industries, the State-owned sector became bigger and bigger and more competent. If an old industry was acquired, the State got old and outworn machinery. It was far better to have additional production from a new State-owned factory. If an old factory was acquired, the production remains the same." This note is certainly encouraging for the future.

BEHOLD

Behold, the dire cloud is rent apart,
Again the gold disk appears bright between;
Earth sings a hymn quiet almost unheard
And the fair-splendours unveiled here-below lean.

A tune unknown plays on the chord of Nature,
And the glowing hopes of the god here incarnate,
And explore a deep-hidden wonder-treasure
To work a marvel, a new earth to create.

The full-moon sails on the infinite space,
And the sky charged with a luminous lore
Meets earth setting the very dust of it ablaze,
A new note far-flying rings from shore to shore.

The moon bright with the cadence of a mystic lay
Wraps the earth in the light of a golden day.

— ROBI GUPTA